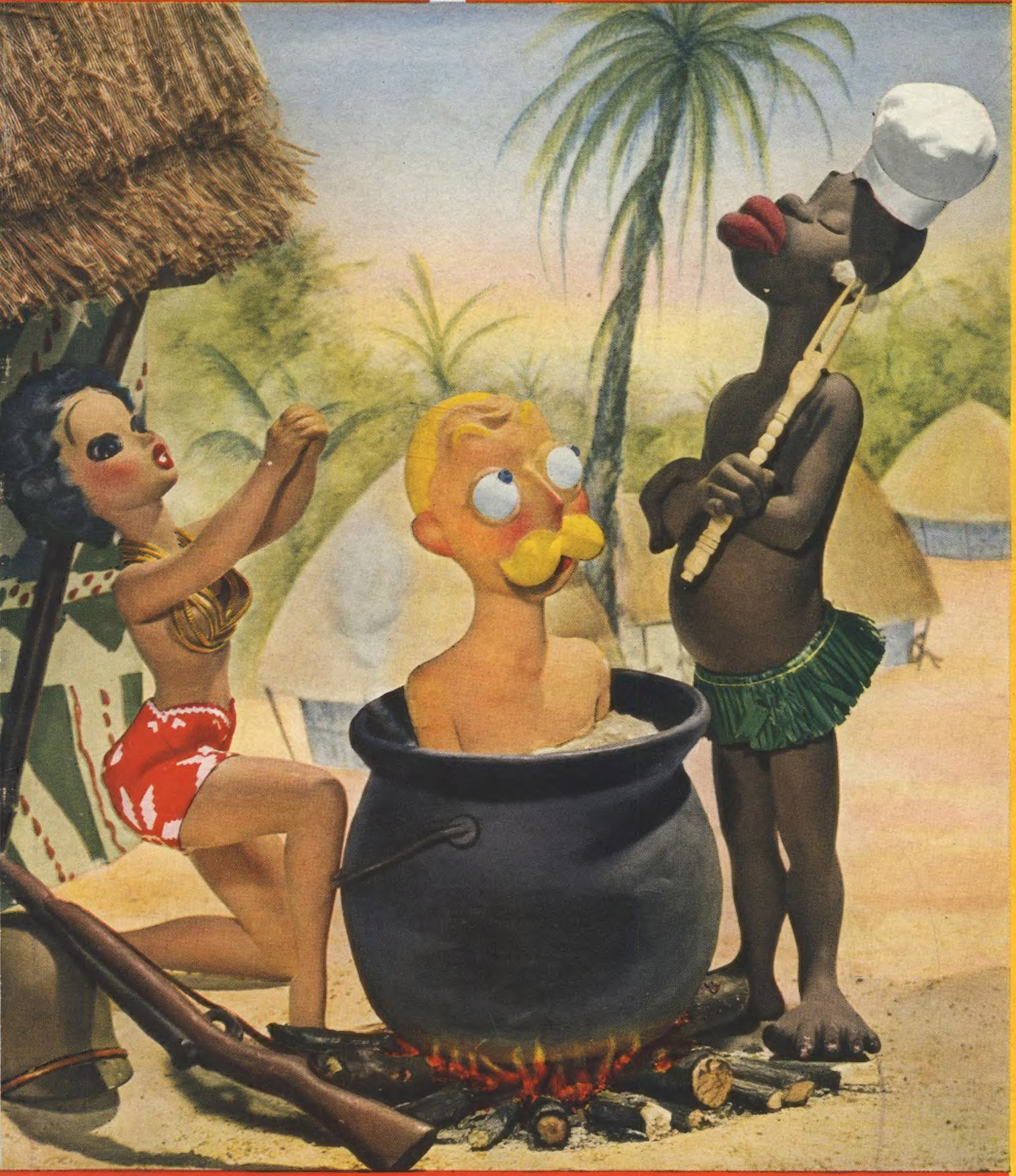
THE LARGEST SELLING FIFTY CENT MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD

THIS PRINTING 700,000

APRIL
1944

Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN



ARTICLES
PAUL GALLICO
EUGENE SWAN, JR.
SIDNEY CARROLL
WALTER McCALLUM
JOHN MARTIN
A. C. M. AZOY
ROBERT GOFFIN
HARRY SALPETER

FICTION
LT. GUIDO DeANGELIS
ALAN NELSON
GEORGE MILBURN
ROBERT GOLD
EDWIN LANHAM
CHESTER B. HIMES
S. ROBERT RUSSELL

ART
JOHN FALTER
ARBIT BLATAS
ALEXANDER LEYDENFROST
LESLIE SAALBURG

PHOTOGRAPHY
ANTON BRUEHL
GEORGE HURRELL
HENRY WAXMAN
GEORGE SEREBRYKOFF
JON ABBOT
BUDDY LONGWORTH
SIDNEY RAVITZ

VERSE
PHIL STACK

SPORTS
HERB GRAFFIS
RALPH CANNON
ERNIE HARWELL
F. M. WILLIAMS
RICHARD G. LILLARD
C. L. SAWIN
RIP NEWBORN

DEPARTMENTS
GEORGE JEAN NATHAN
GILBERT SELDES
BENNETT CERF
LAWTON MACKALL
ILES BRODY
BRUCE PATTERSON
O. E. SCHOEFFLER

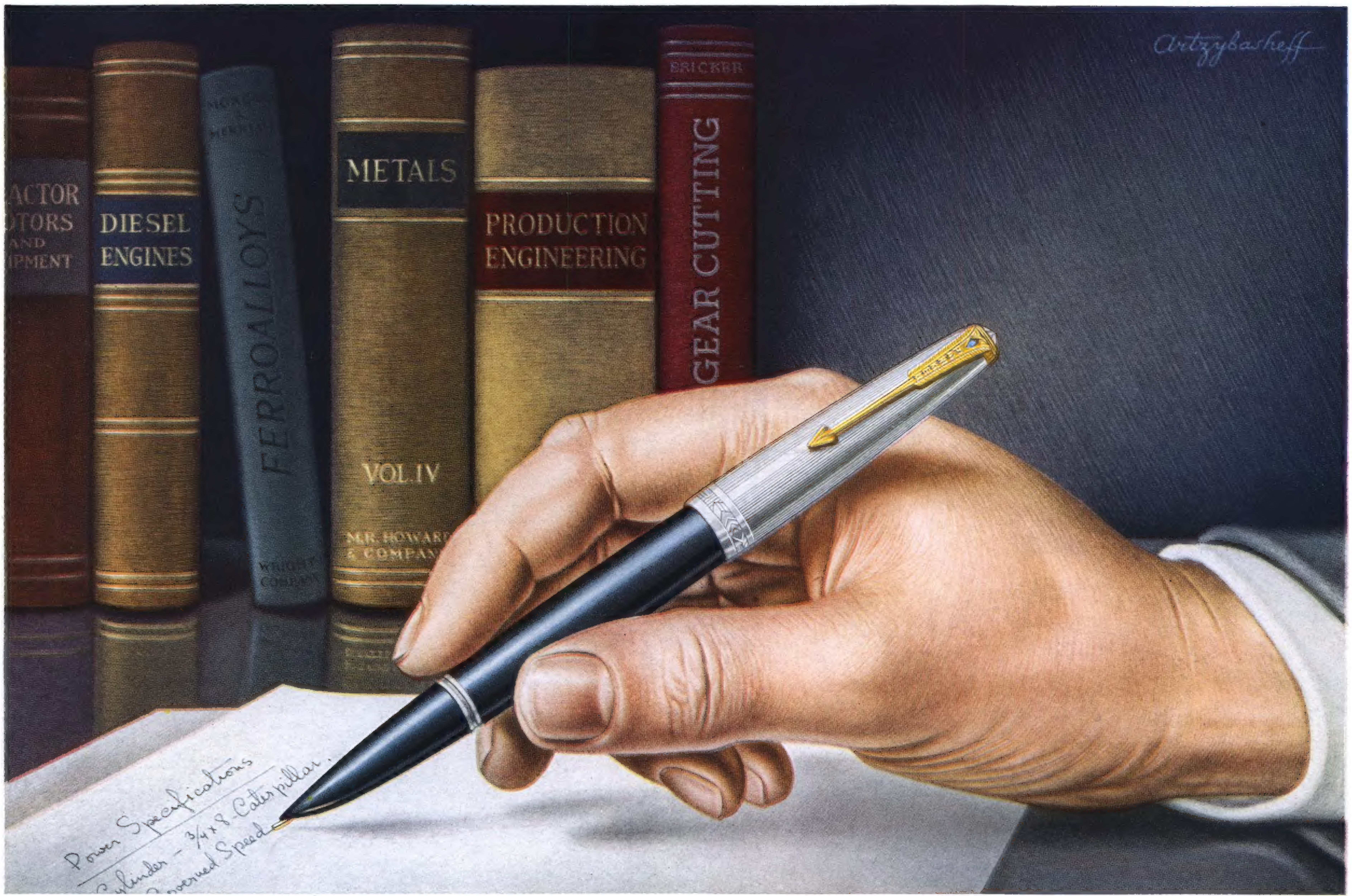
CARTOONS
E. SIMMS CAMPBELL
VARGA
HOWARD BAER
PAUL WEBB
D. McKAY
B. SHERMUND
CARL ROSE
GARRETT PRICE
IRVING ROIR
FRANK BEAVEN
L. S. SODERSTROM
(COVER)

INDEX ON PAGE 5
ADV. INDEX ON PAGE 180

FICTION • SPORTS • HUMOR
CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS

INVEST IN WAR BONDS

PRICE FIFTY CENTS
CANADIAN PRICE FIFTY-FIVE CENTS


Artzybasheff
ACTOR
OTORS
AND
IPMENT
DIESEL
ENGINES
FERROALLOYS
WRIGHT
COMPANY
METALS
VOL.IV
M.R. HOWARD
& COMPANY
PRODUCTION
ENGINEERING
ERICKER
GEAR CUTTING
Power Specifications
Cylinder - 3/4 x 8 - Caterpillar
Governed Speed

"Writes dry with wet ink!"

"Why must I wait? I'd like this pen now!"

Captured in the Parker "51" pen is the beauty, the precision of the Age of Flight.

There's boundless energy in that "torpedo" point. It starts to write the instant you touch pen to paper... sweeps forward with a smoothness that's out of this world.

Want a Parker "51"? Of course you do. Yet, we regret you may have to wait.

You'll understand why when you know that, months before Pearl Harbor, Parker *voluntarily* cut its production of fine pens to create shell fuzes, primers, submarine and aircraft parts and other important war goods.

In addition, *all* fountain pen production is now limited by government order.

Yes, necessary as Parker "51" pens are for vital "paper work" . . . or to write cheerful letters to our boys in the service . . . fighting equipment must come first.

But place an order for a Parker "51". You'll say it was worth waiting for. For the Parker "51" is the *only* pen of its kind—protected by basic U. S. Patents. It *alone* can use the new Parker "51" Ink—the *world's fastest drying ink!* Dries as you write. You need no blotter. Of course, the Parker "51" can be used with any ink if you so desire—but you won't "so desire."

Colors: Black, Blue-Cedar, Dove Gray, Cordovan Brown, $12.50 and $15.00. Pencils, $5.00 and $7.50. World famous Vacumatic pens, $8.75. Pencils, $4.00.

◆ *GUARANTEED BY LIFE CONTRACT! Parker's Blue Diamond on the pen is our contract unconditionally guaranteeing service for the owner's life, without cost other than 35¢ charge for postage, insurance, and handling, if pen is not intentionally damaged and is returned complete to: The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin.*

Make your dollars fight—BUY WAR BONDS NOW!

ARMY
E
NAVY
ORDNANCE

Parker

"51"

COPR. 1944, THE PARKER PEN COMPANY

Paul Rand

tune in "Pick & Pat Time" Mutual network
coast to coast. see your local paper.
let's all back the attack
buy war bonds first!

Helbros
original
watches . . .
combining
excellence
of design
with flawless
craftsmanship . . .
have earned an
honored niche
in the twentieth
century hall
of fame.

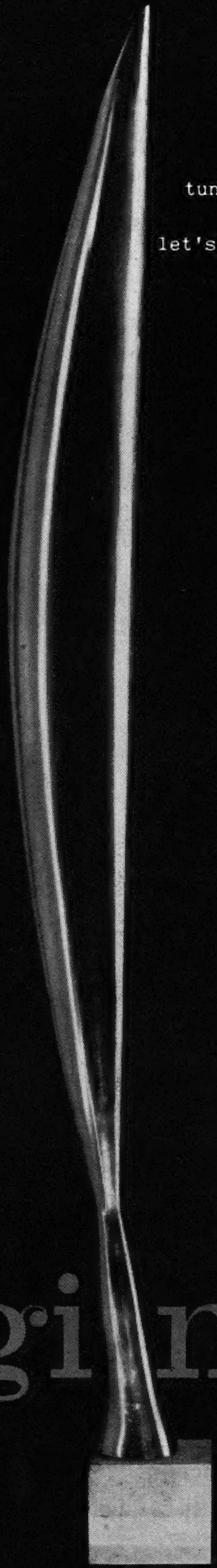
Helbros Watch Co., New York

"Commando" series 17 jewels 57.50
PRICES INCLUDE FEDERAL TAX

"Adagio" 17 jewels 33.75

Helbros Originals

"the correct watch for the correct time"



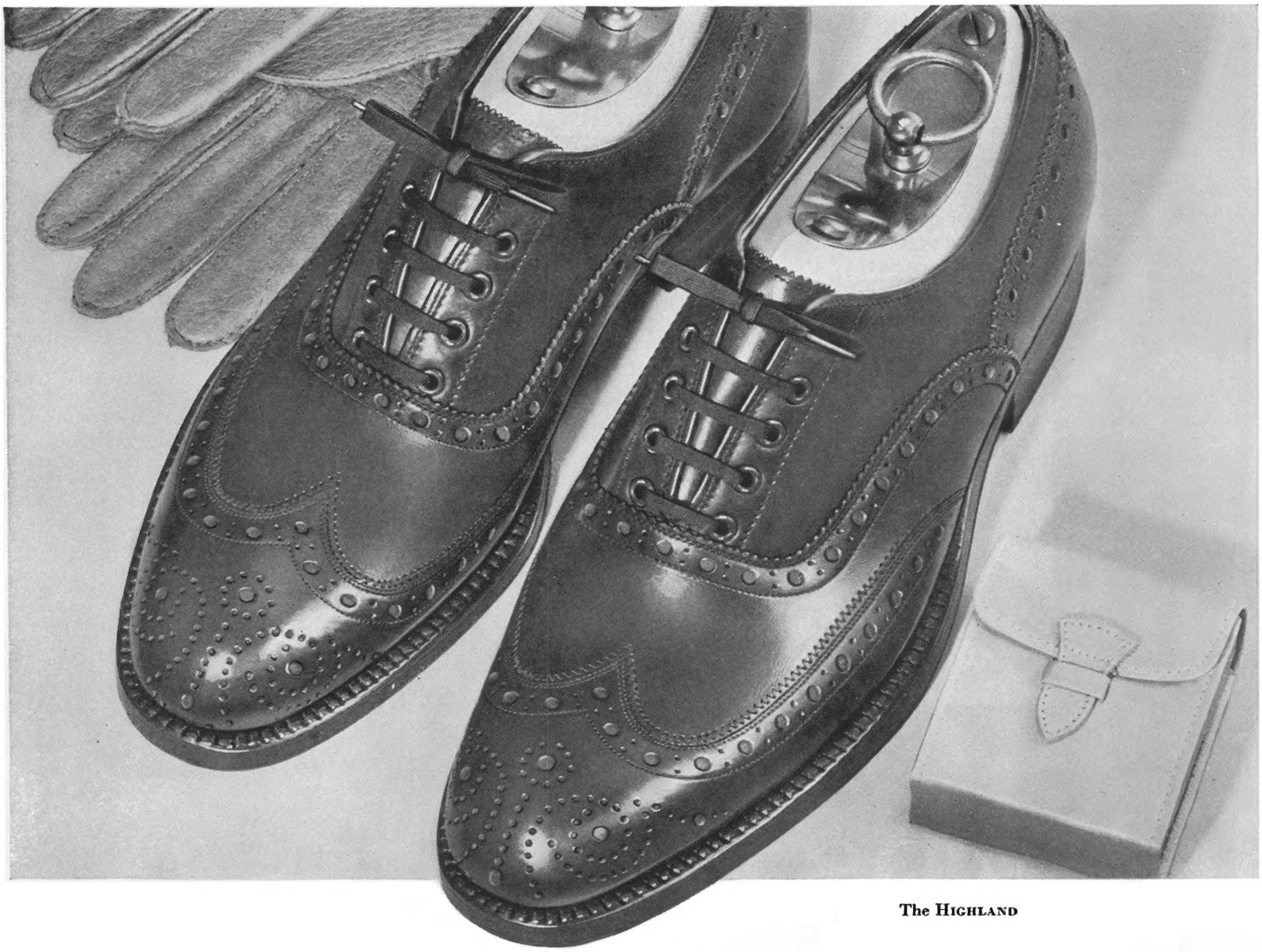
COURTESY ART OF THIS CENTURY

Brancusi's
"Bird In Space":
most famous
piece of
modern sculpture.
This thrilling
interpretation
of the pure
beauty of form
established its creator
among the
leaders in the
twentieth century
hall of fame.

NOW THAT RATIONING CALLS FOR *FEWER* . . . GOOD JUDGMENT CALLS FOR *BETTER*

FLORSHEIM SHOES

FOR LONGER RATIONED WEAR



The HIGHLAND

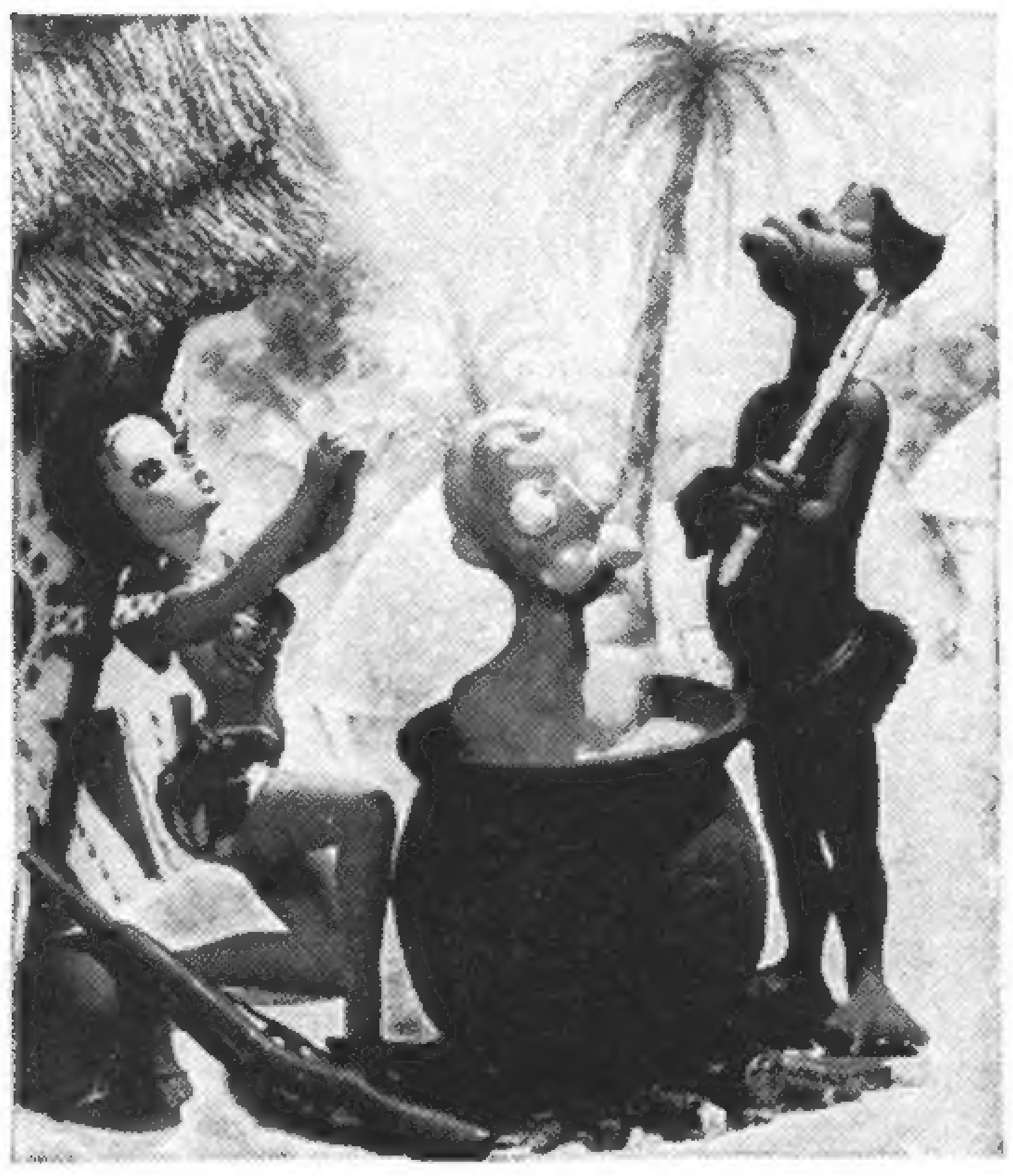
Under the stress of wartime shortages, Florsheim quality has proved itself again and again . . . for when men are told they must buy *fewer*, they're quick to select something *better*. In shoes that means Florsheim—the quality that, for 52 years, has been America's standard of fine shoe value.

Most Styles $10.50 and $11

Florsheim Shoes

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Publisher: **David A. Smart**
Edited by **Arnold Gingrich**



Asst. Editor:
Bernard Geis
Board of Editors:
Fiction
Max Wilkinson
Non-Fiction
Genevieve Pfleeger
Features
Georgette Carneal
Bruce Patterson
Sports
Ralph Cannon
Fashion
O. E. Schoeffler
Dora Deane
Research
Fritz Bamberger
Production
Gus Berkes
Format
Don May
Graphics
Tony Palazzo
Circulation
A. L. Blinder
Associate Editors:
A. D. Pitney
Helene Richards
Edith Roberts
Mary Vested
J. L. Cates

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Copyright under International Copyright Union. All Rights Reserved under Inter-American Copyright Union. Copyright 1944 by Esquire, Inc., Title Registered U. S. Pat. Off. Reproduction or use, without express permission, of editorial or pictorial content, in any manner, is prohibited. Printed in U. S. A. Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous features is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire*. It is never done knowingly.

CONTENTS FOR APRIL, 1944

Page

ARTICLES

Land Free for the Brave . . . *Soldiers and Spars, Marines, WACs and Tars, may carve out a homestead in Alaska or any of twenty-five states* . . Eugene Swan, Jr. 37
My Husband Is No Gentleman . . *Answering the guy who wrote* My Wife Is a Lady, *this anonymous lady presents a candid picture of her mate* . . . . . Anonymous 38
The Stubborn Man . . . . *The other men could not let Joe Martinez go up the hill and into hell alone and thus it was that we took Attu* . . . . . . Paul Gallico 40
The Target Is Germany . . . *Anything less than perfection from the navigator means death or capture and thousands of dollars down the drain* . Walter McCallum 45
The Twilight of a God . . . . *Kaiser Wilhelm, villain of World War I, ended his days in comfort, tolerantly treated by a forgiving press* . . . . Sidney Carroll 48 R
Heroes of the Inland Seas . . *Commending the seamen who strive in peril and obscurity carrying precious ore and grain through the Great Lakes* . . . . John Martin 56 R
Dade and His Command . . *For the first time in the annals of our Army an entire command of trained soldiers was annihilated by Indians* . . . . . . A. C. M. Azoy 60
Saxophone's Hundredth Birthday . *Adolphe Sax's horn was almost laughed out of France before it became the soul of American jazz music* . . . . . Robert Goffin 67

DEPARTMENTS

Correspondence: The Sound and the Fury . . *One ballot wide open to servicemen* 10
Contributors: Backstage with Esquire . . *Here lie our contributors* 32
The Lively Arts: Guaranteed Innocent Praise . . *Dedicated to Jane Froman and others* . . . Gilbert Seldes 78
Theatre: First Nights & Passing Judgments . . *Hot for* The Voice of the Turtle . . George Jean Nathan 88
Potables: Our Vines Have Sun-Kissed Grapes . . *A willing winetaster in California* . . . Lawton Mackall 95
Books: Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf . . *Viewing the clay feet of George M. Cohan* . . . . . . Bennett Cerf 96
Camp Humor: Goldbricking with Esquire . . *Laughs from leathernecks, doughboys, tars* . . Bruce Patterson 98
Edibles: Man the Kitchenette . . *On rice as the Greeks have it in happier days* . . . . Iles Brody 100
Wearables: Cherish Your Hats . . *On the care and sustaining of felts* . . . . O. E. Schoeffler 107
Discs: Esquire on the Record . . *Commenting on some good buys and best sellers* . . . . Gilbert Seldes 114

FICTION

Early Our Song Shall Rise . . *As the lieutenant waited in the assault gun, for no particular reason he remembered the words of the hymn* . . . Lt. Guido DeAngelis 46
The Wheel Named Prudence . . *When Harvey had told his story to the jury they gave him a decree of not guilty by reason of insanity* . . . . Alan Nelson 54
The Cowboy Sang Soprano . . *Even a greenhorn whose voice could soothe those steers on night guard wasn't a hand to be passed lightly by* . . . . George Milburn 59
13,000 Feet to Richmond . . *"Navy 2481, this is Richmond Radio," he said slowly and distinctly into the mike. "Get the hell out of here"* . . . . . . Robert Gold 62 R
The Slave with a Magic Charm . . *Workers in the sugar cane marvelled at this Negro who walked right down the road, unafraid of the patteroll* . . . Edwin Lanham 68
Money Don't Spend in the Stir . . *This old-timer in the clink called Soapy said the parole and record clerk could put me on the bricks easy* . . Chester B. Himes 75
The White Shark's Dilemma . *Carcharodon smelled blood and then he saw a disturbance on the water just ahead of the small freighter* . . . . . . S. Robert Russell 76

PERSONALITIES

Blatas: Artist as Parent . . . *At thirty-five Arbit Blatas has buried his boyhood memories of famine, pogrom, bombardment and evacuation* . . . . Harry Salpeter 83

PICTORIAL FEATURES

Cover Design . . . . *Pocahontas, Southern Style* . . . . *Modeled by* L. S. Soderstrom
The Private Who Led the Attack . . . . *Painted especially for Esquire by* John Falter 41
The Varga Girl . . . . *Patriotic Gal* . . . . *Verse by* Phil Stack: *Painting by* Varga 43
The Esquire Canteen . . . . . *Marina Svetlova in* Carmen . . . . *Photograph by* Anton Bruehl 57
American Beauties, Western Style . . *Maria Montez* . . . . *Photograph by* George Hurrell 58
Among Hollywood's Nebulae . . *Carole Mathews* . . . . *Photograph by* Henry Waxman 63
American Beauties, Eastern Style . . *Poni Adams* . . . . *Photograph by* Jon Abbot 64
Stage Door Esquire . . . . *Garnered from* What's Up . . . . *Photograph by* George Serebrykoff 66
Broadway for the Boys . . . . *Mary Martin in* One Touch of Venus . . . . *Photograph by* Jon Abbot 79
Hollywood...Set to Music . . *Ann Sheridan* . . . . *Photograph by* Buddy Longworth 80
Four Paintings . . . . *From Associated American Artists, New York City* . . . . *by* Arbit Blatas 82
Old Time Songs . . *A Bicycle Built for Two* . . *Design by* Staples-Smith: *Photograph by* Sidney Ravitz 91
One World Is Enough . . . . . *Portfolio of Cartoons* . . . . *Painted by* Howard Baer 92
Identification of United States and British Naval Officers . . . . *Painted by* Leslie Saalburg 94
Chennault's Flying Tiger . . *Exploits of the P-40* . . . . *Painting by* Alexander Leydenfrost 160

SPORTS

The Yankee from Georgia . . *On the pitching strategy of Spud Chandler* . . Ernie Harwell & F. M. Williams 53
Covering the Fight at Carson . . *Corbett vs. Fitzsimmons; Pulitzer vs. Hearst* . . . . . . Richard G. Lillard 70 R
War Birds That Swim . . . . . *Enrollees in Army Air Corps learn to swim for survival* . . . . . . C. L. Sawin 84
The Esquire Sports Poll . . . *Five questions from Lt. Comdr. Dempsey* . . Herb Graffis & Ralph Cannon 86
Sportdom's Scapegoat Talks Back . . *A racing editor speaks for the turf fans* . . . . Rip Newborn 90

BRIEFS

The Sporting Scene . . . . *International games won't cement the brotherhood of man* . . . . . Herb Graffis 108
Air Knights of the V.C. . . . *Of British flyers wearing the coveted Victoria Cross* . . . . Arch Whitehouse 110
Handy Andy Pafko . . . . *About the most promising major league rookie of the year* . . Braven Dyer 158

TRENDS IN DRESS

Clothes and Accessories, *sketched by* Goodman, Fellows and Hughes . . . . *beginning on* 104

ESQUIRE
April, 1944
Vol. XXI, No. 4
Whole No. 125 T.M.REG.

ESQUIRE is published monthly by Esquire, Inc. David A. Smart, President; Arnold Gingrich, Vice-President; Alfred R. Pastel, Vice-President in charge of advertising; Alfred Smart, Secretary and Treasurer; A. L. Blinder, Circulation Director. Editorial, Circulation, Business and Production Depts., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Ill., Dec. 15th, 1933 under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by postage or provision for carrying charges if their return is desired, but no responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage to unsolicited materials. Advertising offices, 366 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. 17. Subscriptions for one year payable in advance, in the United States and possessions and Pan-American Union, $5.00; in Canada, $5.50; elsewhere, $7.50. Notices of changes of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.

EDITORIAL: A tale of two trumpets or how high was the jumpin' at the Met?

OUR 1944 All-American Band's Jazz Concert at the Metropolitan came off as scheduled on January 18, 1944. As the New York *Herald Tribune* observed the next morning: "The staid old Metropolitan Opera House, for sixty years accustomed to little more violent than Wagner, shook to its gilded dome last night when it was turned over for the first time to the hot licks of a swing band." After commenting on the fact that the concert "made the *Ride of the Valkyries* sound pale by comparison," the *Herald Trib's* attention was largely focused on such other aspects of the affair as these: "Fiscally, it was a wow. With admissions restricted to buyers of $25 or more in War Bonds, the event netted $650,000.00 for the Treasury's campaign. The Met's flabbergasted ushers seated 3,400 swing lovers and turned away another 8,000. The anticipated drawing power of the extraordinary jam session was exemplified by the fact that the British Broadcasting Company short-waved the hot licks to England, while the National Broadcasting Company performed the same service for South American listeners. Recordings for rebroadcasts to the Armed Forces overseas were made by the Office of War Information. For home consumption, the Blue Network relayed a portion of the program."

The New York *Times* remarking on the fact that "whistling in all parts of the sold-out house, including the 'Diamond Horseshoe,' greeted the band when the curtain went up, and was repeated frequently throughout the evening," confined the rest of its story to a sedate summary of the night's program, recording with typical *Times* thoroughness every last detail, down to this final one: "Dr. Robert Goffin, chairman of the board of judges who picked the winners in the contest, presented the awards, consisting of 'Eskies,' little gold images which are the swing edition of the movies' 'Oscar.' Each winner also received $500.00 in War Bonds."

So much for the facts on which all the papers were agreed; that it was a precedent-smashing affair, presenting "a collection of great interpreters of the contemporary American folk idiom," and that it not only made musical history but that it sold bonds like nobody's business. (One or two of the columnists made wry comments on the irony of Esquire's earning the appreciation of one branch of the government for this bond event at the very moment that it was getting a hotfoot from another branch of the government; but for the present, at least, we're tired of talking about that.)

But beyond those bedrock facts about which there can be no question, the affair might as well have been a horse race as a concert, so much did the element of differences of opinion enter in. Here, for instance, is how the event looked and sounded, according to the Associated Press: "The sedate Metropolitan Opera House blew its top; from cellar to chandelier it rocked to the red hot rhythms . . . There was no claque; it wasn't needed. The audience whistled, squealed, stamped and clapped in syncopation. The plush Diamond Horseshoe quaked and staid ushers lifted their eyebrows. Said one usher as he bit his lips, 'If I said what I think of this, I'd be jailed.'"

And here, as if to disprove all charges that the A.P. has any monopoly on the news, is the way United Press heard it: "The hallowed Metropolitan Opera House received its baptism of jazz music and nobody got hurt. The proceedings could be called downright decorous; at least no one stood on his head in the lobby and no society dowager thumbed her nose at a photographer, as has been known to happen under the influence of more classical musical brew. The rugs in the aisles are uncut. The patrons for the most part were not of the ultra-demonstrative jive school and only in the last 15 minutes did they let their hair down to any appreciable extent and urge the boys and girls on to wherever it is you go out of this world."

* * *

But those two versions, as representing the extremes of divergence touched by the reporters present, really represent the closest of close harmony, not to say veritable unison, as compared to the differences of opinion expressed by the music critics, including most of the members of the board of experts who picked the personnel of the All-American Jazz Band in the first place.

It would take nothing less than repeal of the WPB paper restrictions to give you anything like a blow-by-blow and round-by-round account of the battles of these experts ever since the concert. But while the newspaper critics were all duly mindful of the presence of fourteen musicians on the Metropolitan stage that night, you would never guess, to listen to our still-embattled board of experts, that there were ever more than two. According to them, the night of January 18th turns out to have been a duel to the death between the two trumpeters, Louis Armstrong and Roy Eldridge, who are known in the hipmost circles as The King of Jazz (Armstrong) and Little Jazz (Eldridge).

For three days before the concert, rumors were rife that Little Jazz was out to get "ol' Satchmo," but good. He was going to cut him to ribbons. And according to the modernist wing of our board, as represented by Barry Ulanov, that's the mildest possible way of saying what he did. To hear Ulanov tell it, Little Jazz blew the old King Louis right up through that gilded dome, and the old man is now nowhere but where the saints go marching in; in other words, the King is dead, long live the King. But according to the New Orleans, or fundamentalist, faction of our board, as represented by Charles Edward Smith, Little Jazz did no such thing; he only knocked himself out in the process of trying; but far from cutting old Louis to ribbons, he never so much as tattered the hem of the old King's handkerchief. To hear Smith tell it, the titan that is Louis never once was annoyed by the "over-blowing" of the imp that is Roy; rather, from the heights of his serene imperturbability, he looked down with Olympian detachment, and even with amused indulgence, upon the terrific technical exhibitionism of Little Jazz, never deigning to descend to the indignity of trading trumpetings with him, toot for toot.

So there you have it. The affair at the Met was either (a) the Battle of the Century or (b) no contest at all. Since it was never meant to be a contest, you'd think you could leave it at the latter point. But if you think any such thing, then you don't know what keeps hot jazz heated. It's the perpetual slow boil of the boys who keep time with their heads. From now until next year they'll be kicking that question around, arguing over who did what to whom, as between Little Jazz and Satchmo.

Already the thing has reached the stage where some of them are crowning Louis with "the sere and yellow leaf" of Arthurian legend, and harking back to the days of Dreamland and the Royal Gardens and the Plantation, and pointing out the poetic justice of it all; recalling how two decades ago it was the old King Oliver who had to sweat when Louis, the young pretender, a fresh kid lately up from New Orleans, sat beside him on the same bandstand and sliced him down with every note of the golden horn.

Others will argue back that there's still gold in that horn, and always will be, and that Louis can never go back far enough to be overtaken by anybody else catching up.

These comparisons would be odious in any other branch of the arts, but they seem to be mistaken for the thing that makes the music go round in jazz circles.

It all tends to confirm a feeling we had right from the beginning, that the presentation of "a million dollar dream band at the Met," elected on the consensus of sixteen jazz experts, might nevertheless have been exceeded as a spectacle by putting on, instead, a battle royal at Madison Square Garden, with all sixteen judges in the same ring at once.

As for us, from where we sat, listening and watching Louis and Roy, we couldn't help thinking in terms of fiddlers. It was like seeing Kreisler and Heifetz side by side, and trying to take in at one and the same time the great Kreisler heart and warm golden tone and the terrific Heifetz technique and smooth oiled-steel precision. Like trying to multiply peaches by pears, it just can't be done.

The error, it seems to us, is in confounding different qualities and trying to reduce aesthetic abstractions to a basis for argument. People don't go to an art exhibition to see whether Gauguin "cut" Van Gogh, or study drama to try to determine whether Ben Jonson "made a bum out of" Shakespeare. To that extent, it seems to us, the attitude toward jazz, on the part of its amateurs and experts alike, is still a great deal less than grown up.

* * *

Many of the critics complained that the vasty expanses of the Met form an inappropriate setting "for a jam session." But the event was announced and billed as a jazz concert, not as a jam session. For one thing, you have to be out of the Met by 11:30. At the rate things were going from about 11 o'clock on, the concert could have turned into a jam session and would have been good, as such, for hours. For another thing, you can't get into the Met before 4 o'clock in the afternoon. If the musicians could have begun playing together, then, as a unit, and continued without interruption until the curtain went up at 8:30, then a jam session might have been feasible for the regularly scheduled period of the concert. But instead, they had to work out the routines of all the various solo numbers, to present what was always meant to be presented, a concert of featured solo offerings, to give each of the country's top-ranking jazz musicians an opportunity to perform his specialty against the backing of a group of his peers. For what it was, in other words, a series of solo performances, the critics all praised it. But for not being what it wasn't, and was never meant or expected to be, a lot of them panned it.

Maybe next year it ought to be either a series of three or four concerts in a smaller place, as a Jazz Festival, with perhaps only the opening night at the Met, or one big wide open jamboree in an even bigger place. If Madison Square Garden could be wired up the way movie theatres were for Disney's *Fantasia*, so the amplifiers could bring the music properly "mixed" to all parts of the hall, then next year's baker's dozen of All-American Jazzmen could perform, in units of five to seven at a time, and really rock the place for hours on end. In that way, too, it would be possible to accommodate everybody who couldn't squeeze in this year. Or what would you think of having it in a different part of the country each year? Or for that matter, why not roadshow the event, so the jumping can be overland, and not only in New York. What about New Orleans? How about Hollywood? Now's the time to ponder suggestions, so let's have them for next year's Jazz Jubilee right now.

Meanwhile, with the imminent appearance of Columbia's album of reissues of the most precious of all the recordings featuring the various members of the 1944 All-American Band, and with Esquire's Jazz Book now available on the stands, you can readily see that the concert at the Met was only the beginning. And we're broadminded enough to be prepared to concede the possibility that "the best is yet to be."

But one thing we won't admit, and that is that anybody who bought a War Bond to get a seat that night at the Met (and there was a bond bought for every last seat in the house), bought anything but a bargain. For that was a purchase of preferred stock in Freedom's Future, Unlimited!

GREATER...EVER GREATER...GROWS

Zenith's Crusade to Lower the Cost of Hearing!

NEW ZENITH RADIONIC HEARING AID...

Another Zenith "First"!

LIKE A TIDAL WAVE, the success of this fine radionic instrument that opens the world of sound to millions is sweeping across the nation!

Again Zenith, world's leading manufacturer of radionic products exclusively, has scored a "first" of historic importance. Truly, it is the spearhead of a mighty Crusade...to rehabilitate new thousands of men and women for vital wartime work...to save children from lives of failure and misunderstanding...to bring new happiness to the hard of hearing, their families and friends.

America is entitled to know that Zenith, through this Crusade, has brought about a *revolution* in the cost of good hearing, as evidenced by the tremendous public demand. Zenith has been deluged beyond all anticipation! We are increasing our production daily, but Zenith will never sacrifice quality for quantity. The hard of hearing have waited years for this Crusade. We ask them to be patient a little longer, until Zenith production can supply the demand in all areas of the nation.

Meanwhile, you are invited to attend the demonstration now going on at your local optical establishment franchised by Zenith. Let your ears decide—you will not be pressed to buy. No salesman will call at your home. Send for our free descriptive booklet. The coupon below is for your convenience.

Accepted by American Medical Association Council on Physical Therapy

$40.00 READY TO WEAR

Complete with Radionic Tubes, Crystal Microphone, Magnetic Earphone and Batteries, and covered by a liberal guarantee. . . . No extras. No "decoys."
One model—One price—One quality.

To Physicians:

A detailed scientific description will be sent upon request. Further technical details will appear in medical journals.

*

There are cases in which deficient hearing is caused by a progressive disease and any hearing aid may do harm by giving a false sense of security. Therefore, we recommend consulting your otologist or ear doctor to make sure that your hearing deficiency is the type that can be benefited by the use of a hearing aid.

Only Zenith Gives You:

1 **The fine precision quality that modern knowledge and engineering make possible in a hearing aid . . . yet priced at only $40,** complete, ready to wear. No extras, no "decoys." One model, one price, one quality. You need not pay more or accept less.

2 **Four-position Tone Control.** The flick of your finger instantly adjusts it to right combination of low, medium and high tones for individual needs in varying surroundings, hearing deficiencies in any range. No further adjustments necessary.

3 **Special Battery-Saver Circuit.** Insures low battery consumption . . . makes batteries last up to three times as long.

4 **Zenith Quality, Zenith Guarantee.** Zenith, world's leading manufacturer of radionic products exclusively, is fortunate in having the precision production facilities to supply this quality hearing aid in quantities that make possible its low price. Guaranteed for a full year, with unique service insurance plan for life.

These and many other advantages combine to make this hearing aid revolutionary—not only in first cost, but in low upkeep cost and excellence of performance.

COPYRIGHT 1944,
ZENITH RADIO CORP.

BY THE MAKERS OF
ZENITH
LONG DISTANCE RADIO
RADIONIC PRODUCTS EXCLUSIVELY—
WORLD'S LEADING MANUFACTURER

Mail Coupon for Free Descriptive Booklet

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION, DEPT. E-4
P. O. Box 6940A, Chicago 1, Illinois

Please send me your FREE descriptive booklet on the New Zenith Radionic Hearing Aid.

Name
Address
City *State*

Now you can be
TALLER
than "SHE" is
Send for FREE BOOKLET in full color

Do you "fall short" of her ideal? Well, you can be almost **2 INCHES TALLER**, instantly and "confidentially". Simply change to Adler Elevator Shoes. Then she'll look up to YOU. Adler Elevators look and feel like any other fine shoes. The heels are no higher.

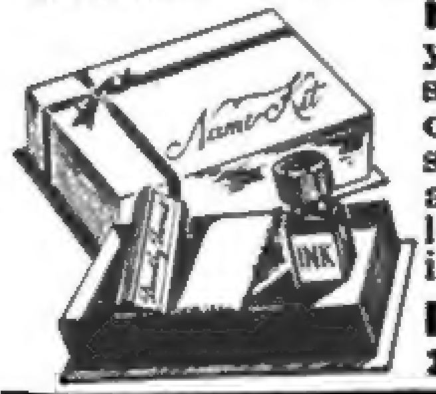
12.95

ADLER ELEVATORS
Exclusive with
ADLER SHOES for MEN

Dept. E4-44
122 E. 42 St., N. Y.
Gentlemen: I'd like to be TALLER. Send your Booklet in full color.

Name..............................
Address..............................
City.......................... State........

SERVICE MEN! CIVILIANS!
STAMP YOUR NAME ON EVERYTHING



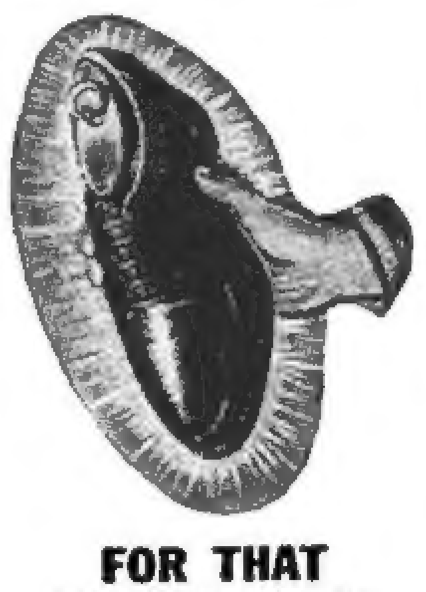
Name-Kit enables you to mark your name permanently on personal apparel and on all sorts of objects. Ideal for the soldier or sailor. Black indelible ink, pad, and your name in script or block letters (enough for 1000 stampings). *Only* **$1.00** *postpaid.*

Distinctive Creations Inc.
10 West 47th Street. N. Y. C.

HOLLYWOOD
SHOE POLISH
KEEPS 'EM SHINING

STRETCHES coupon #18

Your shoes are precious, preserve them by using this water-repellent Hollywood Shoe Polish. Gives your shoes that soft mellow violin glow of richly polished leather. Available in Antique Walnut, Antique Redwood, Dark Brown, Tan and Black. . . . For sale throughout U. S. by most W. T. Grant Department Stores; leading chain and Independent stores.



FOR THAT BOOTMAKER'S FINISH

Hollywood
BOOTMAKERS Stain POLISH
as advertised in Esquire
Hollywood
BOOTMAKERS Stain POLISH

Send For Set Of Five Colors

Send $1.50 for complete set of 5 colors, plus a secret process for shining shoes, sent postpaid, if not sold by your shoe merchant. Unconditionally guaranteed.

HOLLYWOOD POLISH CO.
Dept. 8, 107-32 Van Wyck Blvd., Richmond Hill, N.Y.
Brokers write for territories still open

Talking Shop with Esquire

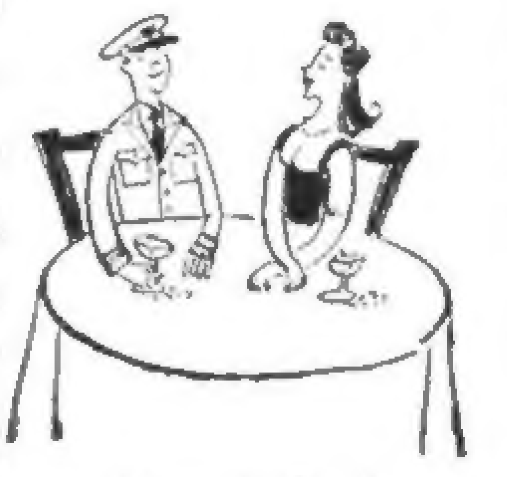
STRICTLY *NON* — G. I. Here it is fellows, by popular request . . . a shopping page just for Uncle Sam's Service Men. Every month you'll find here items current and choice . . . catering to the outer and inner man, gifts for those on the home front, various bits of advice and information. Write to us, tell us what you'd like to buy . . . what sort of dope you want to hear. RANGER, at your service.

FOXHOLE PILLOW. To the aid of you fellows who must, perforce, catch your 40 winks sitting up on trains, on boat decks, in field or foxhole, comes the horse-shoe shaped pillow. Weighing only 3½ oz. it can be stuffed into pockets, duffle bags, or tucked into your helmet above the webbing (doesn't interfere with normal circulation of air, and serves as an extra cushion if your helmet should be a target for some stray missile.) The pillow is stuffed with hair, and covered with water-repellent material, encased in a removable slip cover in blue or khaki.

FLYERS, PLEASE NOTE: an appropriate gift for you chaps in the air corps to send to a civvy friend is a handsome leather jewel box with a rawhide top which looks like parchment, upon which is handpainted in authentic colors an army or navy plane in flight. Exact replicas of Airacobras, Sikorsky fighters, Curtiss dive bombers, etc. Pretty snazzy.

HOSTESS APRONS. Maybe you haven't heard, but maid service is almost a thing of the past. The modern hostess totes and cooks. And just to glamour-up the whole menial thing, she wears fancy decorative little aprons, maybe in taffeta, sateen or fine cotton, all hand made, and trimmed with huge appliqued flowers or fruits in vivid contrasting colors. Each apron is made to order (in about two weeks) and you can specify your favorite color combinations . . . (blues and pastels for blondes, maybe, or dashing colors for brunettes).

INSIDE INFO. Ask any dame what for a present she'd like, ten to one she says: "Nylons". And this time we don't mean covers for the gams. We refer to a *nylon* slip (you remember, fellows, that bit of pink something betwixt dame and dress). The new Nylon number fits sleek and smooth like shining satin, launders excellently and is practically indestructible they tell us . . . as it is made of the same nylon used in parachutes. Let your darling be the first to wear the "slip of tomorrow".



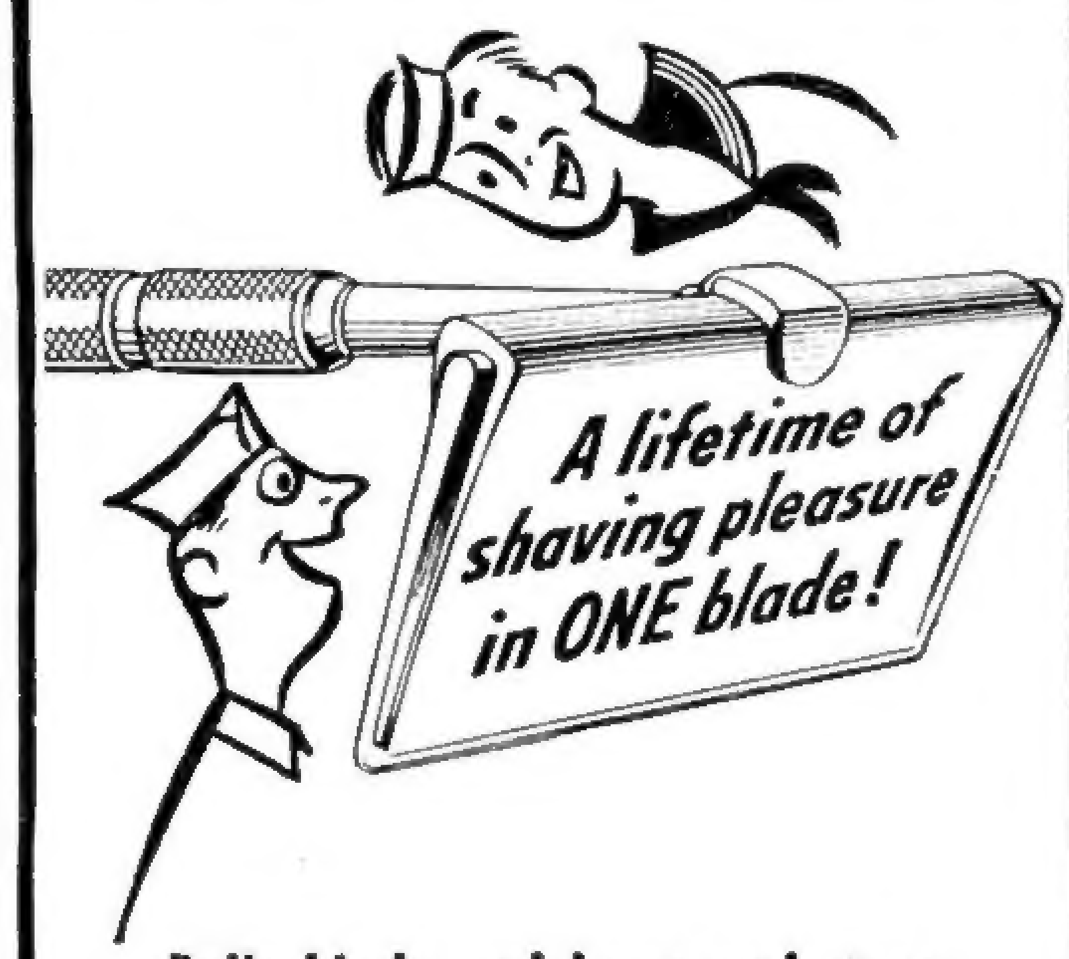
FUN ON FURLOUGH. Officers who shun large mass entertainment should investigate the East 52nd St. Officers' Club where a more intimate type of entertainment prevails. The club is run entirely by attractive young hostesses who are on the job four nights a week. Saturday nights are gala . . . there's a formal dance, and two floor shows with talent culled from young female starlets from stage, screen or radio. The entertainers don't just drop in for a number, but stay on, sometimes all evening, to dance and talk to the officers. Night we were there, two beauties from Broadway's smash hit "Oklahoma" were on hand. If you don't want to dance or be entertained, you can sit comfortably at a table, sip your Scotch (what say?) and pour the story of your life into the receptive ears of a lovely girl.

Ranger

SERVICE MEN: THIS IS YOUR PAGE

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

ROLLS RAZOR


A lifetime of shaving pleasure in ONE blade!

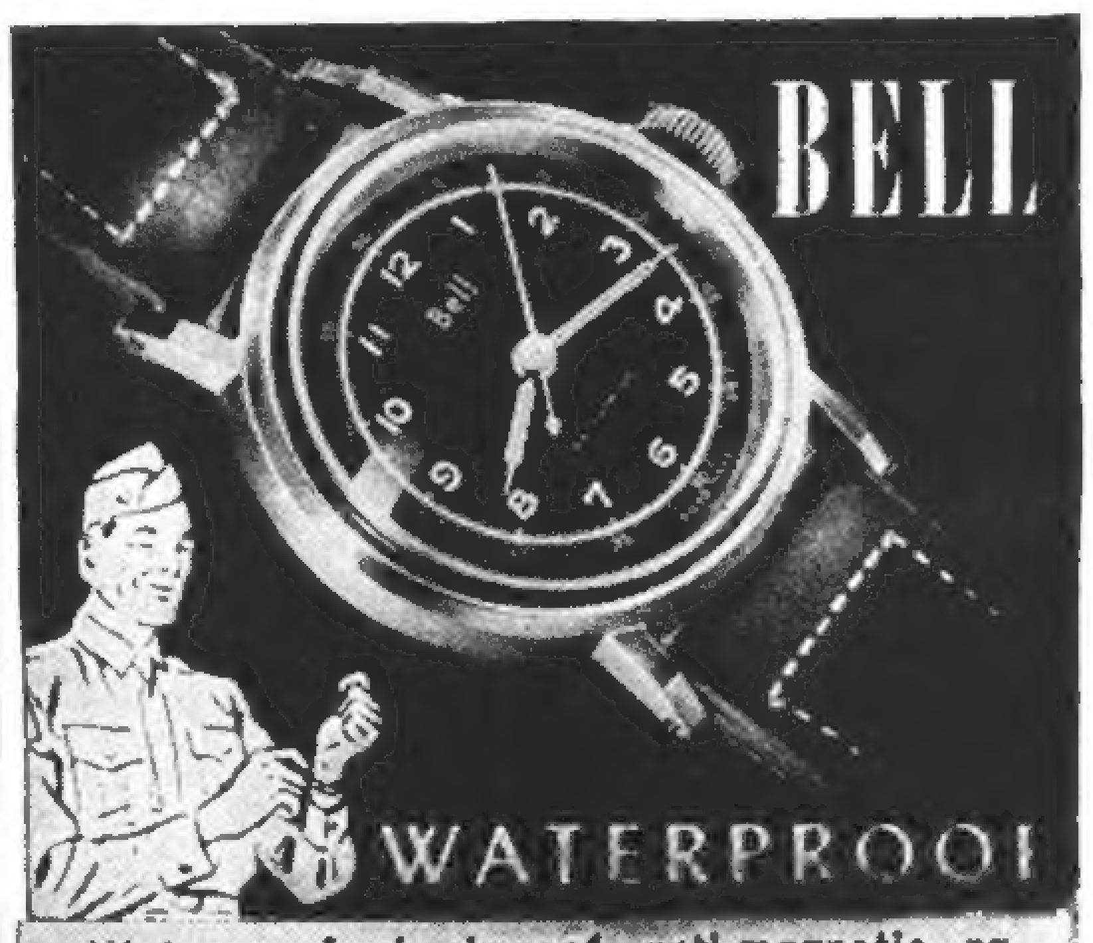
Rolls blade and hone and strop,
The shaving tool complete,
Is marching with the Army
And sailing with the Fleet.

Our fighting men like the Rolls Safety Razor because it is a self-contained shaving tool—a lifetime blade with its own hone and strop in a compact, convenient case. No blades to buy, nor dependence on electric current.

Since Pearl Harbor our entire output has been going to Post Exchanges and Ships' Service Stores. Even so, the demand at these outlets far exceeds our ability to supply.

So, if you own a Rolls now, treat it as the fine precision tool it is. Should it need adjustment, send us the complete instrument. You'll get it back good as new at a nominal charge.

ROLLS RAZOR, Inc.
Sales and Service
342 Madison Ave., New York 17, N.Y.



Waterproof, shockproof, anti-magnetic, radium dial and hands, unbreakable crystal, precision tested.

No. XZ 124—15 jewels, small second hand, stainless steel back $34.75
No. XZ121—15 jewels, sweep second hand, stainless steel back........ $39.75
No. XZ 328—17 jewels, sweep second hand, SELF WINDING, stainless steel case........ $59.75

POSTPAID, 10% FED. TAX INCL. ● MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED
Write for Free Illustrated Booklet "XZ"
BELL WATCH COMPANY
Time-Life Bldg., Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N. Y.

Precision matched tweezers

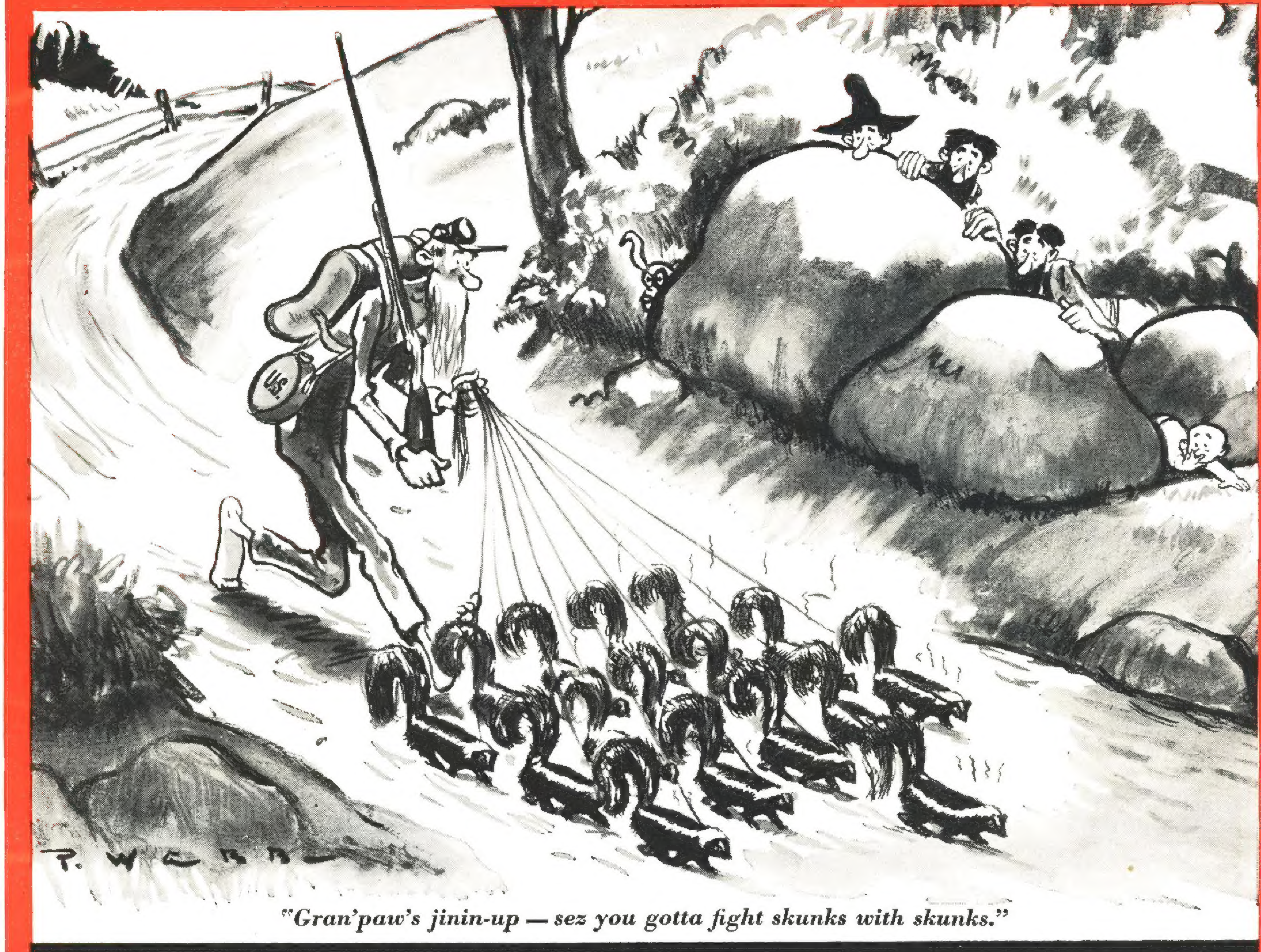
If you own one, treasure it. It may be irreplaceable. For the duration most of our production is devoted to army-navy surgical instruments.

La Cross

For more than four decades America's Finest Manicure Implements
SCHNEFEL BROS. CORPORATION, FIFTH AVE. N.Y.

AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS

IN SERVICE ON EVERY FRONT



"Gran'paw's jinin-up — sez you gotta fight skunks with skunks."

JOIN UP FOR THE WAR ON GAS WASTE

One big gun in the war on gas waste is Auto-Lite's "Plug-Chek" Inspection Service. You may increase your gas mileage as much as 12% with Auto-Lite's "Plug-Chek," according to tests conducted by the American Automobile Association. As simple an operation as cleaning and regapping your present spark plugs may be all that is necessary. If you need new plugs, insist on ignition engineered Auto-Lite's. Stop at your dealer today, and ask for "Plug-Chek" Inspection Service.

BUY WAR BONDS

THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE COMPANY
TOLEDO, 1 • *Merchandising Division* • OHIO

Tune in
AUTO-LITE'S
GREAT RADIO SHOW
STARRING
RONALD COLMAN
IN
"EVERYTHING FOR THE BOYS"
Tuesday Night . . . NBC Network
Featuring stars of stage, screen and radio and men and women at the fighting fronts

In its 26 great manufacturing divisions, Auto-Lite is producing for America's Armed Forces on land, sea and in the air

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS

Thanks for the jazz issue. It was sure great. Too bad you don't have more jazz articles to spread out for the other eleven issues, then come out with a bang with your "ALL AMERICAN BAND" and some more stories.

The articles by Charlie Smith, Leonard Feather and the story by Bob Goffin were "right in there." You will hear plenty, pro & con, regarding the picks in the "ALL AMERICAN." Being a musician myself, Johnny Hammond's choices are the same ones I would choose excepting his male vocalist and odd instrument choice. If he had selected "Satchmo" and Joe Venuti in that order he would bat 100 per cent with me, but you can't satisfy every one, so I had better hush. When you get the boys together in the Met for that session, I would like to select a tune for them for one of their "cuttings," and that is the old baby that never gets old: *Jazz Me Blues*. What a band, what a tune, you can't miss.

As long as you put out issues like your jazz number I will continue to be a subscriber, so stay in the groove, Esky, and we will "all go out on the last chorus."

HAPPY RUGGLES
Los Angeles 44, Calif.

POME IN PRAISE OF THE VARGA GIRL

The cultured man appreciates
The classic song and saga
But work of art that stimulates
Has body built by Varga.
Her lovely limbs, curvaceous charms
Delight without vulgarity,
A modern Venus blessed with arms
And pin-up popularity.
The evil eye, the narrow mind
Will always see the lewd,
Devoid of grace, completely blind
To female pulchritude.

Submitted by
SIDNEY FEFFER
The Bronx 52, N. Y.

KEEPING COOL WITH ESQ'S HOT JAZZ

When names like Billy Butterfield, Ziggy Elman and Max Kaminsky, Jack Jenney and Brad Gowans, Joe Marsala, Woody Herman and "Shoeless" John Jackson, Eddie Miller and Bud Freeman, Mel Powell, Bob Zurke and Pete Johnson, Charles Christian and Ulysses Livingstone, Abe Bolar and Artie Shapiro, "Kansas" Fields and Davey Tough are entirely overlooked at the polls on your All-Star voting it can mean but one thing: Esquire's experts are in a class by themselves, and a few thousand amateur jazz lovers like myself, who have, all these years, come to believe in our qualifications as jazz connoisseurs, have been living and listening in blissful ignorance and with gross misconceptions on the matter of hot music.

I do not contend that any of the names mentioned should displace the winners, but to be omitted without even a slight nod for the recognition of their ability—well, that's a cruel blow to the vanity of the self-styled expert, and said expert wishes to state that he could put together at least two bands from the names snubbed by your selectors, with each of them spotting your band thirty-two bars and still catch you at the finish.

And, if you'll pardon my conventional taste, I wish to take exception to the fact that there are ten guys named Joe ahead of Crosby on the male vocalist line-up. Anybody who can sensibly argue that El Bingo isn't the greatest singer of any kind of popular music of all time belongs in a —well, on Esquire's Board of Experts.

Sincerely yours,
Montreal, Canada THOMAS MIKLOS

SAGA OF A JAZZ COLLECTOR'S ITEM

Enclosed you will find two money orders for one dollar each—cheap at half the price—for two Jazz Books.

The reprint of C. E. Smith's '34 article is the real bait for me, as I've looked for that issue of Esquire for six years all over the U. S., since I very foolishly loaned it to a friend (?) who read it and promptly threw the magazine away! Either all the second-hand magazine dealers are hip, or it's just impossible to get it, for I've never been able to lay my hands on a Feb., '34, issue. I've a record collection of slightly over 10,000—7,500 of which are hot jazz—the rest classical —and I date my *real* collection of jazz ever since '34, after I read C. E. Smith's immortal *Collecting Hot*—it was then that I sorted the "wheat from the chaff" and went all-out on obscure labels, etc.

The victrola is a God-send out in this forgotten wilderness, where we are supposed to be guarding German prisoners—two lost souls we are—with the exception of one poor atavistic Heinie who told us he had some Telefunkens hidden in his cellar from the eyes and ears of the Gestapo. He jumped for joy when we played him a few Bix's and Louie's—but caught himself quickly—you know what Hitler thinks of *le jazz hot!*

Yours very truly,
HARRY K. CRAWFORD
Indianola, Neb.

ADD REASONS WHY THEY CALL IT "HOT"

For yours and M. Goffin's information, anyone that does not rate Mr. Harry James as tops is not capable of distinguishing the difference between a trumpet and a tuba.

Sincerely yours,
ROBERT J. CHAMBERLAIN
Aberdeen, Md.

SELECTED LETTER FROM SOLDIERS OVERSEAS

We three boys have been overseas two years, and have to this date found great enjoyment in reading Esquire. Imagine our surprise to find the mailing privileges of such a fine magazine revoked for, as far as we're concerned, no justified reason.

In behalf of the men in our tent and many others like us, who we know are ardent readers of Esquire, we wish to say a more modern, witty, humorous and interesting magazine could not be found anywhere.

In your court stand I wish to say that we stand behind you in your fight to disprove any complaints that Esquire is "disastrous to the intellect," or "immoral" or any other such poppycock. On just what counts can any such accusations be based, may we ask? You print no articles or display any photographs of girls which might not be found in any other magazines, newspapers, or even to be seen in movies, to that effect. Your stories are of the average, humorous and interesting to the American mind. You carry a variety of sports articles, humor, clothes, cartoons, etc.; which the average American likes to see and read. Your art pictures (Varga) are only drawings, which any intelligent person accepts only at a passing glance. Therefore, in view of all of the above mentioned, we see no justified reason for the ban on Esquire overseas.

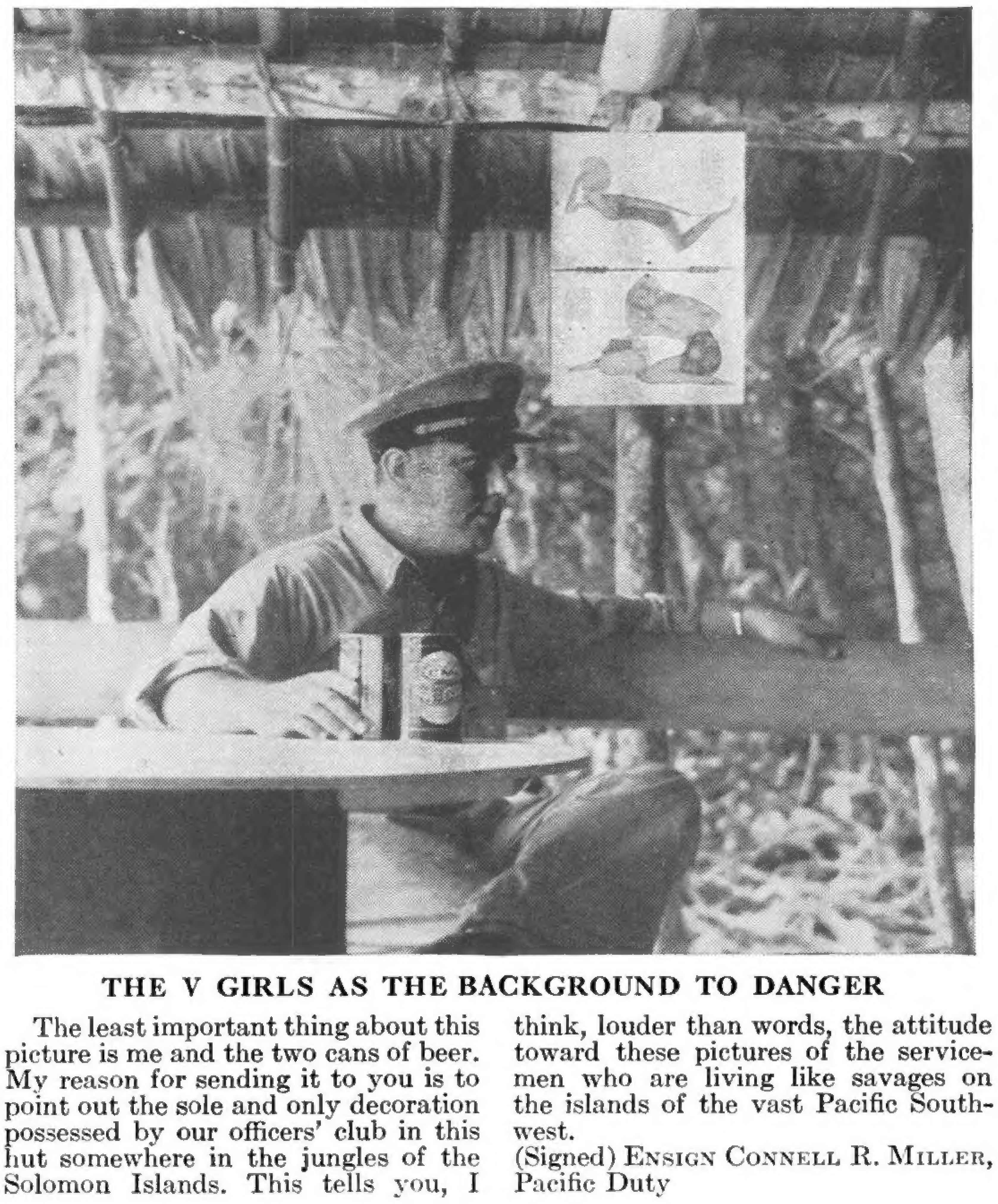
Reading is one of the greatest enjoyments in this type of life and the best of our only resorts. We are American boys of a modern generation, and we like a modern magazine, which is Esquire in all its forms presented, and we can vouch for all the boys here, or elsewhere, on the statement that Esquire is a magazine we like and would like to see reach us as before.

We (under-signed) would like to have you produce this letter as evidence in your fight for resumption of mailing privileges of Esquire to men overseas.

Respectfully yours,
PFC. STANLEY F. BOGDON,
A.S.N. 13046922

PFC. JOHN E. BASS,
A.S.N. 14067265

PFC. WALTER SEREDA,
A.S.N. 16037662



THE V GIRLS AS THE BACKGROUND TO DANGER

The least important thing about this picture is me and the two cans of beer. My reason for sending it to you is to point out the sole and only decoration possessed by our officers' club in this hut somewhere in the jungles of the Solomon Islands. This tells you, I think, louder than words, the attitude toward these pictures of the servicemen who are living like savages on the islands of the vast Pacific Southwest.

(Signed) ENSIGN CONNELL R. MILLER,
Pacific Duty

SELECTED LETTER FROM SAILORS ABROAD

We would like to know who in hell got the bright idea of banning Varga pictures from your most popular Esquire.

After all those men in Africa, the Aleutians, Italy, etc., have done for those so-called spiritually-minded human beings back in the States they should have consideration to a certain extent about this matter. *I* say they should, but they haven't, which is one way of saying that what the serviceman thinks does not amount to a damn.

You won't find one barracks overseas that hasn't got a Varga Pin-Up Girl if they are able to get their hands on an Esquire.

I, for one, have close to fifteen of them, and none of them seems to demoralize me in the least. Those Varga pictures are very much on the clean and healthy side and it gives us guys a good idea of what we're fighting for. In other words, you couldn't find a better morale builder.

What the devil do those people want us to do—tack up pictures of our long past relations, with the old-fashioned long skirt and ridiculous looking swimming suit? Why don't those "better America" people wake up to the fact that this is the year of 1944, not 1917? Why don't they realize that those magazines contain pictures of women that these fighting men *don't* see in the flesh. There aren't any women around here.

What will these ignorant specimens think up next? Maybe ban the sending of cigarettes to the men because they stimulate nicotine poison in the lungs.

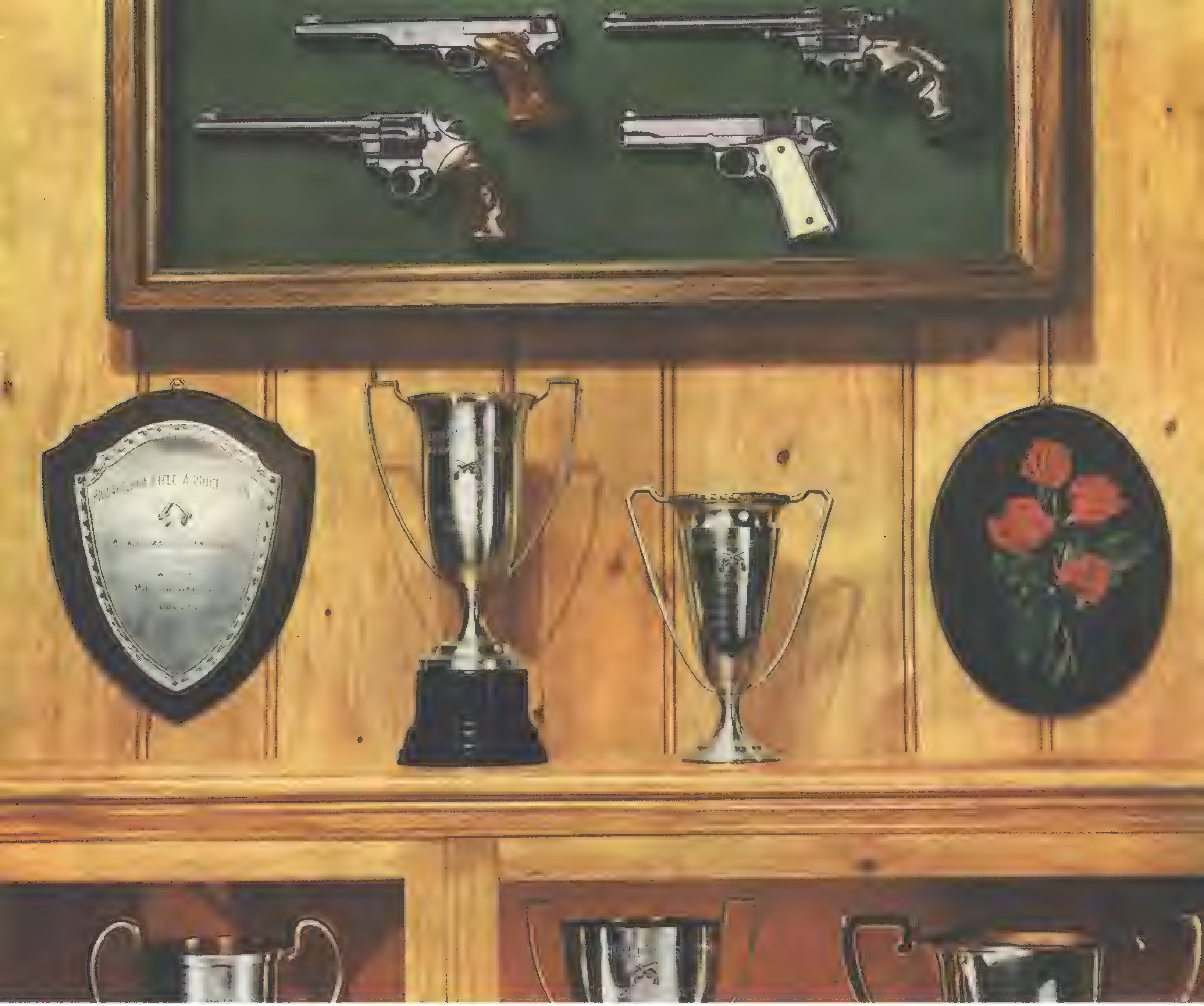
Or maybe they'll ban swing music from records that are sent here and demand symphony for us. That's more refined.

I, plus a million other men, think that's the most ridiculous and downhearting thing that "our" people could ever do to us.

How do they know it lowers our morale? They don't know what war is. They don't realize that a guy wants relaxation now and then, and that when he gets that relaxation he wants something to take his mind off war, blood and death.

I wish that these high-browed monkeys could spend a year overseas without anything but magazines to give them the idea of how good home looks. "Long live the Varga Girl." May she never die.

LEE J. MAHONEY, F2/c
ALBERT J. FRANCO, S1/c
BERNARD L. MCKINNON, F2/c



Guess which trophy the guests gave him

THEY DID IT more as a friendly gag than anything else.

But when they put that plaque up there beside the other trophies their host had won, they were sincere in wanting him to know that his Four Roses Old Fashioneds rated a special token of appreciation.

Perhaps *your* guests will never go so far as to award you a trophy for serving drinks made with Four Roses. But you can be certain they'll find *some* way to tell you how extra special your cocktails are!

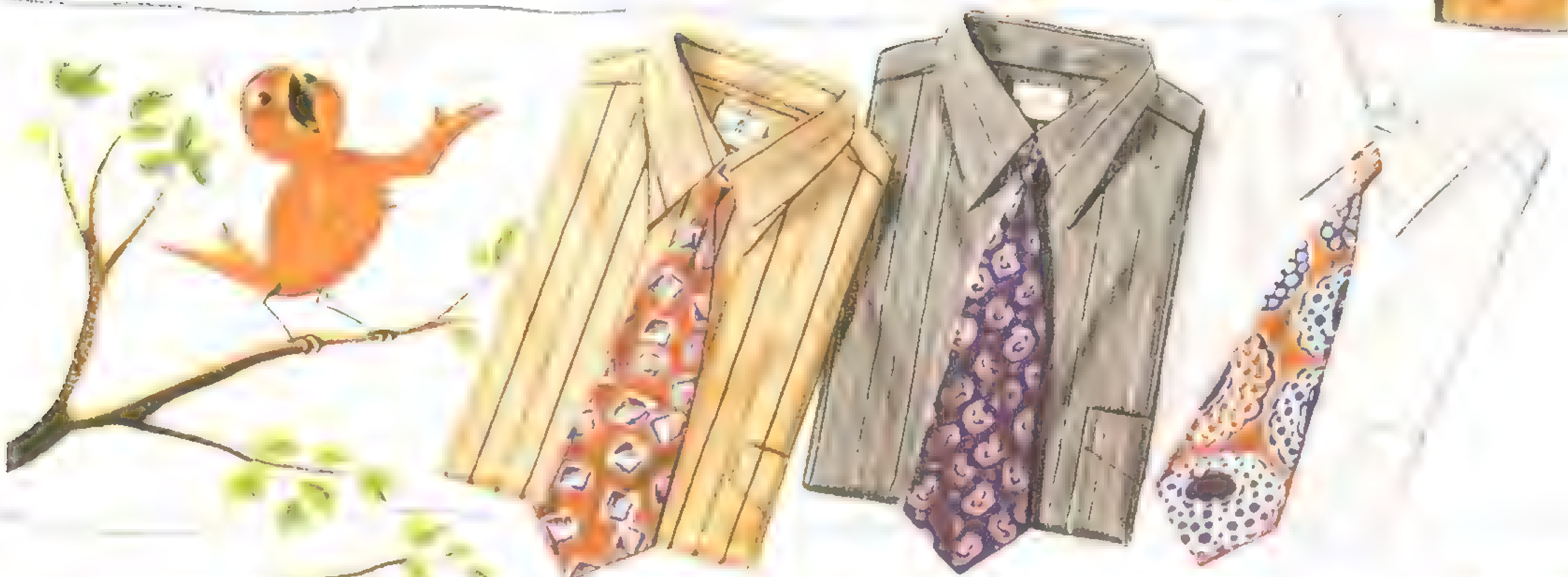
Perhaps, these days, you can't always get Four Roses when you ask for it. But if your dealer is temporarily out of it, please be patient and try again. He'll be getting more, soon.

FOUR ROSES

A TRULY GREAT WHISKEY

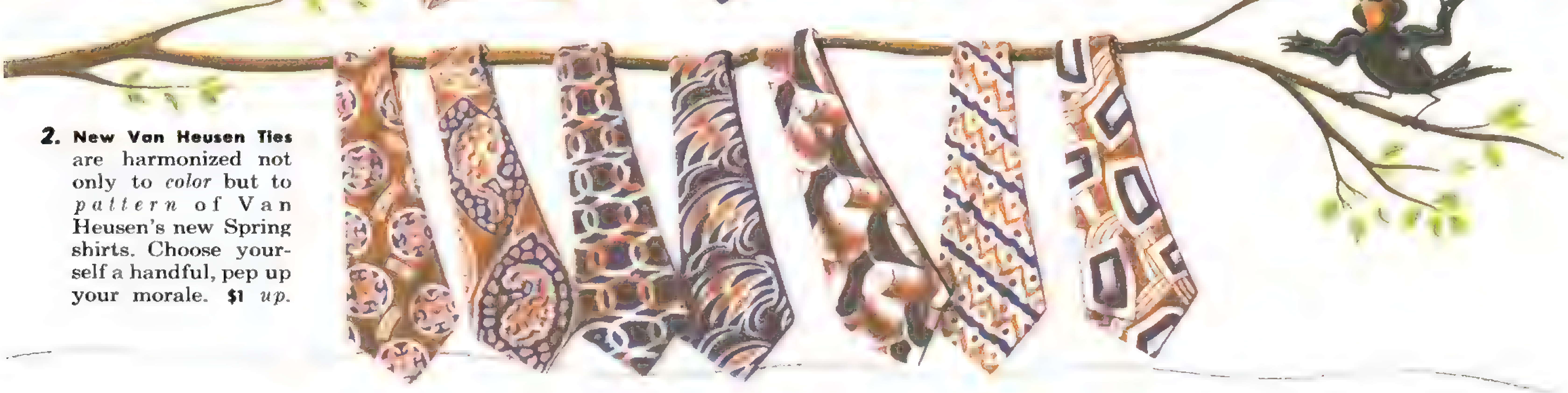
Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof
Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York City

All Van Heusen and all for you

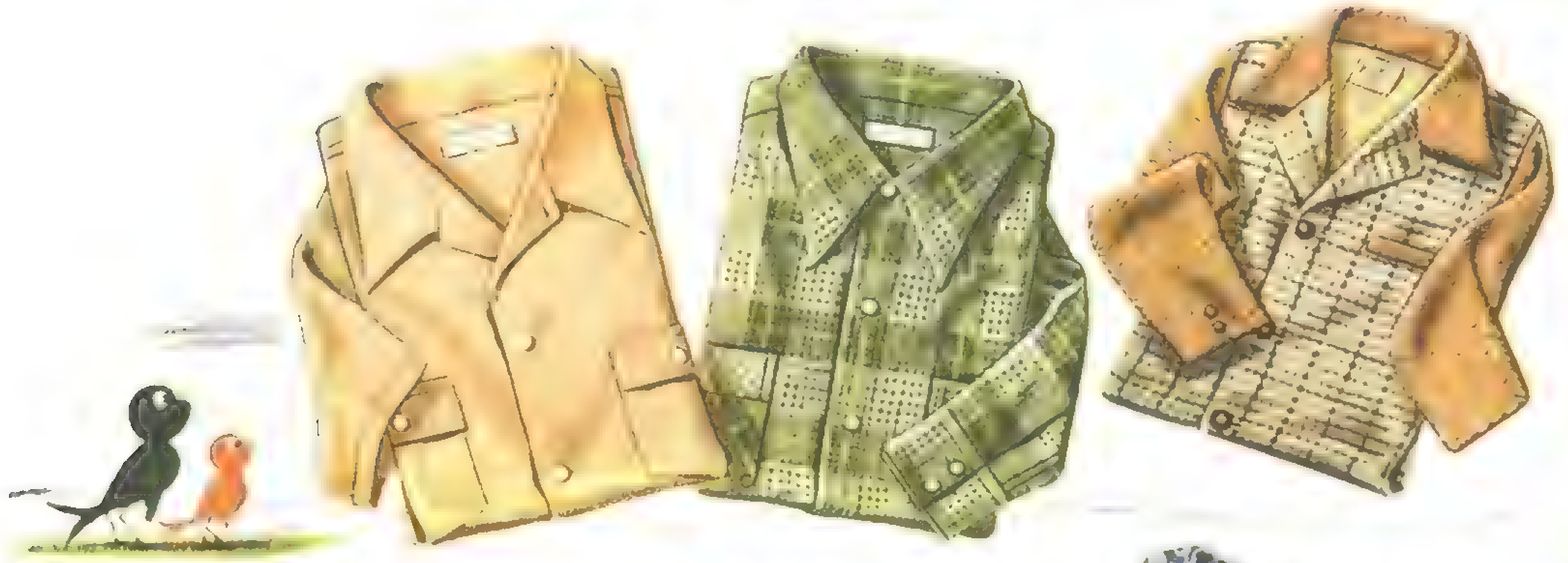


1. It started with Van Heusen Shirts — a symphony of patterns and colors — *all new!* (Gray and Wine are particularly good this Spring; so are the Hi-Lite Stripes.) All have Van Heusen collar styling, figure-fit, custom details. Sanforized, laundry-tested, **$2.25, $2.50** *up.*

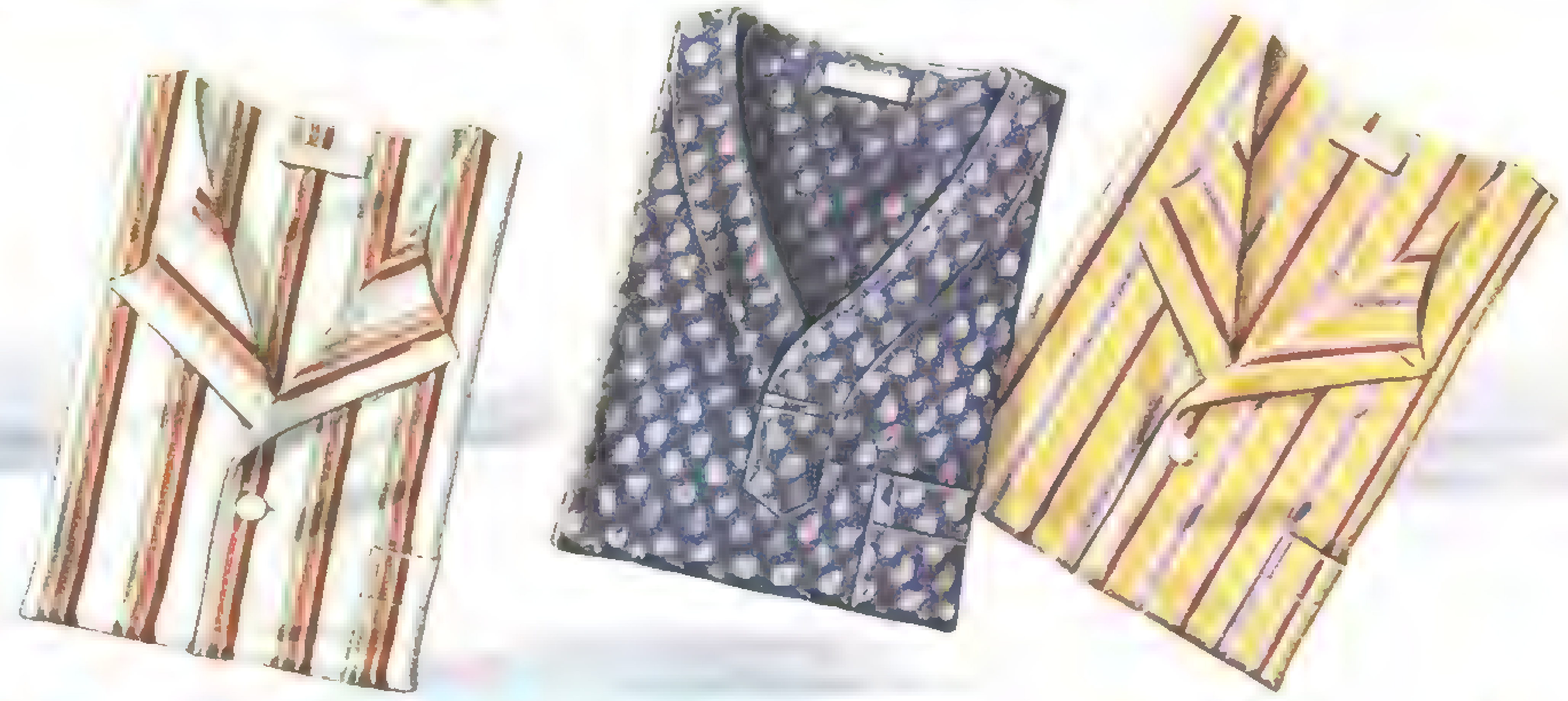
P. S. You'll want some whites too, with Van Heusen's famous can't-wilt collar attached, woven to fit the human neck.



2. New Van Heusen Ties are harmonized not only to *color* but to *pattern* of Van Heusen's new Spring shirts. Choose yourself a handful, pep up your morale. **$1** *up.*



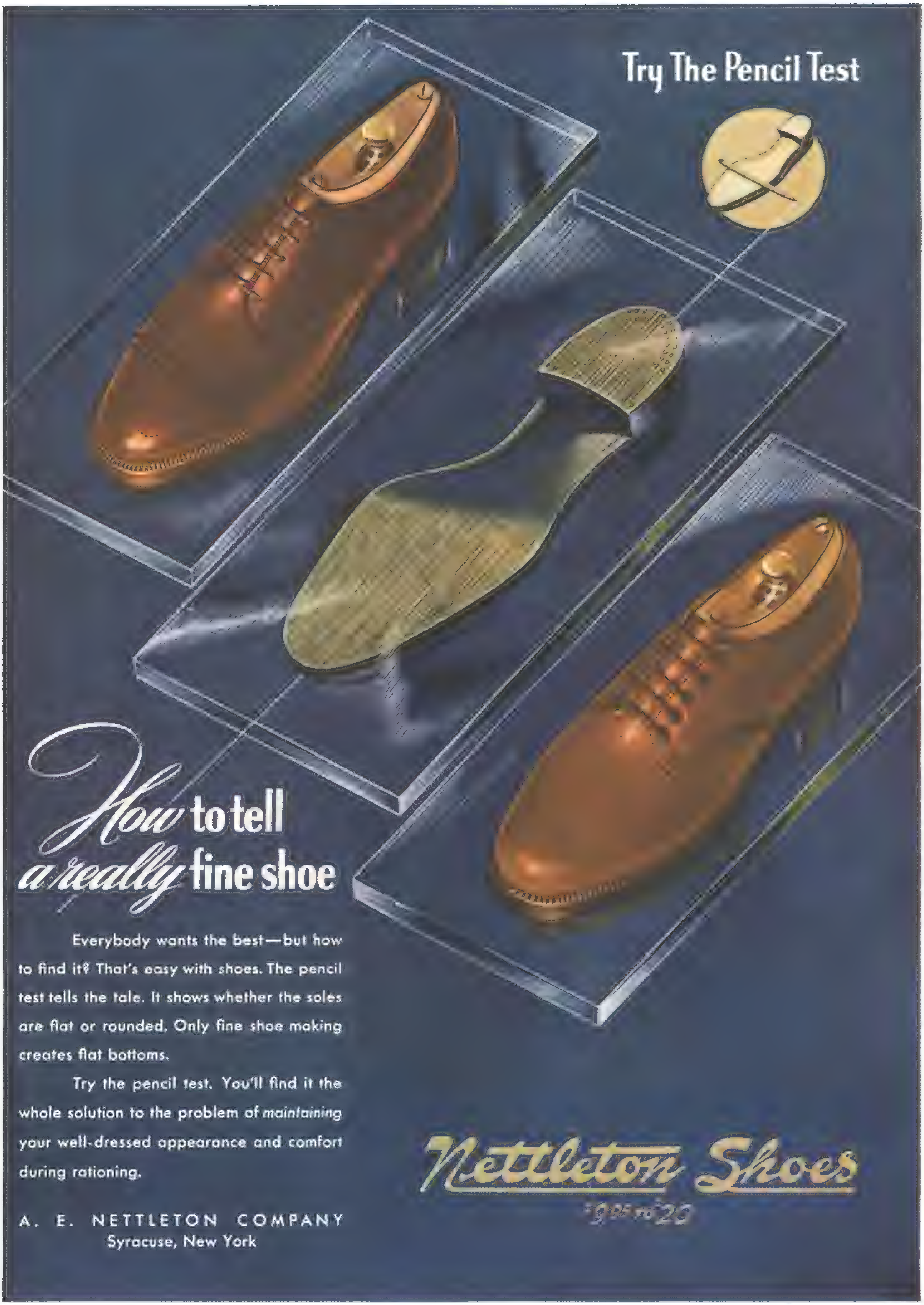
3. You'll pick 'em for color now, you'll wear 'em for comfort all summer. Van Heusen Sport Shirts feature a variety of Spring and Summer fabrics in many different models. The California Lono (center) has Van Heusen's exclusive 2-way collar. Top one with a Leisure Jacket for a swell ensemble.



4. Van Heusen Pajamas do for you at night what Van Heusen shirts do for you daytime. They've got comfort, good looks, smart styling and long wear built into them with Van Heusen Shirtmaker craftsmanship. Patterns and colors galore . . . . **$2.50** *and up.*
Phillips-Jones Corp., N. Y.

Van Heusen

SHIRTS • TIES • PAJAMAS • COLLARS • SPORTSWEAR



How to tell a really fine shoe

Everybody wants the best—but how to find it? That's easy with shoes. The pencil test tells the tale. It shows whether the soles are flat or rounded. Only fine shoe making creates flat bottoms.

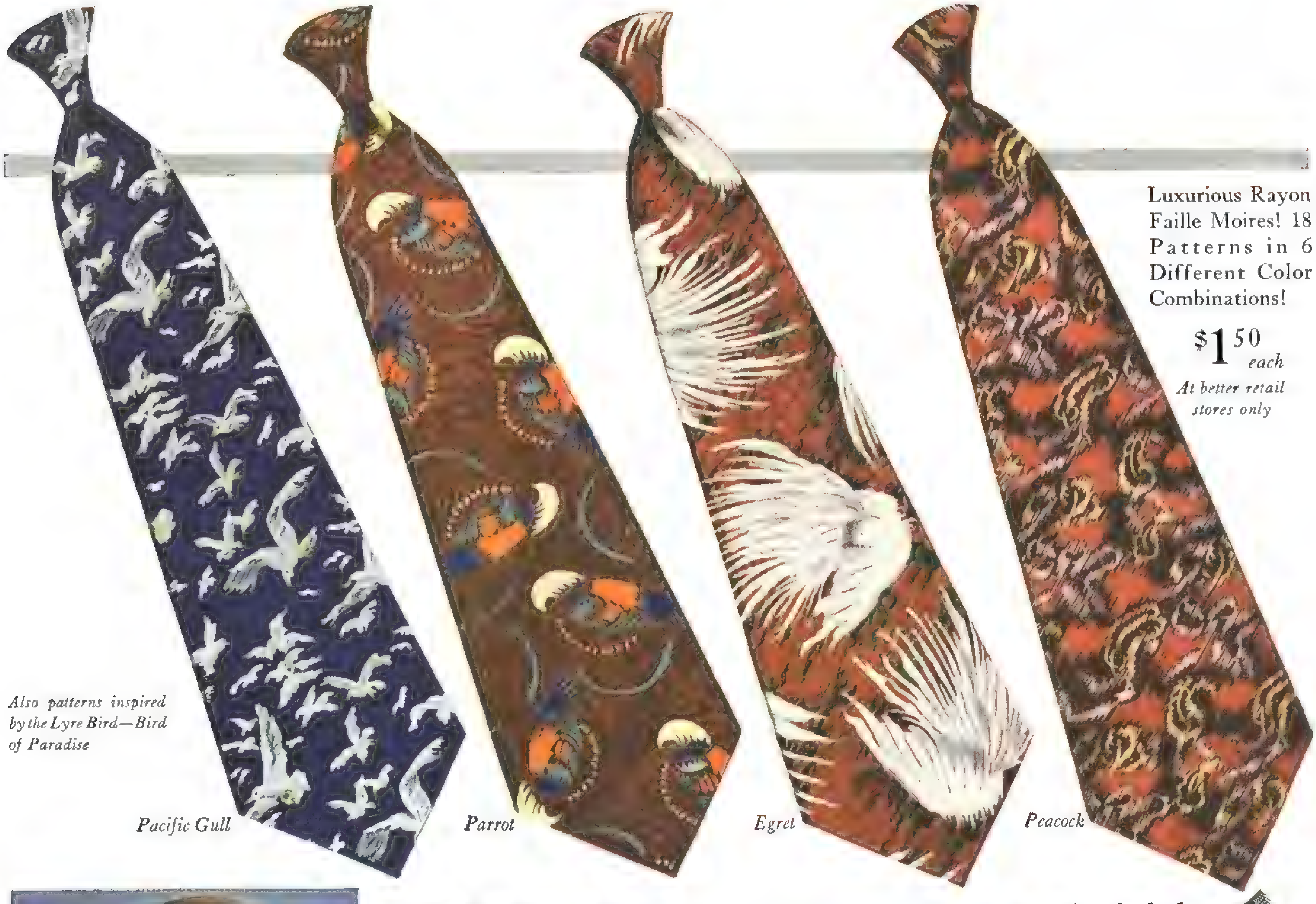
Try the pencil test. You'll find it the whole solution to the problem of *maintaining* your well-dressed appearance and comfort during rationing.

A. E. NETTLETON COMPANY
Syracuse, New York

One Smash Hit Deserves Another! Here's the logical companion to our famous American Game Birds!

PRESENTING
THE SPRING
AND SUMMER
EDITION OF...

Cheney's TROPICAL BIRD PLUMAGE



Also patterns inspired by the Lyre Bird—Bird of Paradise

Luxurious Rayon Faille Moires! 18 Patterns in 6 Different Color Combinations!

$1.50 *each*

At better retail stores only

This bird's in the South Pacific! 'Tho far from his native habitat, the American Eagle has become acclimated to his surroundings. He's doing plenty at the moment! But, to keep him fighting . . . and winning . . . it's up to all of us to buy more and more War Bonds. Incidentally this investment is the surest way to feather our own nests for the future!

FROM THE SOUTH PACIFIC! Inspired by the distinctive colorings of Southern Pacific birds, Cheney Brothers . . . leading tie stylists . . . proudly present their latest edition of Bird Plumage Cravats. Stunning patterns on handsome moired fabrics reflect the beauty and brilliance of tropical bird life—worthy companions to the famous American Game Bird series.

CHENEY BROTHERS
Manufacturers of luxurious fabrics since 1838
1412 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Copr. 1944, Cheney Bros. *T M REG. U S. PAT OFF

Look for the label

CHENEY
CRAVATS

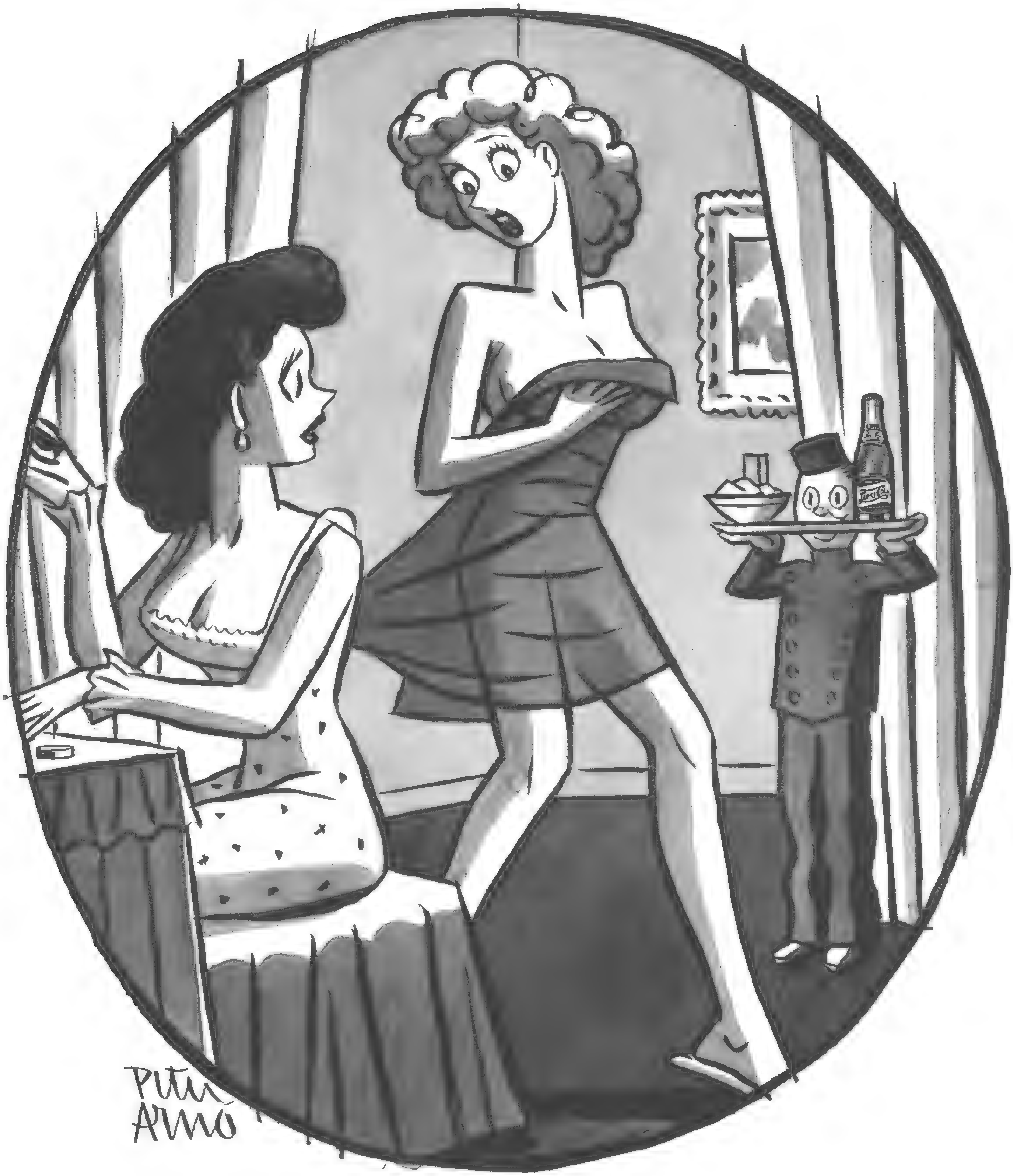
Styles for all occasions
Tie Well • Wear Well

You'll be years ahead
in a suit of
COHAMA
POLAR-POINT
FABRIC

super-rayon tropical suiting

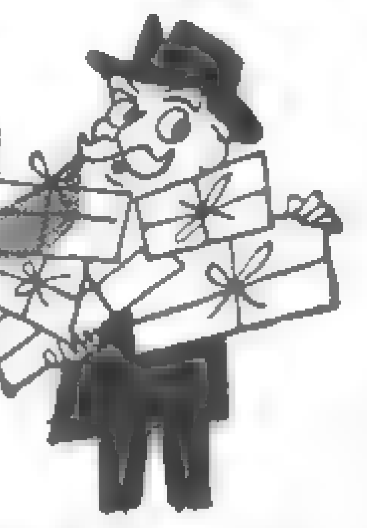
. . . amazing post-war fabric, now in your men's store window. Superbly tailored . . . distinguished in appearance. Lighter on your shoulders and your budget. Cooler, more refreshing! Crush-resistant . . . well-groomed *always!* COHAMA MEN'S WEAR FABRICS, 1412 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

An advertisement of Pepsi-Cola Company.


Pepsi-Cola
Peter Arno

"Why do you s'pose he always brings our Pepsi-Colas up one at a time?"

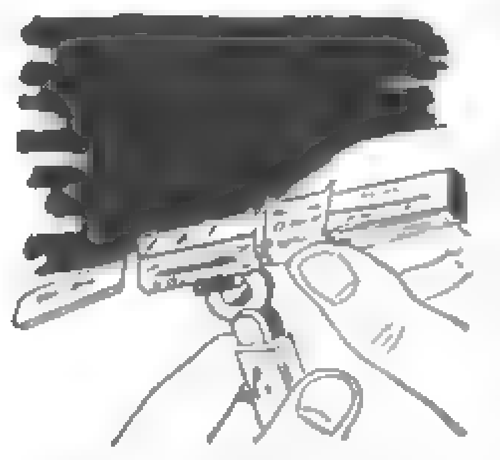
Talking Shop with Esquire



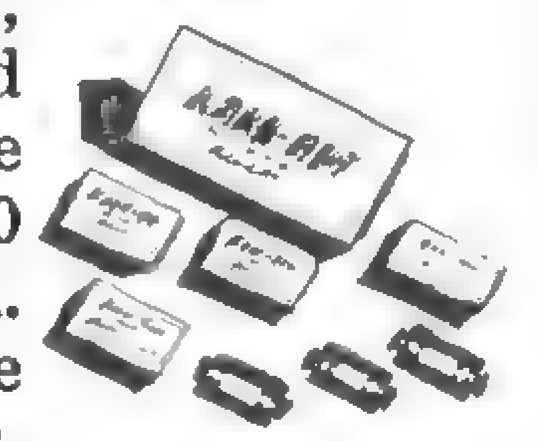
FOR THE GREAT OUTDOORS. "Leave us face it", if you want to view the countryside, you'll probably have to do it under your own power . . . there'll be very few gas buggies again this summer. For hiking, boating or general country gentleman wear, we suggest some super play shoes of rough finished reindeer hide. They come just above the ankle length, and the soles are of rope, embedded in rubber. Weighing a scant 2½ lbs., they produce an enviable lightweight comfort.

SHAKE, THEN SHAVE. How'd you like to have *one* razor blade that purportedly will last 1 to 3 years? The hollow ground blade fits into a curved handle, and after each shave, you clean and dry it, then cover the entire hone surface with the honing compound which comes avec. You then shake the whole works a few times, then rinse compound off, without opening the razor. Addicts say that after applying the abrasive, the blade actually improves with usage.

INJECTOR BLADES. You'll be glad to know that gov. priorities have been lifted on injector blades. If you still have your injector razor, you can now stock up on the proper ammunition. Injectors change blades automatically. With a pull and a push on the injector, the razor shoves out the old blade and slides in a fresh one instantly. The blades are twice as thick as ordinary blades, so they take and hold a keen edge. Line forms on the right, gents.



NON-RUST BLADES. There's another kind of blade, made of Swedish stainless steel, which requires no wiping, no drying . . . and they say will give you 30 to 50 shaves per each. Great little time and labor saver, this, because you don't have to dismantle the razor each time to dry the blade. This type comes 60 blades to a package, and the blades fit all standard, double edge razors.



Ranger

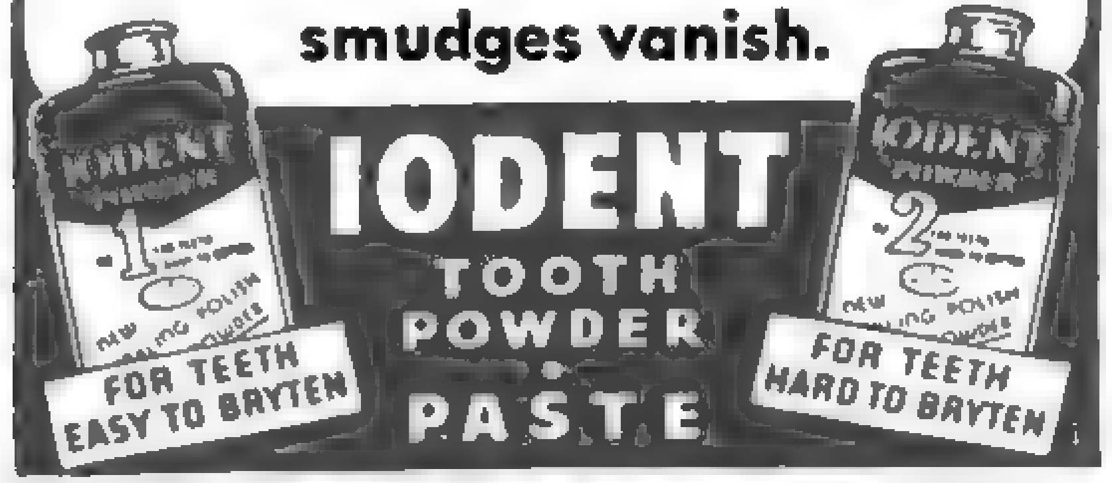
For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

SMOKERS SHOULD USE

IODENT

TO ERASE Smoke Smudge

Choose
PASTE or POWDER
Iodent No. 1 for teeth *easy* to bryten and No. 2 for teeth *hard* to bryten are made by a Dentist. Choose the texture to suit *your* teeth and watch those smudges vanish.



HODGMAN'S Handy Book of Sportsmen's Secrets

IT'S NEW
148 PAGES
AND ONLY 10¢

If you liked our 1943 edition of "Sportsmen's Secrets", you will like this one even better — because it contains additional success secrets for cramming your creel and garnishing your game bag. Send for your copy today, still only 10c, but twice as much material.

HODGMAN RUBBER CO.
Dept. 440, Framingham, Mass.

YOU CAN BECOME IMPRESSIVELY

TALLER

SIMPLY CHANGE TO "ELEVATORS"

★ "ELEVATORS" Shoes increase your height.
★ "ELEVATORS" Shoes improve your posture.
★ "ELEVATORS" look like any other fine shoes.

Write Today For FREE BOOKLET which tells all

$12.95
Slightly Higher West

STONE-TARLOW CO., Inc., Dept. E4-44
Brockton, Mass.
I Want to be TALLER. Please send me your Free Booklet and name of nearest dealer where I can purchase "ELEVATORS"
NAME ________
ADDRESS ________
CITY ________ STATE ________

STONE-TARLOW CO., Inc.
EXCLUSIVE MANUFACTURERS OF "ELEVATORS"

NOW—You, Too, Can Own A
"Field Marshal's War Map"
With Flag Pins Marking Each Day's Shifting Tides of Battle

Beautiful, full color, down to the minute World Map, 43″ x 28½″, is mounted on heavy, lacquered map-pin board, ready to hang on wall; with 112 colored flag markers of warring nations. As regions are captured and retaken, you move the flags in accordance with each day's headlines. Interesting and attractive combination.

Price, $2.49, postpaid
De Luxe Style—framed with Pickle Pine moulding—$7.50
25c additional West of Mississippi

C. S. HAMMOND & CO.
80 Lexington Ave., Suite 438, New York (16)

FREE Lawrence SADDLE CATALOG

● Pictures, descriptions, prices on Lawrence saddles . . . standard equipment of Western riders since 1857. Write for your free copy.
SOLD ON EASY TERMS

THE GEORGE LAWRENCE CO., PORTLAND, ORE

CUCKOO . . . but CLEVER!
Robust Recordings you'll Relish . . . by
DANNY KAYE

A brand new album of saucy, sophisticated songs . . . malicious morsels of merriment . . . by the supreme screwball of the season . . . **DANNY KAYE!** Biggest break in months for enlightened party-throwers. Amaze and amuse your guests with the saga of the man-milliner, **Anatole Of Paris**; a rare rendition of **Dinah** a la Russe; an electrifying version of **Minnie The Moocher**; strange ideas on **Farming**; **Fairy Pipers**; **Let's Not Talk About Love**; **Babbitt and Bromide**; **Eileen.** 4 double 10 in. discs in albums, postpaid in U.S.A., $3.10.

Write for FREE *Illustrated* RECORD LIST

RABSONS 111 WEST 52nd STREET
DEPT. 35, NEW YORK

KRASHÉ

SHAVING AID and SKIN SMOOTHER
Call me Crash-ay. Men find soothing, refreshing friendliness in every drop as a companion to brush, brushless or electric shaves. And for wind or sun burn, too. Servicemen are my best boosters!

$1.00 *plus tax* *At PX and leading drug stores or write*
GRELVA, INC. 22-26 W. 48th St., New York 19 N. Y.

A PRODUCT OF GRELVA, INC.

ON THE ROAD TO VICTORY

★ go thousands of HULL COMPASSES. Wartime improvements will make available an even finer instrument for the Road to Vacationland—after Victory.

HULL MFG. CO.
P. O. Box 246-G4 WARREN, OHIO

Get this Great Catalog of MAGIC

NATIONAL MAGIC COMPANY

Amazing tricks, mystifying and spooky stage and party illusions. Easy to do—no skill—perfect instructions. Fool your friends. Loads of fun. Add "life" to any party. 304 pages. 500 illustrations. Mail 75 cents for catalog, credited on your first order for $5.00 or more.

NATIONAL MAGIC COMPANY
119 S. State St., Chicago, Ill.

GLOBE-WIDE APPEAL

FOR STYLE & QUALITY
ask for ROYAL London
T.M. REG U.S PAT OFF.

BELTS • BRACES and WALLETS
On sale at Leading Men's Wear and Dept. Stores

GLOBE NOVELTY HOUSE
1150 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

Do You Make Mistakes in English?

EVERY time you speak or write you show just what you are. Mistakes in English reveal you as a person who lacks education and refinement. Lack of language power prevents you from presenting your thoughts in the strongest possible way. No matter what you do, real command of English will help you to your goal. Stop making mistakes in spelling, punctuation, pronunciation. Increase your vocabulary.

Only 15 minutes a day with Sherwin Cody's new invention — and you can actually SEE your English improve. It teaches by HABIT—makes it easier to do the RIGHT way. Wonderful self-correcting lessons include spelling, punctuation, grammar and expression.

SHERWIN CODY

FREE BOOK ON ENGLISH. Lack of language power may easily be costing you thousands of dollars every year. See what Mr. Cody can do for you; it costs nothing to find out. Mail a postal card or letter for free book, "How You Can Master Good English in 15 Minutes a Day." It will prove a revelation to you. WRITE NOW. Address:

Sherwin Cody School of English, 864 Searle Bldg., Rochester 4, N.Y.

L. L. Bean Inc.
Spring 1944

Free Catalog

Fully Illustrated, showing special footwear and clothing for fishermen and campers, also special fishing tackle.

L. L. Bean, Inc.
Freeport 53, Maine
Mfrs. Fishing and Camping Specialties

SPEAK SPANISH

LEARN THIS EASY WAY

ONLY 15 MINUTES A DAY. Cash in on tremendous expansion of our So. American trade. Big jobs NOW opening up everywhere to Spanish-speaking Americans! Cortinaphone Method, famous for 60 years, teaches you to speak like a native. Learn quickly, easily, at home, just "by listening" to CORTINA RECORDS as thousands have. French, German, Italian also taught. Send for FREE BOOK, "The Cortina Short-Cut." State language interested in. WRITE NOW.

JUST LISTEN TO THIS RECORD

Cortina Academy, Suite 454-B, 105 W. 40 St., N.Y. 18

Some things haven't changed!

"FOR DECADES THE SIGN OF A PERFECT PIPE"
LHS
STERNCREST
is still made of
GENUINE IMPORTED BRIAR

Smooth and Antique Finish. Dozens of handsome models. $5

A real pre-war pipe—of genuine Mediterranean briar, solid rubber mouthpiece, sterling silver band. See them at your dealer while stocks are complete.

L. & H. STERN, Inc., Stern Bldg., 60 Pearl St., Bklyn, N.Y.

When day is done...

These good people are doing something we would all do well to emulate . . . writing cheerful letters to service men.

For the task, the gentleman has the edge on his spouse because he is basking in the comfort of his new Leisure Jacket.

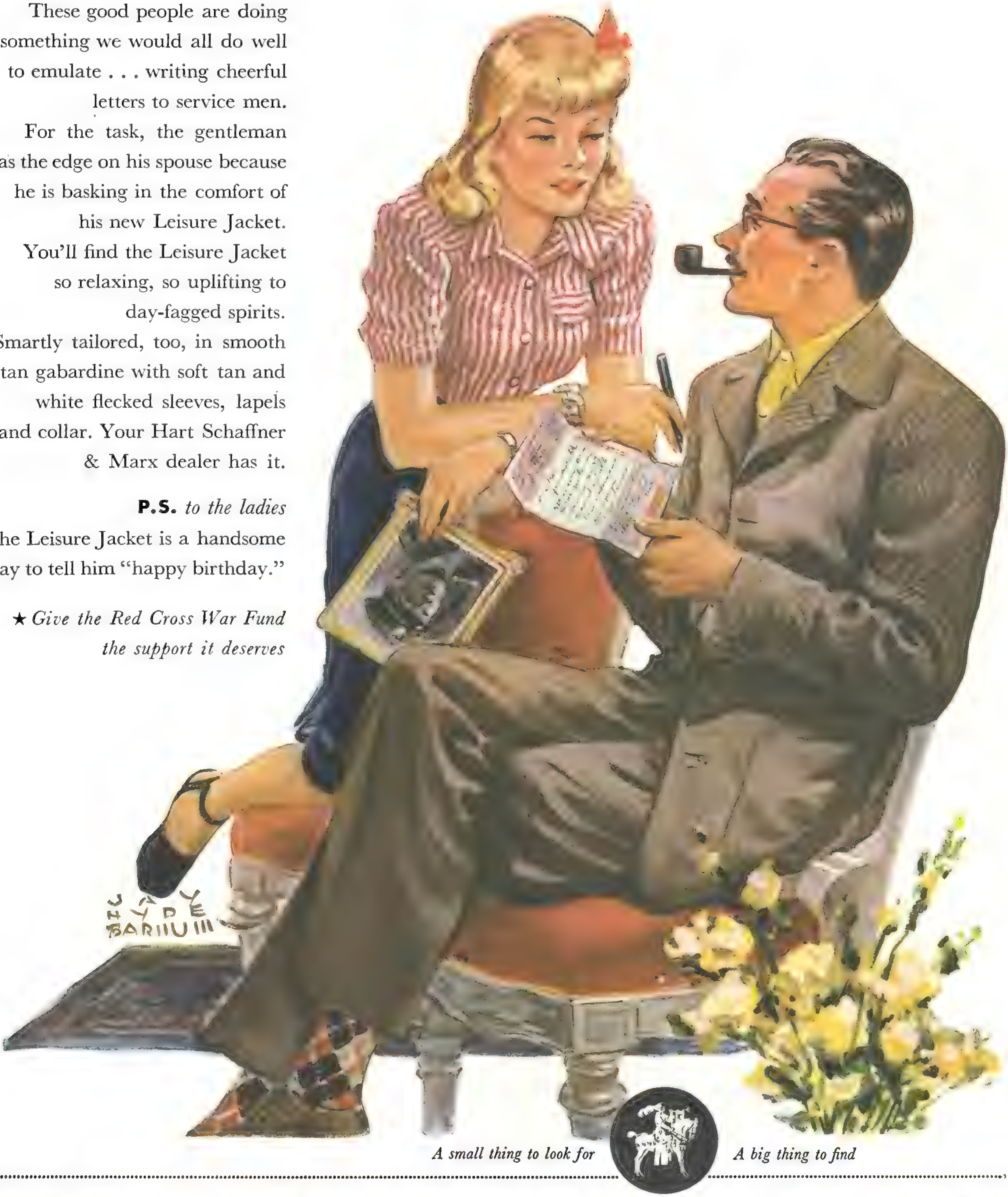
You'll find the Leisure Jacket so relaxing, so uplifting to day-fagged spirits.

Smartly tailored, too, in smooth tan gabardine with soft tan and white flecked sleeves, lapels and collar. Your Hart Schaffner & Marx dealer has it.

P.S. *to the ladies*

The Leisure Jacket is a handsome way to tell him "happy birthday."

★ *Give the Red Cross War Fund the support it deserves*



A small thing to look for *A big thing to find*

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

BE RIGHT—DRINK LIGHT
BROWN-FORMAN
KING
Black Label
BLENDED WHISKY
AN EXCEPTIONAL BLEND, FULL FLAVORED, PERFECTLY BALANCED, SELECTED FOR BODY AND DELICATE BOUQUET. BLENDED ESPECIALLY FOR THOSE WHO DESIRE A LIGHT BODIED DRINK.

KING

LIGHT AS A WHISPER

KING BLACK LABEL
Blended Whisky, 86 Proof. The straight whiskies in this product are 57 months or more old. 40% straight whiskies, 60% grain neutral spirits.

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION • *At Louisville in Kentucky*

Talking Shop with Esquire

THE EASTER BUNNY will soon be making his rounds again, and the little woman will be expecting some tangible expression of your esteem. We suggest an "ensemble magnifique" composed of a quilted capeskin leather handbag, huge as a watermelon and shaped like same, with zipper fastening all around, and to be slung over her arm via two large tortoise shell hoops. There's a quilted belt to match, and leather flowers and earrings shaped like cyclamens. You can even get a quilted leather beret and plain capeskin gloves . . . all to match. For conservatives: a dappled pigskin bag imported from England, and designed with a roll-top effect. "Dappled" pigskin is a new mottled treatment with a cinnamon-like hue, and it doesn't show marks or scratches.

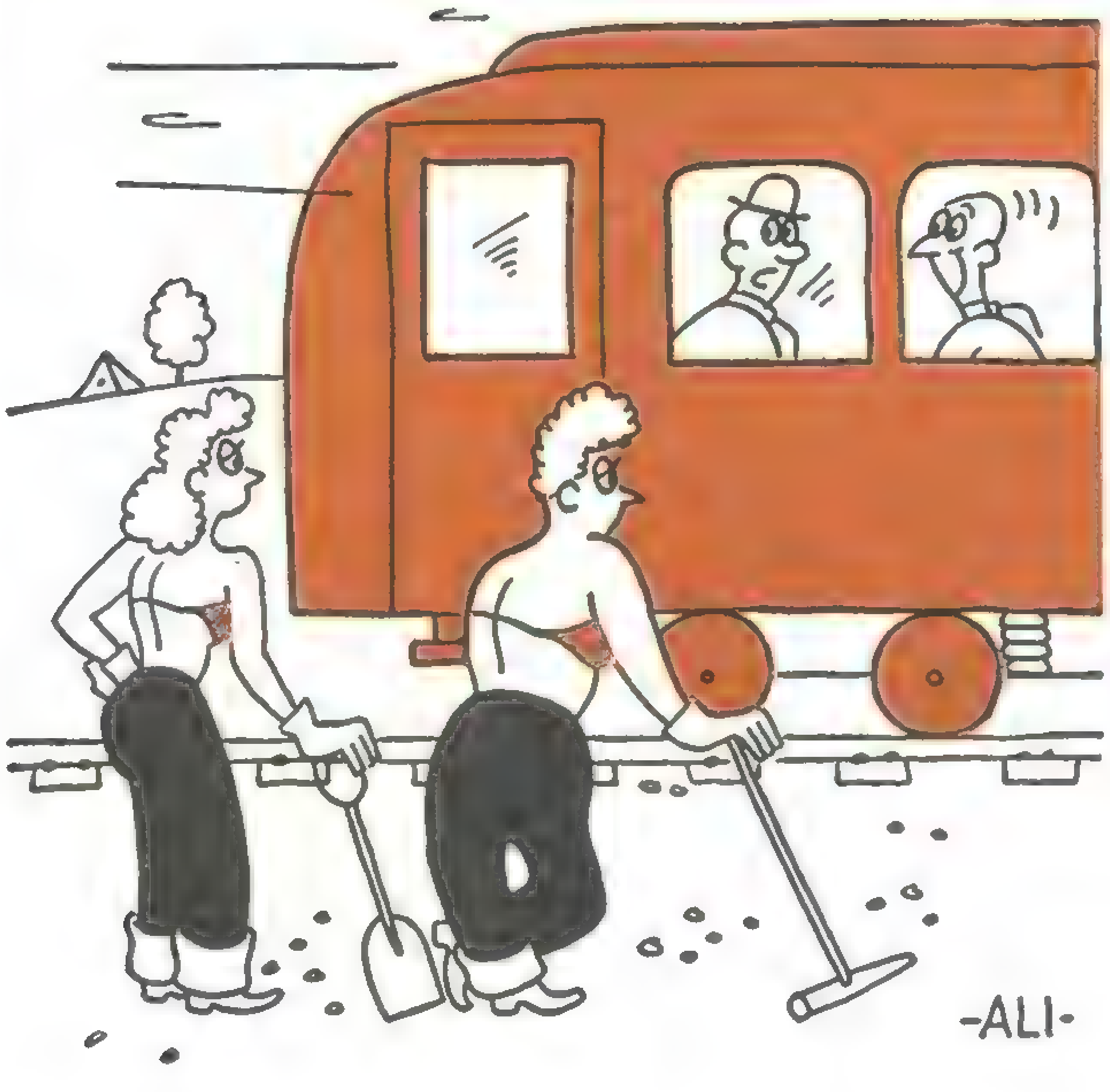
ORANGES FOR EASTER. This gift will be welcomed by all and sundry . . . a bushel basket full of tree-ripe oranges and grapefruit shipped right from the Florida groves to your doorstep (usually within 48 hours or so). Floridas are noted for their juice. The usual brand you buy at your grocer's have been picked green, and artificially colored . . . The gift oranges, however, are allowed to mature to juicy lusciousness *on the trees*, and are picked the day your order comes in and shipped pronto. You get from 100 to 130 pieces of fruit in each gift box.

EASTER GIFT FOR GOLD BRAIDS. A tie case of navy or khaki twill, holding 3 non-wrinkling, 100% wool, regulation ties. The case is designed so that ties emerge uncrushed, no matter what the vicissitudes of the journey. For desk bigwigs, a leather capeskin cigarette box with army, navy or air corps insignia embroidered in metal and silver threads on the top. Extremely handsome, this, and coveted by civilians, also.

YESTERDAY'S PIN-UP GIRLS. If any of your friends has a home movie projector, by all means send him some of the fun films of yesteryear. You can buy 8mm. and 16mm. 50-ft. reels, 200-ft. reels, full feature length, starring all the old flickie stars . . . La Pickford, Bill Hart, Mack Sennett (and group) Charlie Chaplin, Gloria Swanson et al. Riotous and good clean fun.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.



KEEP 'EM OUT

Smoker's
B-B JEEBIES
(BITE and BURN)

Smoking is *ALL* pleasure—with Country Doctor Pipe Mixture. Here's why! Country Doctor's extraordinary blending experience; selection of the choicest tobaccos; skillful use of the perfect moistening agent . . . all three of these superior advantages *together* . . . definitely do away with Smoker's B-B JEEBIES (Bite and Burn) which usually lurk unseen in ordinary tobaccos. Try Country Doctor Pipe Mixture. Fragrant-cool-and Oh so different.

Country Doctor

Pipe Mixture

25¢
A Product of Philip Morris

PLEASURE BY THE PIPEFUL

If your dealer doesn't have it—write Philip Morris & Co., Ltd., Inc., 119 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

2 IN 1 THERMO-CROCK ICE BUCKET Food Server

Perfect for parties, picnics. *Full gallon* stoneware with Turned-Wood Lid and Handle in Wheat-Straw Tone. Beautiful, durable, practical. Retains heat and cold. *Really keeps the ice cubes* . . . Also fine for cold salads, hot dishes. Only $7.75 Prepaid. **Free Folder sent.**

HOME EQUIPMENT CO., Dept. S-16
360 N Michigan Ave., Chicago 1

The easy way to buy MADE-TO-MEASURE CLOTHES
choose your own time and place

Having trouble getting the kind of clothes you want? Then try buying made-to-measure clothes—the Homeland way—at POPULAR PRICES.

The Homeland man will call on you at your home or place of business any time you say—he'll show you **hundreds** of all-wool fabrics—take your measure accurately—deliver a suit that is GUARANTEED to fit—or your money back. Write us; we'll have "Johnny Homeland" call on you.

YOU CAN MAKE MONEY

Sell Homeland Clothes—full time or spare time. Write

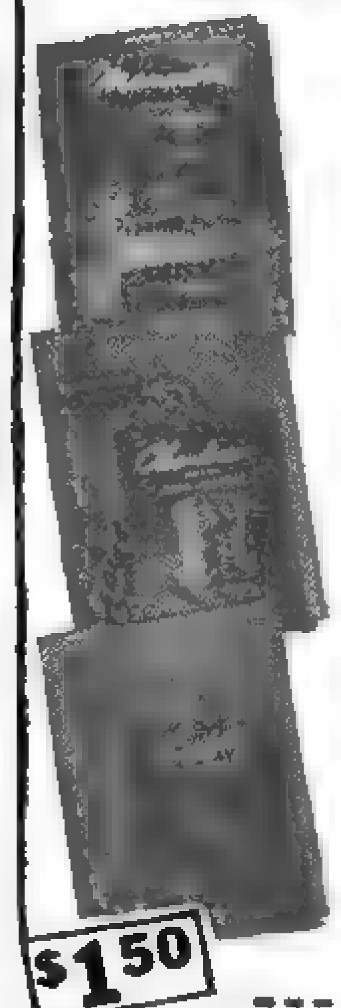
HOMELAND TAILORS, Inc.
2500 to 2512 ASHLAND AVE.
BALTIMORE (3), MARYLAND

MAKE THAT "BRAT" AN ANGEL

Read what PARENTS MAGAZINE says:

". . . a new series of books which make learning the rules of manners, safety and cleanliness really fun."

The books in the "Pointers for Little Persons" series are the only books of their kind illustrated with miniature models. Each illustration is modeled and colored by hand on miniature movie sets from Hollywood . . . then photographed in full color Kodachrome—creating a delightful 3-dimensional effect. This new art-form is called "Claytooning". Your children will adore the unique characters in the "Pointers for Little Persons" series . . . the most lovable personalities to be introduced in children's books in years..



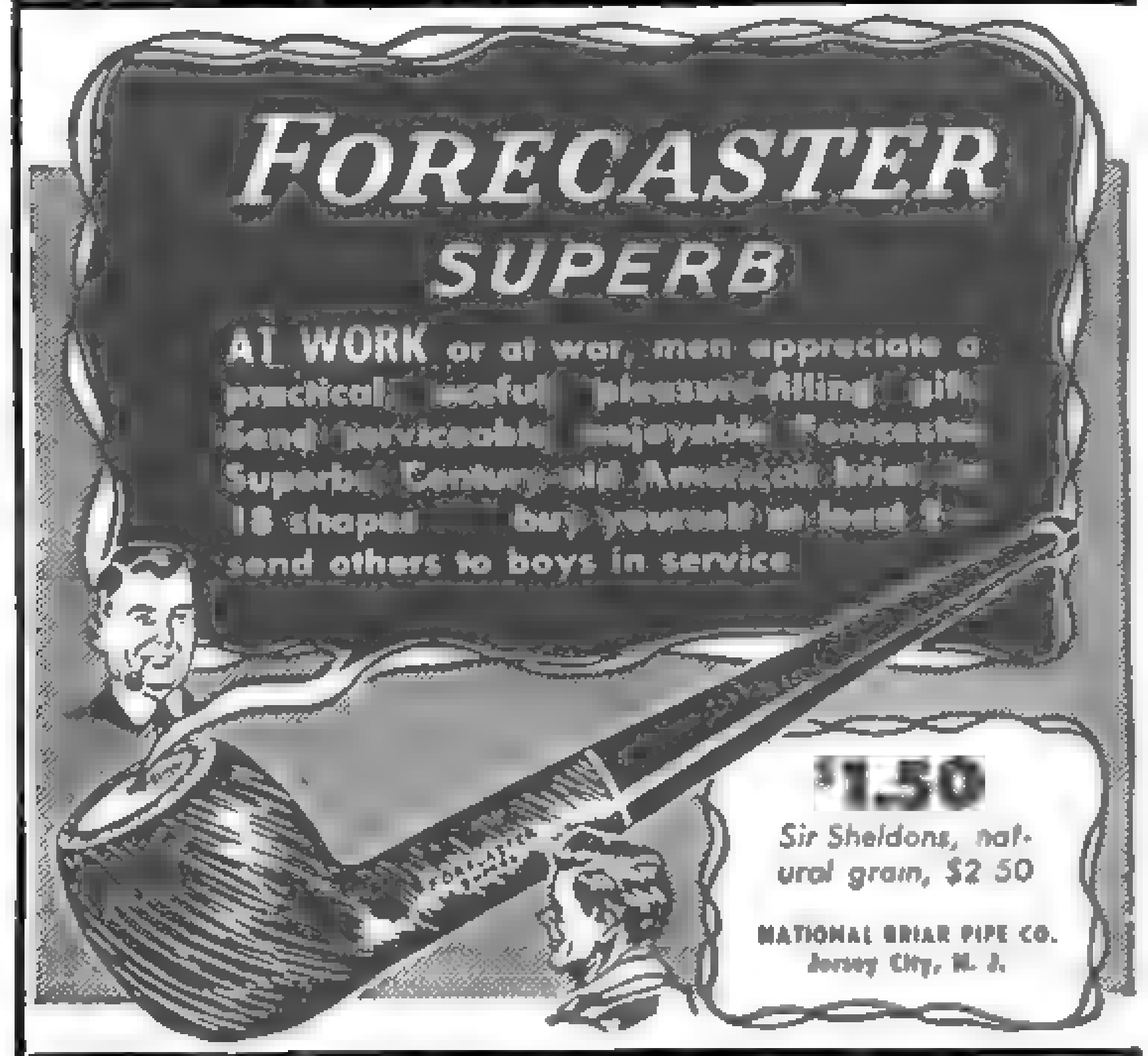
MANNERS starring Mr. Do & Mr. Don't teaches the child good behavior in a way he will love. $1.50

CLEANLINESS starring Johnny Toothbrush. Charming story of a small boy who forgot to brush his teeth. $1.50

SAFETY starring Roy Racoon & Rob Rabbit. Your child will never forget the safety lesson taught by little Rob Rabbit who ran out into the street after a ball. $1.50

$1.50
ORDER NOW!
If your bookseller cannot supply you
MAIL COUPON

J. L. Schilling Co., Dept. El, 16 E. 40 St., N.Y. 16
Rush.....copies of "Manners" at $1.50
Rush.....copies of "Safety" at $1.50
Rush.....copies of "Cleanliness" at $1.50
Money back if not satisfied
Name..............................
Address..............................
City and State..............................



AT WORK or at war, men appreciate a practical, useful, pleasure-filling gift. Send serviceable, enjoyable Forecaster Superbs. Century-old American briar. 18 shapes . . . buy yourself at least 1—send others to boys in service.

$1.50
Sir Sheldons, natural grain, $2.50

NATIONAL BRIAR PIPE CO.
Jersey City, N. J.

Est. 1865 FAT MEN'S SHOP, INC

"WE FIT ANY SIZE MAN!"

SHIRTS (Business, sports, dress & formal) to size 21; UNDERWEAR—*all styles*—to 66; PAJAMAS, to 70; SWIM SUITS, Beach & Lounging Robes, gabardine trunks. SWEATERS (all styles) LEISURE JACKETS & WINDBREAKERS to 66. Hose to 16. XLONG neckwear. "BY MAIL" service to all points. Request illustrated booklet E-7 FAT MEN'S SHOP, Inc. (Sig. Klein Established 1865)

52 Third Avenue, New York 3, N. Y.

"730 SHAVES FROM 1 BLADE"

AMAZING NEW BLADE SHARPENER

New sharpener for all makes of double-edge razor blades performs miracles! "Not necessary to change blades," writes one user. Another says, "Have used 1 blade over 730 times." RAZOROLL really sharpens blades because it strops on leather. Gives keen, smooth shaving edges. No guesswork. Blade held at correct angle and proper pressure—automatically. Just turn crank to sharpen blade. No gears. Well made. Handsome—compact—sturdy. Weighs few ounces. Will last years. Makes ideal gift.

Only $1.00

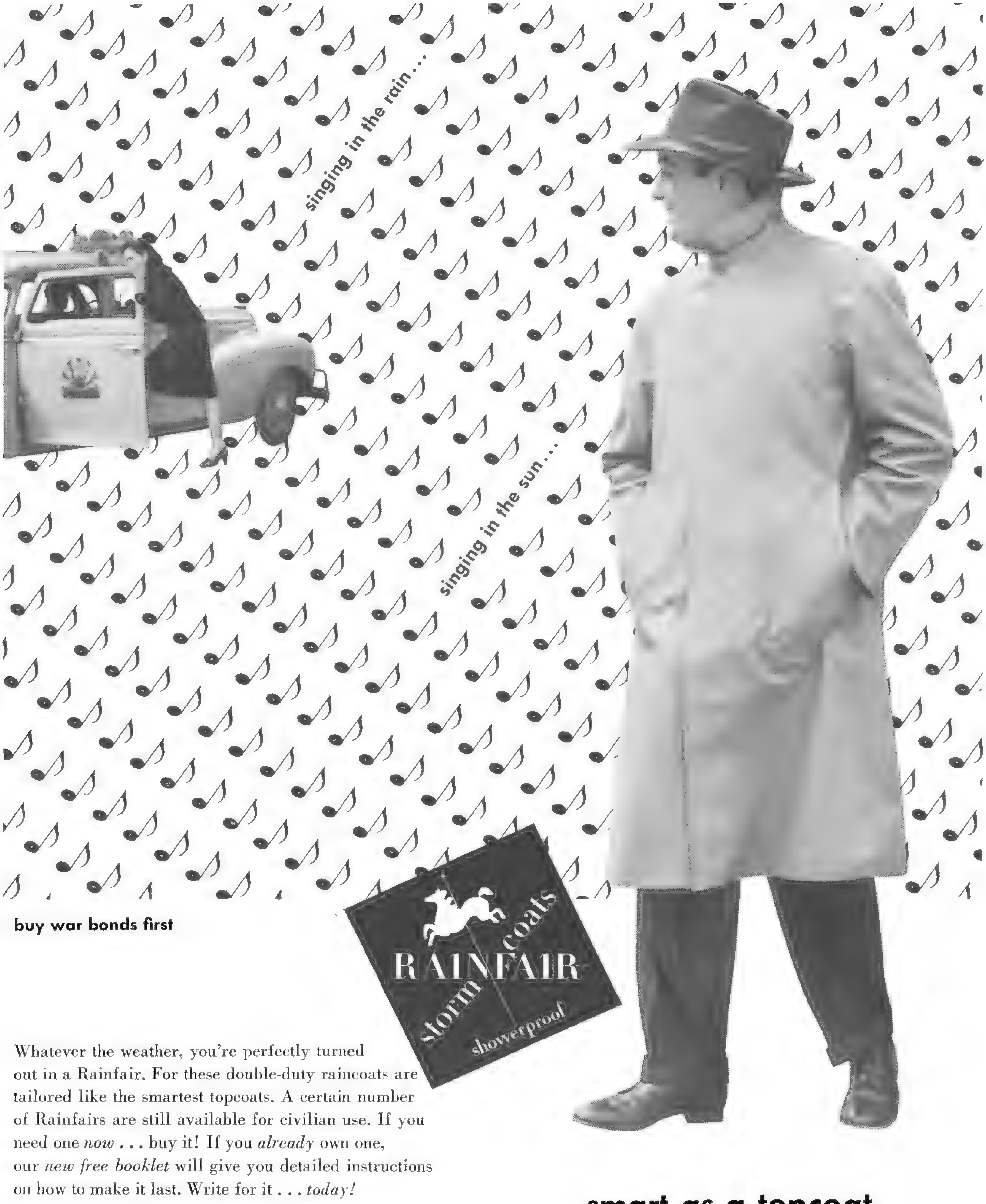
SEND NO MONEY! Write today. Pay postman only $1.00 plus few cents postage. Use RAZOROLL for 5 days and if you're not delighted with smooth, velvet shaves you get, return RAZOROLL and we'll return your money. Hurry—order today.

RAZOROLL, 620 N. Michigan, Dept. 894, Chicago, Ill.

Exciting News FOR FAITHFUL SHOES
WHITTEMORE'S BON-TON Shoe Polish ARMY TAN STAIN

Cheer up, faithful footwear! Better days ahead. While Whittemore isn't given to boasting, we'll grant that our new de luxe Stain Polish is the finest, gives the most satisfying shine, of any polish we have perfected in 102 years of making fine shoe dressings. Going largely for fighting feet now. You'll get plenty later.

WHITTEMORE SHOE DRESSINGS
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.



buy war bonds first

Whatever the weather, you're perfectly turned out in a Rainfair. For these double-duty raincoats are tailored like the smartest topcoats. A certain number of Rainfairs are still available for civilian use. If you need one *now* . . . buy it! If you *already* own one, our *new free booklet* will give you detailed instructions on how to make it last. Write for it . . . *today!*

Belfair . . . $12.50 Featherweight for spring and summer comfort, this popular medium-length Rainfair is styled with trim-fitting Balmacaan collar, slash pockets and button fly front, made of *showerproofed* Element Cloth in medium tan.

Watch for Rainfair's V-Seald and Zephyr Plastic-Coated Rainwear.*

RAINFAIR, INC., Racine, Wisconsin
Also manufacturers of Rainfair Vulcanized Work-Wear, Coated Fabrics for Industry, and Smartair* Sportswear.* *REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

smart as a topcoat...

and ready for rain!

Painting the Town with Esquire

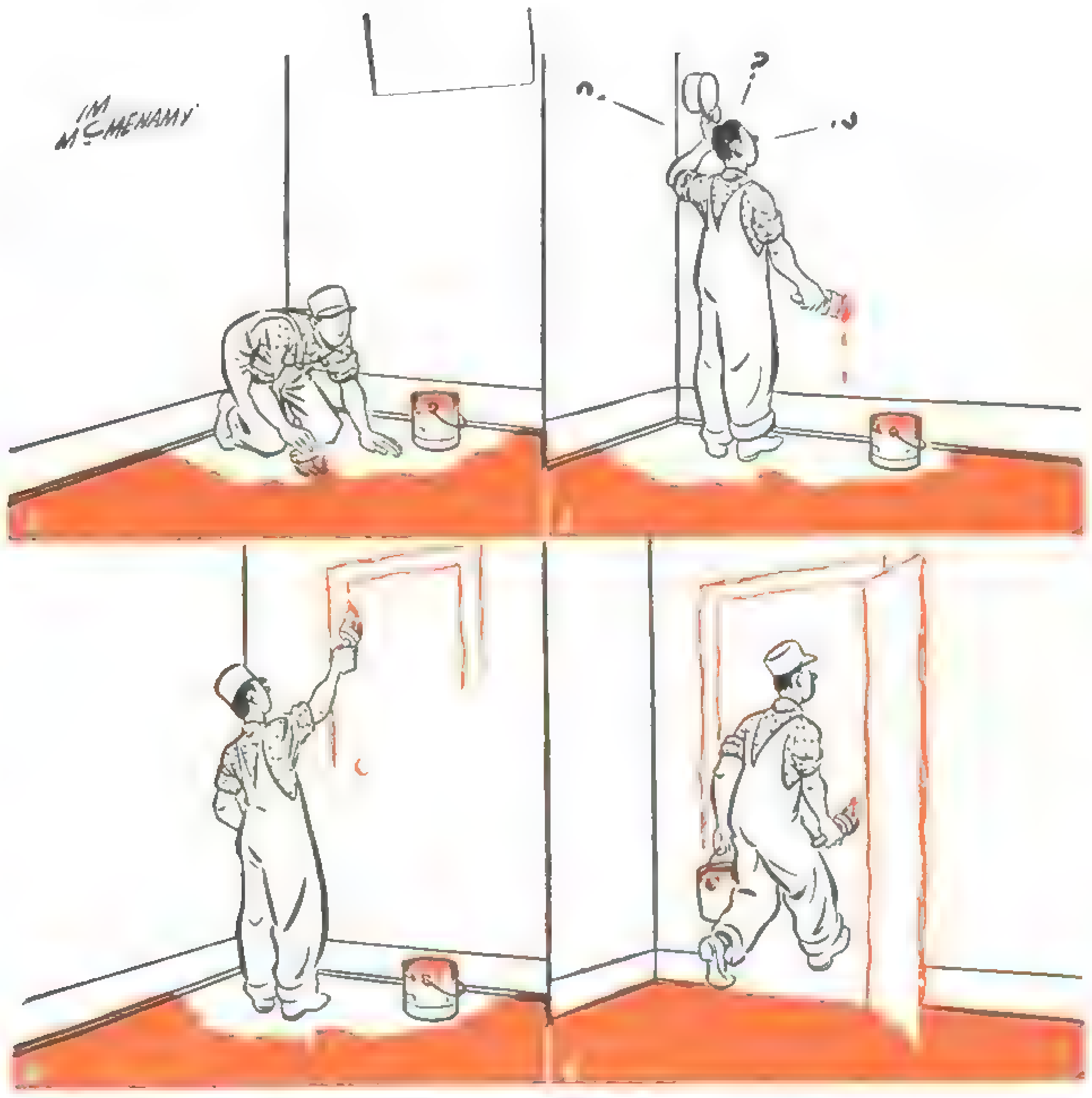
ROBINS haven't hit town yet, but pheasants are to be had at the Café Louis XIV in Rockefeller Center, with violinist William Adler making ethereal gut music . . . As a collector of autographs of the great and glamorous, host Maurice Chapuis of the Chateaubriand doesn't bother with albums. He gets them to sign right on the labels of the bottles they consume, for addition to the impressive wall array, commemorative of hatch happiness . . . The voice of the turtle steak is calling at Cavanagh's. And it is worth responding to! . . . 1944's delightfulest dance team—Luis Gomez and Beatrice, with tenor William Bender backgrounding effectively, at the Persian Room of the Plaza . . . Superfluous as it may seem, the beauteous Ver-Sighs of the Versailles even have pretty countenances . . . Have you tried the special Manhattans that some whitecoatmen are constructing with Swanee Pride Liqueur? Grandhattans our whistle calls them.

AN authentic small French place which we thought we were the Columbus of, but which a lot of other people are claiming as *their* discovery, is Le Veau d'Or (129 East 60th), dedicated to such dishes as Coquille St. Jacques, farm-fresh squab chicken en casserole, and Parisian pancakes à la Susie. Henry who greets and seats you proves a shrewd hunchist as to what would tickle your whim. Chef Alban Lesponne in the kitchen seems to respond by telepathy.

THEME song at Jimmy Kelly's: Shape Gets in Your Eyes . . . Snug sailing for sipmates at the full-rigged Whaler Bar, latitude 38, longitude Madison . . . Milkmaids and Honeys have the floor at the Village Barn between the square dances, spud snatching contests and hobbyhorse races for the ladies. Shrieking permitted.

THE Swedish science of smörgasbord has attained notable precision in spot-hitting at the Gripsholm Restaurant (324 East 57th) of Ragnar Asplund, inventor of a chromium-gleaming electric refrigerated table of abundance for his guests to loot on the prowl. You can have all you want, but this is wartime, so don't take more than you are going to eat. Follow-ups include: Gravlax with skarpsas (pickled salmon), kaldolmar (stuffed cabbage), and sjömansbiff (potted steak); lingon pears, apple cake, and other Svensk sweets. Conventional quenchers are aquavit and Swedish punch, with beer and wine in between.

For information about any hotels or restaurants and their related services, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.

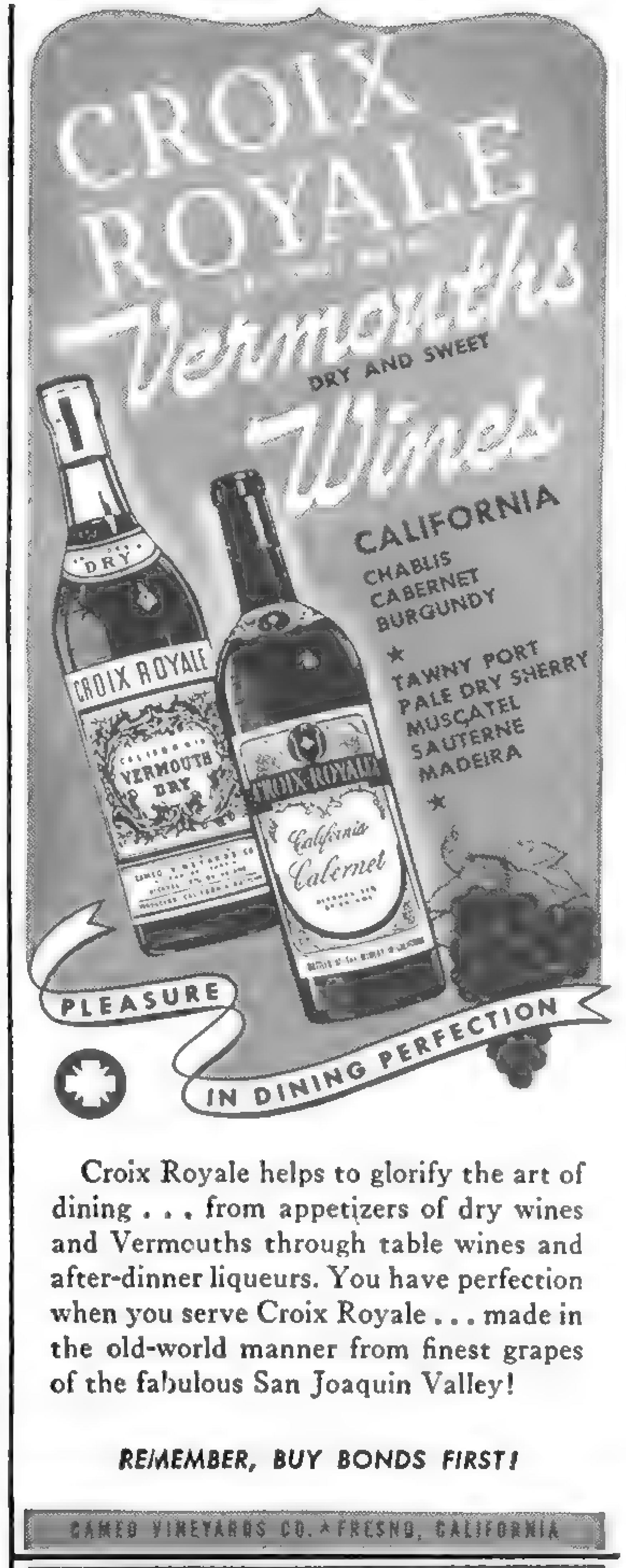


Try a MYERS'S Jamaica Rum OLD FASHIONED*
APPETIZING • DELICIOUS
For that Extra Wealth of Flavour
The Rum Must be MYERS'S
"Planters' Punch" Brand
100% Fine Jamaica 97 Proof

*HERE'S HOW TO MAKE IT
Put ½ lump of Sugar in Old Fashioned Glass. Moisten with Angostura Bitters. Add 2 teaspoons of Water, and dissolve. Put in 2 Ice Cubes and 1½ oz. of Myers's Jamaica Rum Garnish with Maraschino Cherry, a slice of Lemon and a slice of Orange. For illustrated booklet with many famous recipes write Dept. F-4

R. U. Delapenha & Co., Inc
Sole Dist. in U. S. A.
57 Laight Street,
New York 13, N. Y.

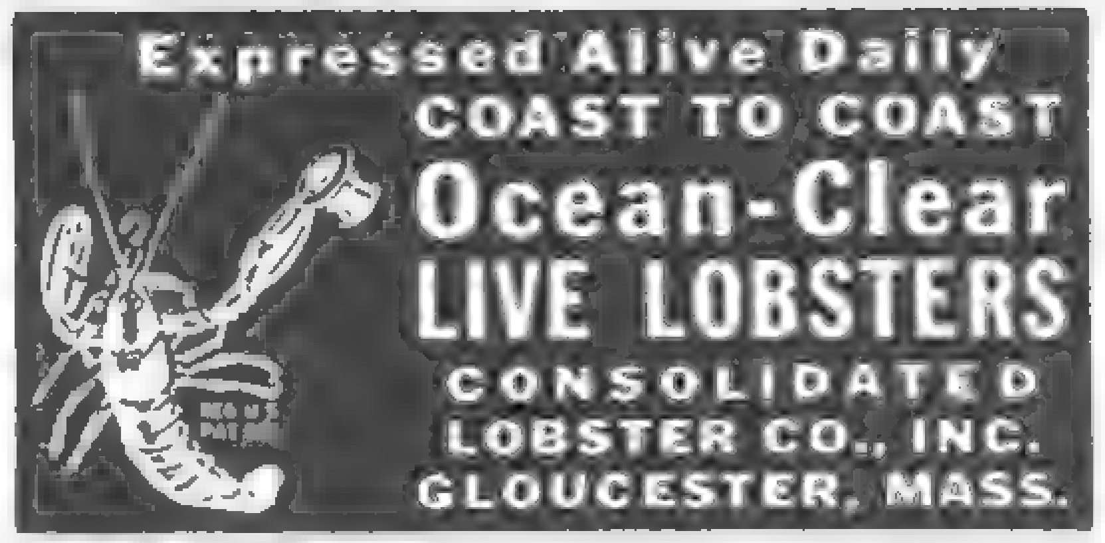
Enjoy
"THE BOUQUET OF OLD HOLLAND"
MADE IN U. S. A. FROM A FINE DUTCH FORMULA
Van Merritt BEER
Sole U. S. Agents
Sellers Company, Ltd., Chicago, Ill.


CROIX ROYALE Vermouths DRY AND SWEET Wines
CALIFORNIA
CHABLIS
CABERNET
BURGUNDY
TAWNY PORT
PALE DRY SHERRY
MUSCATEL
SAUTERNE
MADEIRA
PLEASURE IN DINING PERFECTION

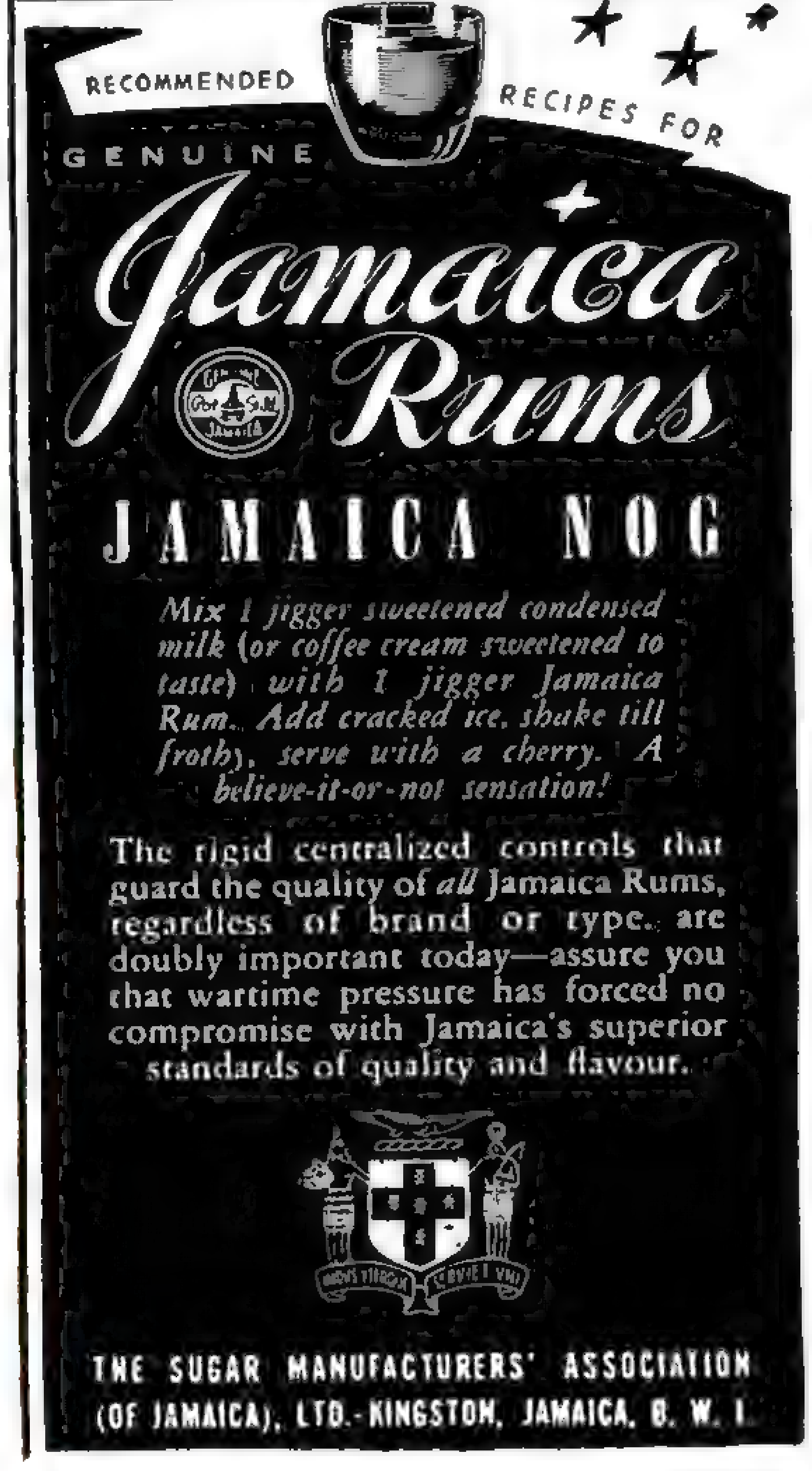
Croix Royale helps to glorify the art of dining . . . from appetizers of dry wines and Vermouths through table wines and after-dinner liqueurs. You have perfection when you serve Croix Royale . . . made in the old-world manner from finest grapes of the fabulous San Joaquin Valley!

REMEMBER, BUY BONDS FIRST!

CAMEO VINEYARDS CO. • FRESNO, CALIFORNIA


Expressed Alive Daily
COAST TO COAST
Ocean-Clear
LIVE LOBSTERS
CONSOLIDATED LOBSTER CO., INC.
GLOUCESTER, MASS.

EDDIE DAVIS
GLORIFYING THE AMERICAN SENSE OF HUMOR
LEON & EDDIE'S
33 WEST 52 NEW YORK


RECOMMENDED RECIPES FOR GENUINE
Jamaica Rums
JAMAICA NOG
Mix 1 jigger sweetened condensed milk (or coffee cream sweetened to taste) with 1 jigger Jamaica Rum. Add cracked ice, shake till frothy, serve with a cherry. A believe-it-or-not sensation!

The rigid centralized controls that guard the quality of *all* Jamaica Rums, regardless of brand or type, are doubly important today—assure you that wartime pressure has forced no compromise with Jamaica's superior standards of quality and flavour.

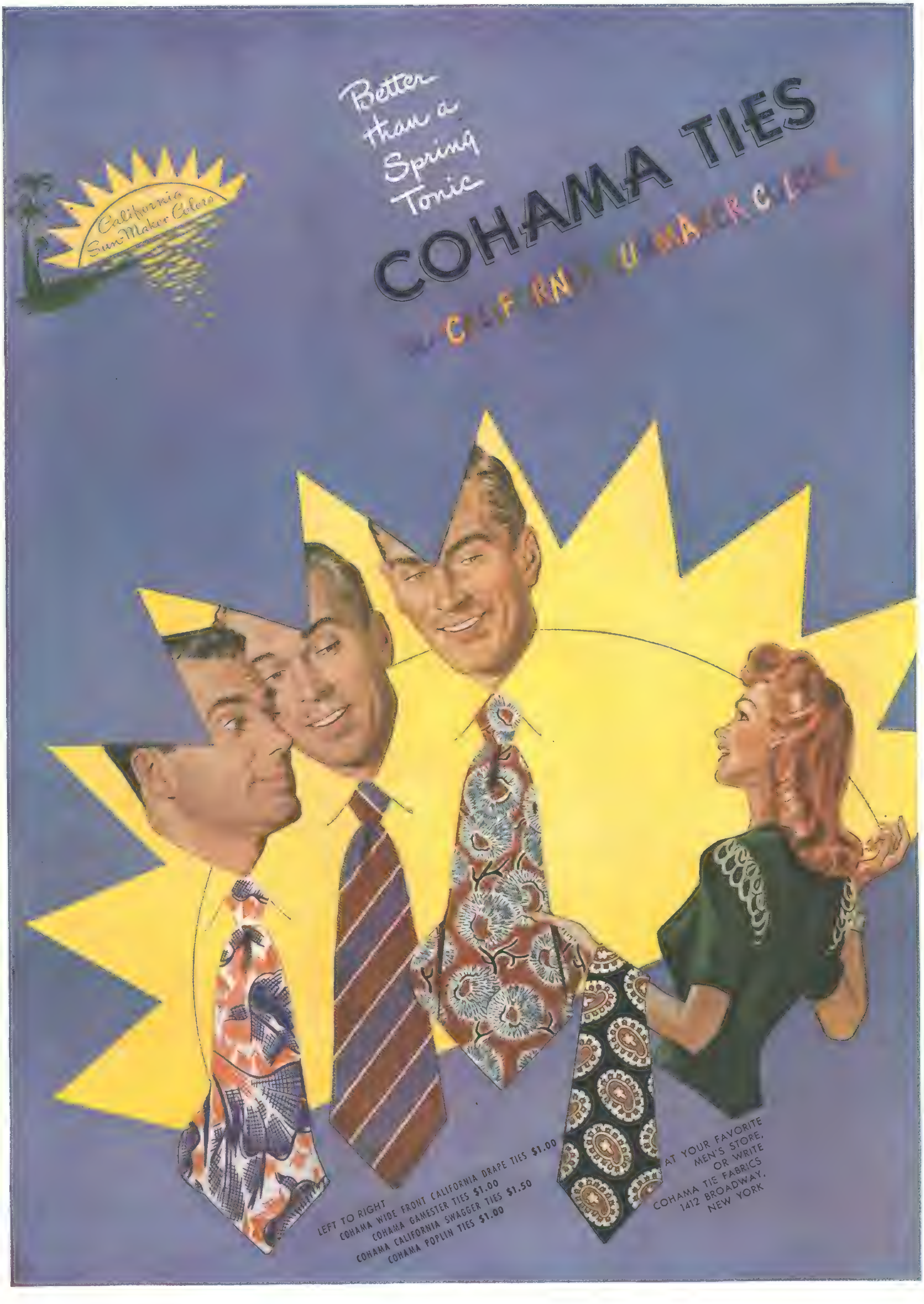
THE SUGAR MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION (OF JAMAICA), LTD.-KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B. W. I.

It's a feather in your cap when you buy that Extra War Bond

Please Note: The whiskey you enjoy in Three Feathers today was drawn from our ever-diminishing inventories. No whiskey has been made since Oct. 1942. Our distilleries are now producing alcohol for war use by the government.

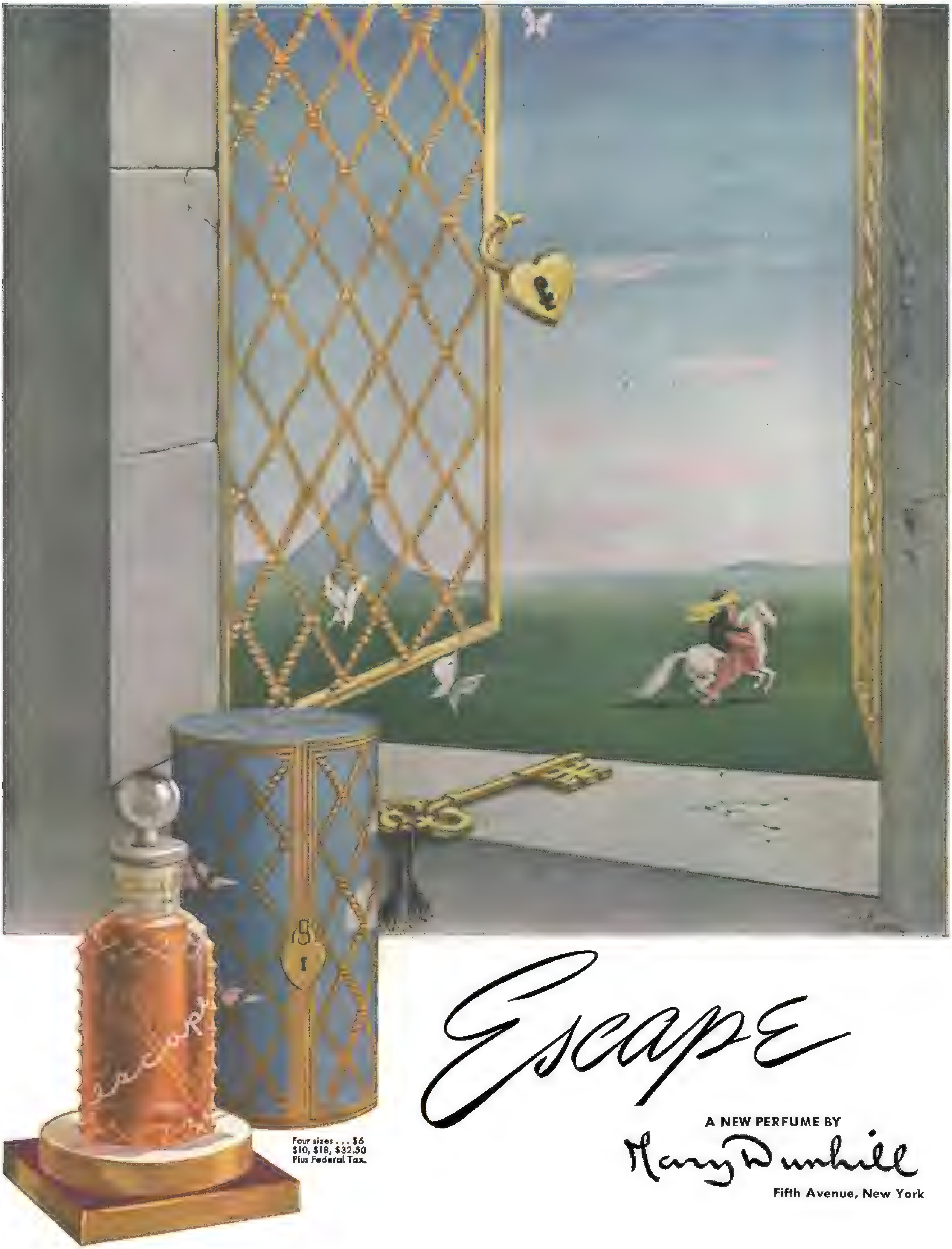
VSR
PRODUCT OF U.S.A.
THREE FEATHERS
Blended Whiskey
First among fine whiskies
THREE FEATHERS
Very Special Reserve

Three Feathers Distilling Company, New York, N. Y., Blended Whiskey, 86 proof, 60% cane products neutral spirits.


California Sun-Maker Colors
Better than a Spring Tonic
COHAMA TIES
IN CALIFORNIA SUN MAKER COLORS

LEFT TO RIGHT
COHAMA WIDE FRONT CALIFORNIA DRAPE TIES $1.00
COHAMA GAMESTER TIES $1.00
COHAMA CALIFORNIA SWAGGER TIES $1.50
COHAMA POPLIN TIES $1.00

AT YOUR FAVORITE
MEN'S STORE,
OR WRITE
COHAMA TIE FABRICS
1412 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK



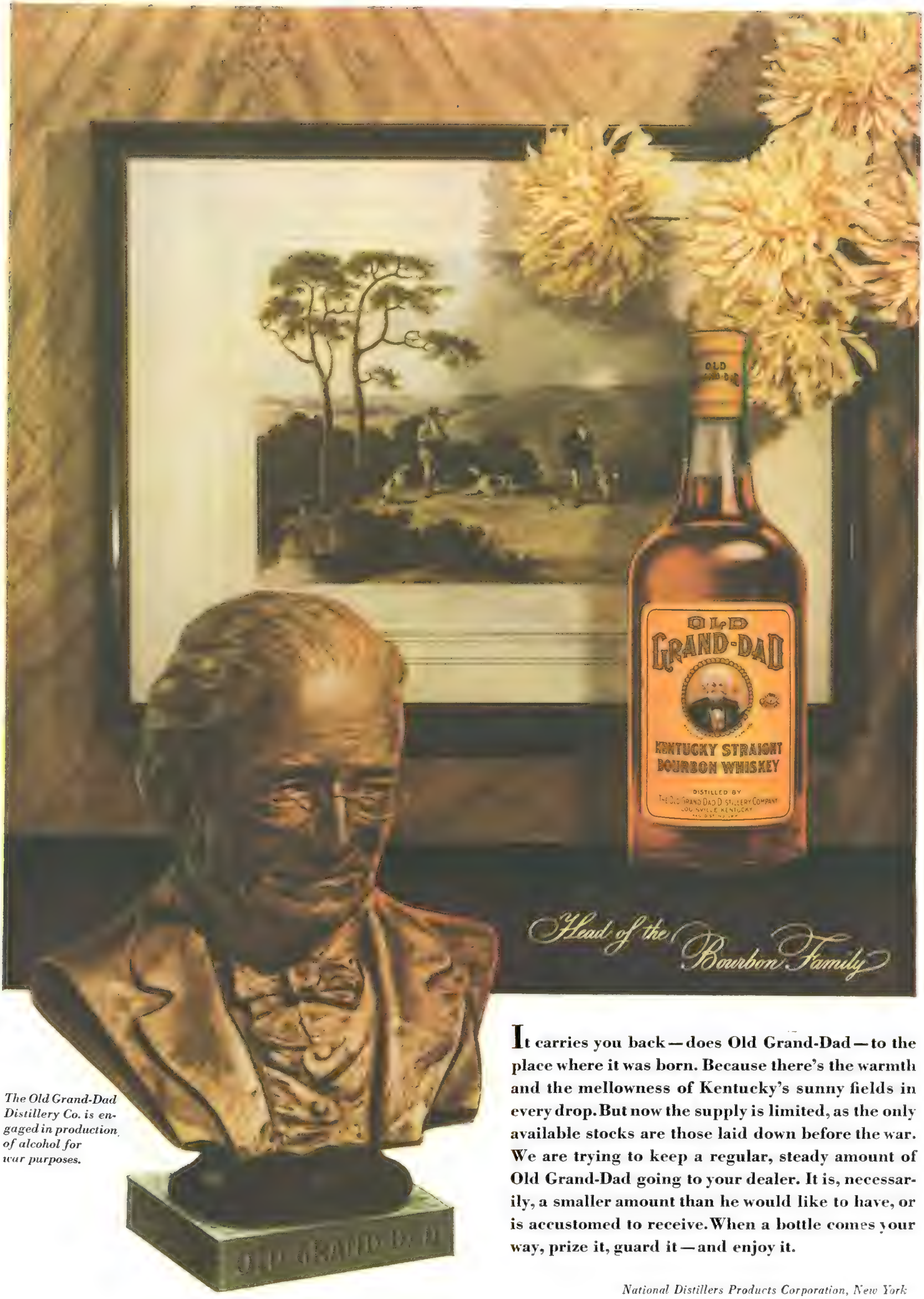
Escape

A NEW PERFUME BY

Mary Dunhill

Fifth Avenue, New York

Four sizes . . . $6
$10, $18, $32.50
Plus Federal Tax.


OLD
GRAND-DAD
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
BOURBON WHISKEY
DISTILLED BY
THE OLD GRAND DAD DISTILLERY COMPANY
LOUISVILLE KENTUCKY
Head of the Bourbon Family
OLD GRAND-DAD

The Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co. is engaged in production of alcohol for war purposes.

It carries you back—does Old Grand-Dad—to the place where it was born. Because there's the warmth and the mellowness of Kentucky's sunny fields in every drop. But now the supply is limited, as the only available stocks are those laid down before the war. We are trying to keep a regular, steady amount of Old Grand-Dad going to your dealer. It is, necessarily, a smaller amount than he would like to have, or is accustomed to receive. When a bottle comes your way, prize it, guard it—and enjoy it.

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

Will Your Advertisement Get This Welcome Tonight?

EVENING! . . . Bringer of the tranquil hours after the day's hard tasks. Bringer of families together after the day's dispersal.

And, when nightfall comes to Chicago, a million reader-friends gathered in their homes look forward to an event—arrival of The Chicago Daily News. This newspaper is BASIC to their home-life. It is read by the entire family—thoughtfully and thoroughly—in the evening when there's more time to read.

BASIC

One of the old, BASIC wisdoms of advertising is this: "Say what you have to say in a HOME newspaper." And, because so many advertisers hold fast to this precept, The Chicago Daily News has carried for 43 consecutive years more Total Display linage than any other Chicago paper, morning, evening or Sunday.* . . . Yes, The Daily News is Chicago's BASIC advertising medium.

**For fair comparison, liquor linage omitted since The Chicago Daily News does not accept advertising for alcoholic beverages.*

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

FOR 68 YEARS CHICAGO'S *HOME* NEWSPAPER
ITS PLACE IN THE HOME IS ONE OF
RESPECT AND TRUST

DAILY NEWS PLAZA: *400 West Madison Street,* CHICAGO
DETROIT OFFICE: *7-218 General Motors Building*

SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE: *Hobart Building*
NEW YORK OFFICE: *9 Rockefeller Plaza*

Painting the Town with Esquire

WITH his double and back talk, Tom, the rakish Javanese *mynah* bird, caged o'er the bar at El Boracho, 51 East 55th, gives out inklings of this happy-go-luscious spot's unusualness, which is by originality out of the fertile cranium of host Nicky Quattrociocchi, ex-cinema personality and man of arts and amenities. But only after you have quit quizzing our feathered chum and progressed to a table in the Zodiac Room or the Kiss Room (this one's ceiling is adorned with cards bearing carmine lip-prints of glamour goddesses), do you respire the full El Boracho felicity, to the tune of superlative pâté of the house, coq au vin, and smooth-of-the-smooth mousse au chocolat, etc., prepared by chef Pervali of World's Fair fame, with cellarer Alfredo uncorking something choice from his list. Later, guitarist Renato (pupil of Segovia) and his violin and piano team-mates foster the linger mood. If you are done dining by eleven, you are just a hurrier-through.

AT the Waldorf-Astoria's Wedgwood Room, where even the powder-blue tablecloths match up with the chinaware motifs on walls and ceiling, batoneer Leo Reisman is unleashing his magnetic romanticism, Franz Schubert hairdo and all. Gracie Fields carols for your supper. Trusty Mischa Borr and his tango-rumba orchestra span intervals spiritedly . . . Russian Kretchma fervence, down at 244 East, is currently topped by the liltings of ballet queenlet Olia Sirova, with singing guitariste Corali-Ivanova and titian-haired Blanka as other new notes, and good. Cuisine, too, has its Slavic charms . . . Even gin rummy at Jim Moriarty's glass-doored Barberry Room (19 East 52nd), soft-lit, piano-tinkled show-case of celebrities, may be interrupted for quench or chow . . . Cosmopolites who met Van Merritt beer in its Holland homeland are elated at finding it (made as per original formula) at the Savoy-Plaza and other smart places . . . Looks as though Charley Rochester's hunch that maybe the clientele of the Hotel Lexington might like a Hawaiian Room wasn't too far wrong, that room being now in its seventh record-smashing year. With its mystic moonlight, crooning guitars, barefooted dance-weavers, and exotic rum drinks, it's an enchanted grove that's really found a groove.

For information about any hotels or restaurants and their related services, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.

The worlds finest
DRY GIN

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI
BOOTH'S
HOUSE OF LORDS
FINEST DISTILLED DRY GIN
LONDON
PARK & TILFORD

BOOTH'S
HOUSE OF LORDS
Imported Dry Gin
PARK & TILFORD
IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK, N.Y.
DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS · 86 PROOF

RONRICO
Distilled Puerto Rican Rum

For the Connoisseur
RONRICO*
Best RUM bar none*
The Rum Connoisseur contains over 100 tested drink and food recipes. Send for your Free copy. Ronrico Corporation, Dept. (E), Miami, Florida. Ronrico Rum 86, 90 and 151 Proof. U. S. Representative: Import Division, McKesson & Robbins, Inc., New York City.
Copyright 1944 *Trademarks

TODAY AS IN
1872
Abbott's IS BEST
Abbott's has been the choice of connoisseurs for all mixed drinks for over seventy years.

Abbott's BITTERS
SINCE 1872
BUY MORE WAR BONDS

REVUE 9-12 2:15 a.m.
OPEN SUNDAYS NO COVER
DINNER $1.50
The Montmartre of New York
Jimmy Kelly's
181 SULLIVAN ST. — AL.4-1414

A·1
SAUCE
a delightful change from ketchup
A·1 Sauce perks the taste—makes commonplace fare uncommonly delicious.
Write for free recipes, "Cooking for a Man." G.F. Heublein & Bro., Hartford 1, Conn.
The DASH that makes the DISH

THE
Wise
THING TO DO!
In the hectic world of today, travelers find the quiet charm of the Plaza *especially* inviting. May we suggest that you write to us for reservations well in advance of your arrival.
The
PLAZA
Facing Central Park
at 5th Ave. and 59th St.
New York

LET'S BREAK UP THIS "OFFICERS ONLY" BUSINESS. I'LL LIGHT UP MY LONDON DOCK TOBACCO!

AMERICA'S FINEST AROMATIC
2 Ounce Package
40¢
$3.00 per lb.
Sample 10c
Send 10c to London Dock Div. 128 Delmar Blvd. St. Louis, Mo.

London Dock
SMOKING MIXTURE

Christian Peper · St. Louis
Fine Tobaccos Since 1852

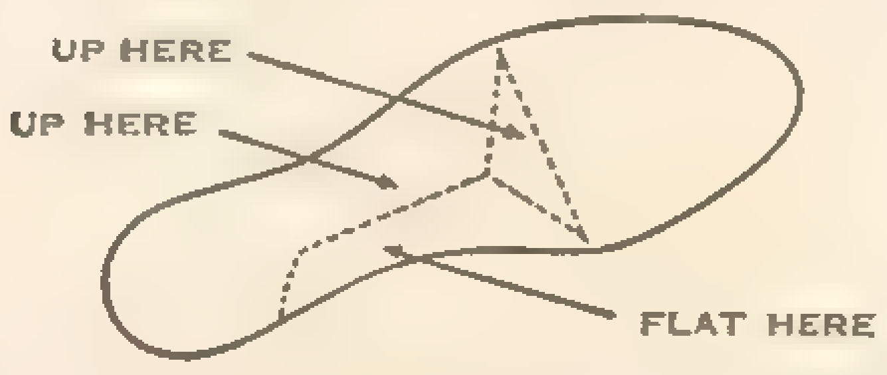
THERE'S *only one Shoe* WITH A STORY LIKE THIS—

EXCLUSIVE PATENTED FEATURES
MAKE WALKING EASY
PRESERVE LOOKS AND LIFE OF SHOES

(1) Arch Preserver natural tread base is designed to fit from *heel-to-ball* as well as from heel-to-toe.

Forepart of the Arch Preserver sole (1) is flat, not (2) saucer-shaped. Nerves and bones are *not* pinched.

The Arch Preserver wedge heel (1) maintains natural walking balance. Ordinary heels (2) may allow the foot to slide too far forward.



Patented Arch Preserver arch is raised or flattened at the proper places to give your feet the full arch functioning you need to walk easily.

The steel support between inner and outer soles guarantees that Arch Preserver comfort will last through the life of the shoes.

The only shoe made to walk the way your feet walk

You can't see the 14 radically different patented features of Arch Preserver Shoes. They're cleverly built right into the shoe. You have to *feel* the difference. You feel it because in Arch Preservers you're actually walking as nature means you to walk—in brand new shoes. And yet the shoes look just like other high-quality shoes... styled up-to-the-minute and with the famous Wright custom finish.

Easy walking is easy wearing

When clothes fit properly they wear longer. That's also true of shoes. That's why Arch Preservers outwear ordinary shoes through one ration period after another. They walk the way your feet want to walk. No conflict, no extra wear. Arch Preservers are the shape of your feet and your feet keep them in shape.

Give your feet a break

Be sceptical if you wish, but be smart too. Go to the nearest Arch Preserver shoe store and try a pair. If you don't know the address, write us for it and for your copy of our new illustrated booklet. E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Dept. No. E-4, Rockland, Massachusetts.

WRIGHT
ARCH PRESERVER
SHOE
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The **HARVARD** in black or brown calf. Your first vigorous step in these grand shoes should be toward the purchase of another War Bond.

WRIGHT
Arch Preserver
SHOES

For Women, Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, Ohio. *For Boys,* Gerberich-Payne, Mt. Joy, Pa.
In Canada, For Men, Scott-McHale, London, Ont.

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Walter McCallum

After covering sports for his paper, the Washington *Evening Star*, for thirty years, **Walter McCallum** is now doing Army assignments "from groveling in the mud with the dogfaces to kissing clouds in the nose of a Fortress." He discovered the importance of the navigator (see *The Target is Germany*, page 45) while flying through a hail storm over the Cumberlands. "That kid brought us out," he marvels. "How I don't know, but I do know they're good, these navigators."

•

Born in Coweta, in the Indian territory, **George Milburn** studied at the Universities of Tulsa and Oklahoma and Oklahoma A & M. He was awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship for travel in Spain and England in 1934. He is the author of *Oklahoma Town*, *No More Trumpets* and *Catalogue*, has contributed to magazines ranging from Redbook to Harpers, and has written radio continuity for the Scattergood Baines and Bob Burns programs. He lives in Pineville, Missouri.

•

A native Californian, **Richard G. Lillard** got his B.A. degree at Stanford University, his M.A. at Montana State, and a Ph. D. in American Civilization at the University of Iowa. He has been an instructor at various schools and says at present he is teaching the finest set of students he ever had—cadets in the Basic Engineering course of Army Specialized Training at Indiana University. He spent many summers working for the Office of Blister Rust Control in California, which is trying to stop the southward spread of the aforementioned fungus, threatening valuable sugar pine forests. His articles have appeared in many magazines and among his books is *Desert Challenge: An Interpretation of Nevada* published by Knopf.

Richard G. Lillard

•

Lieutenant Guido DeAngelis says *Early Our Song Shall Rise*, his first short story to be accepted, was begun during a leave and completed in the washroom of a troop train. He was born thirty-one years ago in New Rochelle, New York. After high school in that city he studied art for a time, devoted some time to leg work for New York City newspapers, finally settling down to the comparatively tranquil life of an advertising copywriter. He was commissioned in February of last year, has spent most of his Army life in the field with the Armored Force in California, Arizona, Texas and Louisiana.

Lt. Guido DeAngelis

Col. A. C. M. Azoy

•

Rip Newborn financed his way through Miami University as sports correspondent for a string of newspapers. He now covers sports for the Cleveland *Press*, specializing in turf writing. He prides himself on being one of a few handicappers in the country to pick a 16-1 shot, The Rhymer, to win the $50,000 Widener Cup at Hialeah in '42.

•

Eugene Swan, Jr., writes from Port-au-Prince: "Life began thirty-four years ago in Brooklyn. I've built model boats, been a columnist, taught school and tutored a Metropolitan opera star for an interesting but not lucrative livelihood. Just now I am Manager of Personnel and Training for S. H. A. D. A. (Société-Haitiano-Americaine de Développement Agricole), a corporation employing 70,000 people in Haiti to produce rubber and sisal. I landed here six months ago, a veteran of Grand Central Palace. The day I answered my draft board's call they put me in command of 136 other selectees and ordered us to proceed by the most direct means to the Palace. Crossing Park Avenue at the head of my men was a thrill I'll never forget. But I was rejected by the Army doctors. To date I have one wife, who is a lot smarter than I am, but I mean to keep her. As a sideline I'm preparing with a Haitian and a Methodist missionary a series of English-Creole lessons."

•

Col. Azoy would like to explain to the *Sound and Fury* bloodhounds that this photograph was taken before he reached his "present dizzy eminence." His writing has ranged from articles for *Vanity Fair* and the New York *Times* to a dramatization of *Alice in Wonderland* for Tony Sarg's Marionettes. Editor of the *Princeton Tiger* during his undergraduate days, he studied commercial art, became a copywriter and joined the Army in 1917. Through World War I and afterward he served as a battery and staff officer with the heavy artillery. Returning to civilian life, he produced and directed some movies and lectured on advertising at Columbia University. Recalled to active duty in 1940, he is now assigned to the superintendent's staff of the U.S. Military Academy at West Point. He has written a volume of stories about Revolutionary War engagements, published in *The Infantry Journal* as *Patriot Battles*, as well as *The Army Officers' Manual*.

•

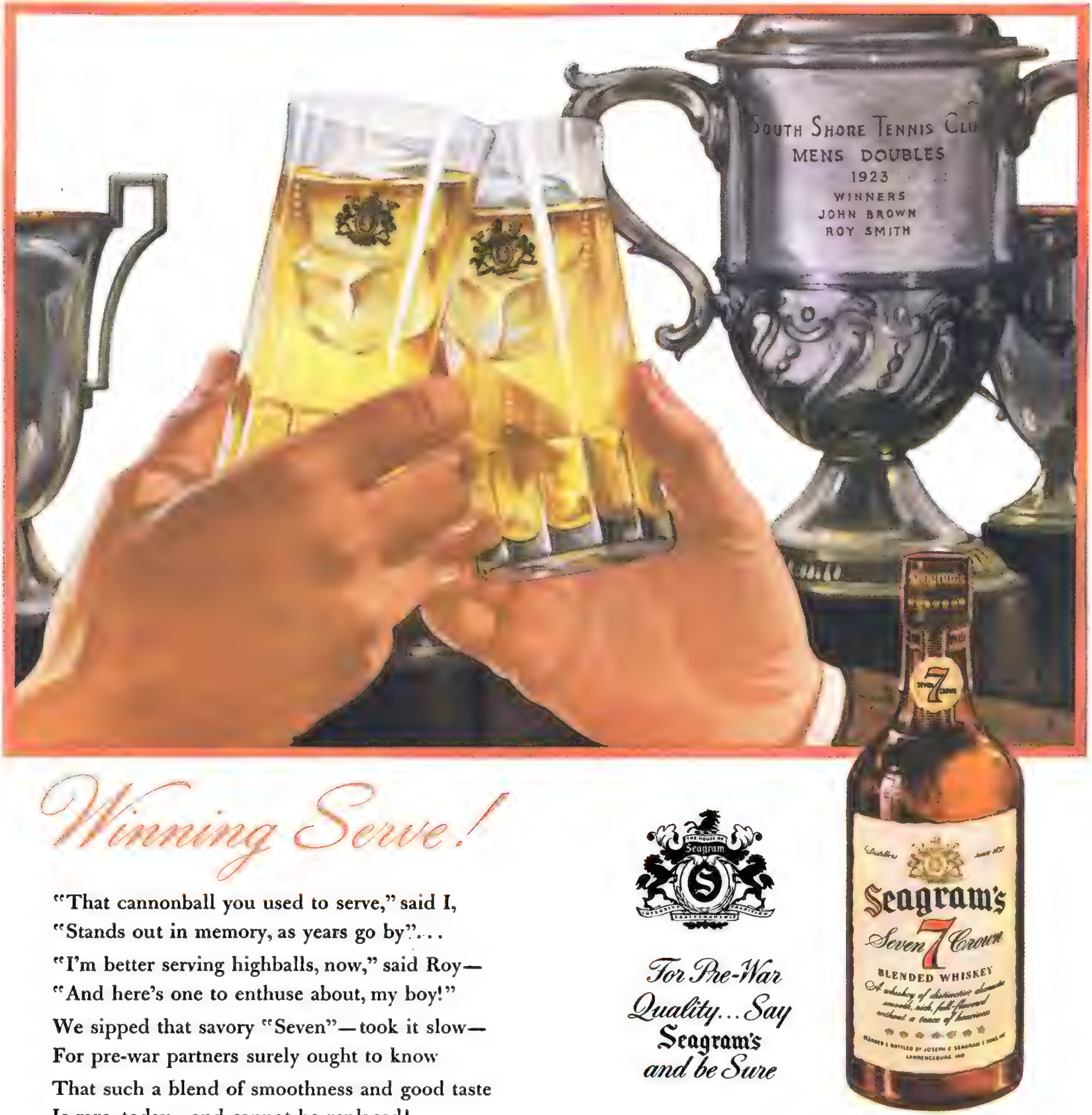
Our junior Discovery of the Month is twenty-two-year-old Robert Gold who stems from the West Bronx. He says: "I left school at a tender age and in the course of earning a living, served as a freight clerk, delivery boy, bill collector, salesman and usher in a burlesque show before being stamped into the mold of an Aircraft Communicator by the C.A.A. and assigned to a small snowbound town in the north of Maine. I am stationed closer to civilization now. But strange and fanciful ideas come to one who keeps vigil on the airways during the long midnight hours at a lonesome airport."

Robert Gold

•

Alan Nelson has held a variety of jobs in San Francisco, including three years spent in an employment agency. Since no job came through on which he could refer himself, he resigned. For about three years he has been with the State Bureau of Vocational Rehabilitation, working with physically disabled civilians and servicemen—counseling, training and placing those who must seek some new type of occupation. Apropos of *The Wheel Named Prudence*, he says, "Your check for this story wipes out all the losses I have sustained to a small son, to whom I unfortunately gave a roulette wheel for his birthday a couple of years ago and to whom I have been losing steadily ever since." #

Alan Nelson


SOUTH SHORE TENNIS CLU
MENS DOUBLES
1923
WINNERS
JOHN BROWN
ROY SMITH
Seagram's
Seven 7 Crown
BLENDED WHISKEY

Winning Serve!

"That cannonball you used to serve," said I,
"Stands out in memory, as years go by"...
"I'm better serving highballs, now," said Roy—
"And here's one to enthuse about, my boy!"
We sipped that savory "Seven"—took it slow—
For pre-war partners surely ought to know
That such a blend of smoothness and good taste
Is rare, today—and cannot be replaced!

* * *

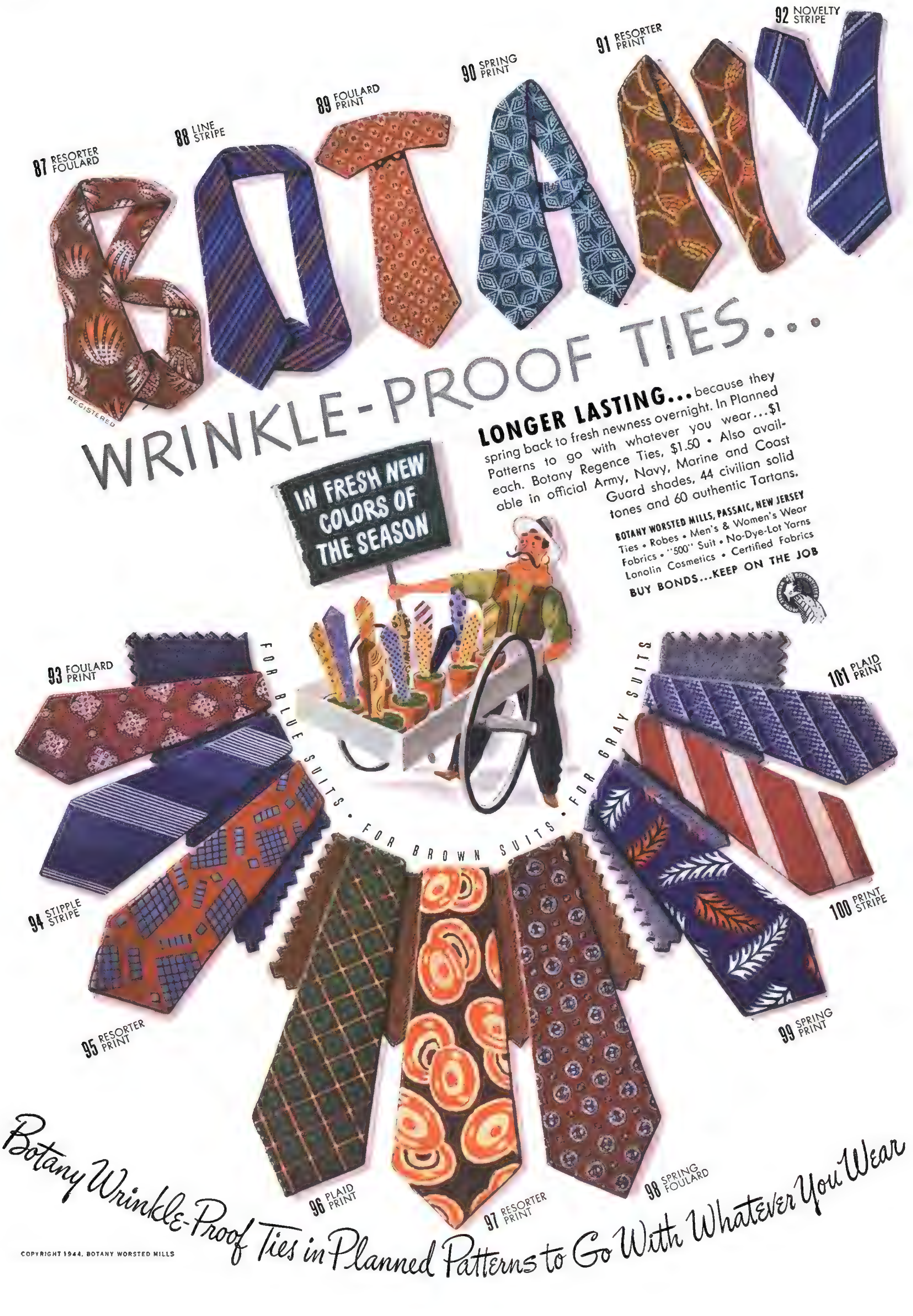
"TEAMED UP" in Seagram's 7 Crown are precious whiskey stocks that Seagram has been jealously guarding. Blended to a taste-delighting smoothness with soft-stilled grain neutral spirits, Seagram's rich and savory "7" is pre-war in quality!

For Pre-War Quality... Say **Seagram's** *and be Sure*

MOST PLEASING *Today*
MOST PLEASING *Tomorrow*

Seagram's 7 Crown

Seagram's 7 Crown Blended Whiskey. 65% grain neutral spirits. 86.8 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York


87 RESORTER FOULARD
88 LINE STRIPE
89 FOULARD PRINT
90 SPRING PRINT
91 RESORTER PRINT
92 NOVELTY STRIPE
REGISTERED
IN FRESH NEW COLORS OF THE SEASON
FOR BLUE SUITS • FOR BROWN SUITS • FOR GRAY SUITS
93 FOULARD PRINT
94 STIPPLE STRIPE
95 RESORTER PRINT
96 PLAID PRINT
97 RESORTER PRINT
98 SPRING FOULARD
99 SPRING PRINT
100 PRINT STRIPE
101 PLAID PRINT

BOTANY

WRINKLE-PROOF TIES...

LONGER LASTING... because they spring back to fresh newness overnight. In Planned Patterns to go with whatever you wear...$1 each. Botany Regence Ties, $1.50 • Also available in official Army, Navy, Marine and Coast Guard shades, 44 civilian solid tones and 60 authentic Tartans.

BOTANY WORSTED MILLS, PASSAIC, NEW JERSEY
Ties • Robes • Men's & Women's Wear Fabrics • "500" Suit • No-Dye-Lot Yarns Lanolin Cosmetics • Certified Fabrics

BUY BONDS...KEEP ON THE JOB

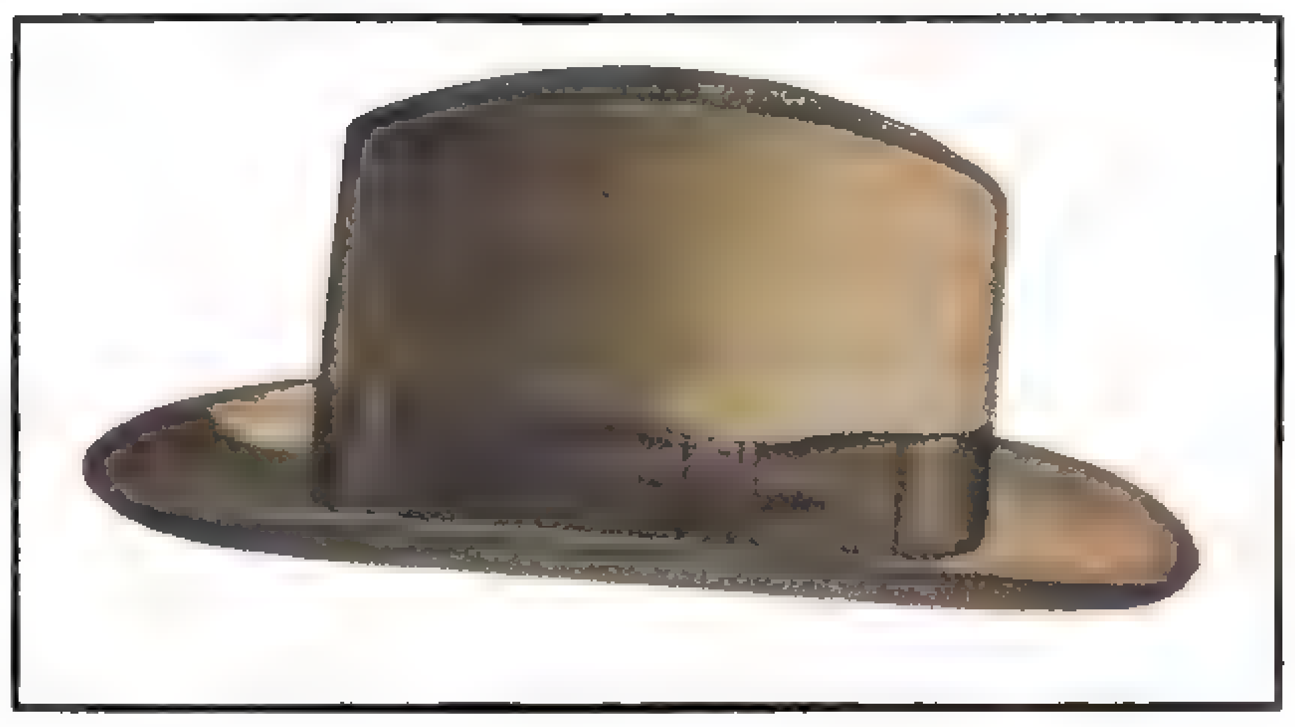
Botany Wrinkle-Proof Ties in Planned Patterns to Go With Whatever You Wear

COPYRIGHT 1944, BOTANY WORSTED MILLS

Let's bring him home quicker!

Our most effective secret weapon in this war is still *secrecy.* The less our enemies know, the sooner they'll go down to defeat. Just because victory seems nearer, don't relax your vigilance. Keep this one thought in mind—every hour by which the war is shortened will save thousands of lives. Keep vital information from reaching enemy ears. Now, more than ever, whatever you know, whatever you learn, whatever you hear—*Keep it under your Stetson.*

Keep it under the "Three-Way," designed to be worn up all-around, down all-around or snapped brim. Made by exclusive Stetson Vita-Felt Process . . . $8.50. John B. Stetson Company, U. S. and Canada, hats for men and women.*



Keep it under your Stetson

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

That pre-war taste tells why GILBEY'S GIN for nearly a century has been the world's choice for a great Martini

4/5 QUART

90 PROOF

GILBEY'S

DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN

DISTILLED FROM 100%

GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

GILBEY'S

the International

GIN

THE *"INTERNATIONAL GIN"* DISTILLED BY GILBEY IN THE UNITED STATES—AS WELL AS IN..ENGLAND..AUSTRALIA..CANADA

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York—90 Proof—Distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits

Land Free for the Brave

Every man and woman in our Armed Forces may stake out a claim to a tract of land in Alaska or in any of twenty-five states

by EUGENE SWAN, JR.

▪ARTICLE▪

If someone you know is in the Army, Navy, Marine Corps or Coast Guard, here's a surprise for him. Every day of the first two years he spends in Uncle Sam's Armed Forces he is homesteading as much as 160 acres of land in any one of twenty-five states, or the Territory of Alaska. He may be on a sun-scorched beach in the Pacific, walking a gale-swept deck off Greenland or unloading a jeep in Italy—it makes no difference. Under the laws governing vacant public lands he may count up to two years of his service toward the three years residence which is required to make a piece of land irrevocably his.

From its earliest days as an independent government, the United States has offered land to its fighting men as partial reward for their services in the Army and Navy. World War II is no exception. Men who have been serving as much as ninety days in any branch of the service have the same opportunity to carve out a homestead for themselves as was given to veterans as far back as the Indian Wars of 1817. Although the General Land Office in Washington cautiously states that opportunity to pioneer land still in the public domain today is not unlimited, there is at this moment available to homesteaders an acreage of vacant land, exclusive of national forests and grazing tracts, which is twice the area of the entire Japanese empire.

Among the twenty-five states still having land to give away, Nevada leads with over 19,000,000 acres unappropriated and unreserved, and California is next with 13,000,000. Other states are Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, Colorado, Florida, Idaho, Kansas, Louisiana, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri (only 480 acres), Montana, Nebraska, New Mexico, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Oregon, South Dakota, Utah, Washington, Wisconsin and Wyoming. In all, a total of 51,447,239 acres for those who wish to come and get it. But it is in the Territory of Alaska, with 323,000,000 acres to offer homesteaders, that the pioneer has his greatest opportunity. Three-fourths of this unclaimed Alaskan acreage lies in approximately the same latitude as Norway and Sweden, Scotland and Denmark. It is so little developed that except for a small portion not even the surveyor's ax has touched it.

Homesteading a claim in Alaska or in the States follows the same general pattern. But there are some differences. For example, so much of Alaska is unsurveyed that it is necessary actually to mark out the boundaries of your claim; in the States this is seldom required. On the other hand all land in the States was withdrawn for classification in 1934-5 as part of the conservation program. Therefore, before homesteading land in any of the twenty-five states it is necessary to have the government classify the tract you select as "unreserved and unappropriated."

In general, however, these are the requirements for both Alaska and the States, with the differences as noted. First, you must be a citizen of the United States, twenty-one years old, or the head of a family. If you are a member of any of the Armed Forces of our country, the age requirement is cancelled as Uncle Sam believes if you are old enough to fight you'll make a good risk as a homesteader. Also, you must not own more than 160 acres anywhere else in the nation. A married woman may homestead if she has been deserted by her husband, or if he has been incapacitated.

wacs, waves, spars, nurses, Red Cross workers, and any other women's auxiliary workers directly associated with the service are given the same rights to homestead as soldiers and sailors, so there is nothing to prevent an energetic lady from taking up for herself a likely tract in one of the unfilled corners of our national attic.

Now to pick out the right piece of land to homestead. In Alaska, as explained, you will have to mark out this piece, making sure that the settlement claim is not more than a mile long, with the side lines running north and south. Inside this rectangle a notice must be posted bearing your name, the date of posting the claim, and a description of the claim and its boundaries. Sometime during the next ninety days you notify the nearest U. S. Commissioner that you have staked out this claim.

Next step is to make an "entry" on a special form obtained from the nearest land office. There are fees that go along with this, five dollars if the area applied for is less than eighty-one acres, or ten dollars if eighty-one acres or more. There is also a commission of one to two dollars for each forty-acre tract. Except under special conditions, homesteads are limited to a maximum of 160 acres.

These preliminaries accomplished, the homesteading really begins. It is this homesteading which makes the land you select eventually yours, forever and a day. In return for your toil and sweat upon it, the United States gives it to you lock, stock and barrel.

You must live on the land you choose. Residence must be established within six months of filling in the entry blank, and this residence must be continued for three years, although sickness, drouth, or other catastrophes which you are unable to cope with are taken into consideration if you cannot meet this requirement or those which follow. If you are not a veteran of our nation's fighting forces you must not leave your claim for more than a total of five months during these three years. But consider the soldiers, sailors or waves who want to homestead a claim when the war is over. The government credits them with two of the three years required residence, provided, of course, that they have been two years in the service of their country. Therefore, a man or woman on active duty with our Armed Forces is actually homesteading a tract of land though he may be thousands of miles from it and may never have seen it even on a map. Upon receiving his honorable discharge, two-thirds of the minimum residence required will be already behind him. One year from the date of this discharge any one of the 11,000,000 who serve in our forces and who does not already own more than 160 acres, may have completed his residence requirement, built himself a house, started a garden and made a sizeable tract his forever.

In addition to residence, a homesteader must cultivate part of his land. This means actually breaking the soil, followed by planting, sowing seed, and tillage for a crop other than native grasses. In general not less than one-eighth of the claim must be under cultivation by the end of the third year, and a habitable house built by the end of the fifth year. Special allowances are made for veterans of the Armed Forces who have been discharged because of disabilities incurred in the line of duty. For example, a soldier

Continued on page 163

FINE
TOBACCO
5.00 PIPES 7.00
PRE-WAR
BRIARS
$7.00
HUMIDORS
Frank
BEAVEN

"I'd like a pipe that makes me look like I wear the pants in my family!"

My Husband Is No Gentleman

He is schizophrenic on the subject of hats, stares at other women unashamed, plays practical jokes and never listens

ANONYMOUS

• ARTICLE •

Last month Esky printed My Wife Is a Lady *in which a loving husband let the world in on some of his wife's major qualities and minor weaknesses. As always, motivated by a spirit of fair play, Esky asked a wife he knows to write a reply. Here it is.* THE EDITOR

For some time now there's been a man in my apartment. Even in his absence I can tell it from the little black whisker specks on the wash basin and the thumbprints on the refrigerator door. There isn't enough room in the clothes closet and I no longer go to bed when I'm sleepy, but when *he's* finished reading the sports section. We've been married for eight years but it took only six months to discover he's no gentleman.

I *should* have discovered it during our courtship. I love that word, "courtship." It's the premarriage period during which the male, to the tune of moonlight and Viennese waltzes, endears himself so graciously to the female. Our "courtship" was more like that period in a wrestling match when the groaners meet in the middle of the mat, clamp right hands around their opponent's neck, and glare eye to eye. It was short and strenuous. For musical accompaniment it needed no Viennese waltz, but a few hot licks by a one-handed pianist practicing boogie woogie. It ended when I proposed, which was my peculiar way of crawling to the edge of the mat.

Certainly no gentleman allows the lady to propose, but my husband went even farther. He borrowed twenty-two dollars from me with which to buy the wedding ring and pay the minister. Two years later I tried to collect. He refused on the grounds that so long as I had an investment in the business I'd try to keep it going. He said with a crooked grin, I mustn't forget I'm a lady.

I'm not trying to say that my husband is stingy—nothing so unpleasant and so practical. He'd be delighted to turn his whole pay check over to me if he could get enough of it home to fill a shot glass, after lending it to office boys or anyone else who's "in a jam." My husband is big-hearted from here to Baluchistan. He is also very bright, and though I admit there are handsomer men in the world his combination of green eyes and red mustache are exciting to me at eight a.m. or midnight, drunk or sober. But he's certainly NOT a gentleman.

He's truthful like a sledgehammer. He tells fat ladies they are fat and stupid people they're stupid. On those rare occasions when an artist or writer asks for his criticism (there are no repeats) he never softens the blow by apologizing, "But, of course, *I* don't know anything about painting," or sonnet writing . . . He feels he is a good average American with a slightly better than average mind, that his opinion is as good as the next fellow's, and if So-and-so didn't want his opinion, why did he ask for it? For my sake (he keeps telling me) he rarely renders an opinion unless asked for it, and he has learned certain set phrases which he recites with a dull faraway look on his face when cornered during a concert intermission or over a teacup. About any orchestral piece, from Palestrina to Morton Gould, he says, "The brasses were insistent." About any painting, from Raphael to the Radio City murals, he says, "Fine chiaroscuro."

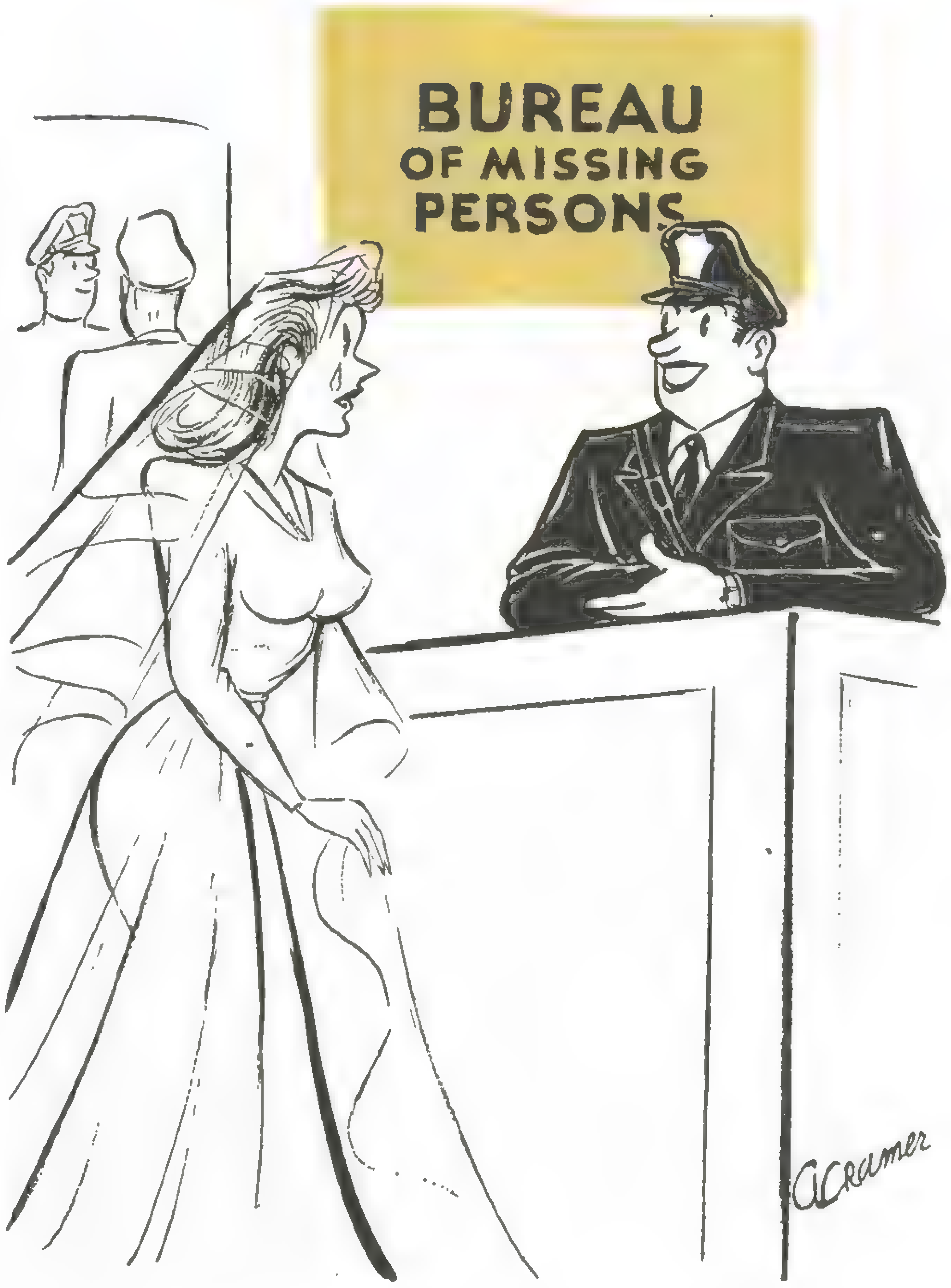
My husband's most boorish trait is to like all the women I don't like—and admit it. I never settle myself comfortably for a cell-by-cell dissection of Mrs. T. without being stopped cold by: "Say, Louise, that Mrs. T. is certainly a goodlooker. Now *there's* someone who can pick out a hat."

Which brings me to that dark region where my husband's conduct becomes downright caddish. I suppose it is some credit to him that he handles a subject men have been attacking for nineteen centuries and does so as if it were all his own idea. His loudest criticism is that my hats are "not functional," and I'm afraid to tell him that if functionalism is all he wants in a hat, an inverted stewpot would do, for fear that that is just what I'd get for Christmas. I spent twenty-five dollars on a Madison Avenue original and he said it looked like a cat throwing a fit in a can of tomato juice. I spent days hunting down a spring hat in the latest shade of cerise and two days later I found it nailed to the basement door. Whenever I appear in a new one I get the impression that he would give me exactly the same look if I'd showed up suddenly with two heads. . . .

When our marriage was newer and compromise was not treason, I suggested that he go shopping with me. What folly! In the first place, his attitude was that since we were out to buy a hat, the first one which fit me and looked "all right" would do. The second hat I tried on filled that bill, so he didn't see why we should look farther. In the second place, he didn't realize that when you don't like something, you don't say loudly and distinctly, "It stinks!" but murmur, "Very nice but not just what I was looking for," and, if you decide to quit the store for the rival shop across the street, you say, "I'll think it over," instead of bellowing, "Let's get the hell out and see what they got at Sachsens'."

Of course, he commented on the whole business in a basso profundo not to be ignored, though this wouldn't have been so bad if he had confined his comments to me. Whenever another customer tried on a hat, he turned that unblinking green-eyed gaze at her, taking everything in, from the silly potted palm at the top of the hat, down to the shiny nose and generally dishevelled appearance of a woman trying on her 27th hat; and, worst of all, he would describe each hat quite matter of factly, in terms of vegetables, hardware, or wild life. He wasn't exactly loud, and he wasn't exactly rude; he was just unbeatably persistent.

Despite all this, there was one moment when I thought he was really trying to help me. He went from drawer to drawer, inspecting each hat carefully, throwing some back in and bringing others over to be tried on. My heart softened. Then I tiptoed up behind him and found he was not looking at the color, the design, the material or



"Now, then, what first made you suspect that this man was missing?"

the style, but the price. Everything over $2.98 he threw back.

I would have left my husband where he was, wallowing in the delights of ungentlemanliness, if a certain anonymous male author had not written about his wife and got paid for it. I have reasons daily to part my husband's hair for him and keep right on parting it down to the clavicle, but here I will mention only a few:

He doesn't listen to me. An insurance salesman he was trying to get rid of would find him more attentive. If I were one of these wives who saves a double load of petty domestic chit chat and fires it at the tired husband the moment he steps into the house, I'd say he was smart. But I'm not. I do not give him blow-by-blow descriptions of my fight with the laundry, nor take fifteen minutes to repeat a conversation which originally took three minutes. But when I ask him a question, my words tremble lonesomely on the air and finally fade back into the great void. This happens as long as I ask my question in a ladylike tone of voice. The moment I raise my voice as if I were introducing a preliminary bout at Marigold Gardens, he answers. It has now got to the point where I ask a question, he ignores it, I forget all about it, twenty minutes later he answers me, and I wonder, "*What* is the man talking about?"

He looks at blondes on the street *when I'm with him*, telling me, meanwhile, exactly what he thinks of them. I gather that he is a keen judge of female architecture, especially the façades, and that he is death on open-toe shoes, red dresses and green eye shadow. But most often he looks at legs.

He claims he is only interested in the stocking seams. "Crooked!" he whispers hoarsely, cracking my ribs with a nudge. His story is that about a year ago he saw a newspaper feature story about stockingless girls painting seams on their bare legs with a kind of forked metal gadget. For fourteen months my husband has been developing a swivel neck trying to spot a pair of painted-on seams. There aren't any, he says. The whole goddamn story was a fraud.

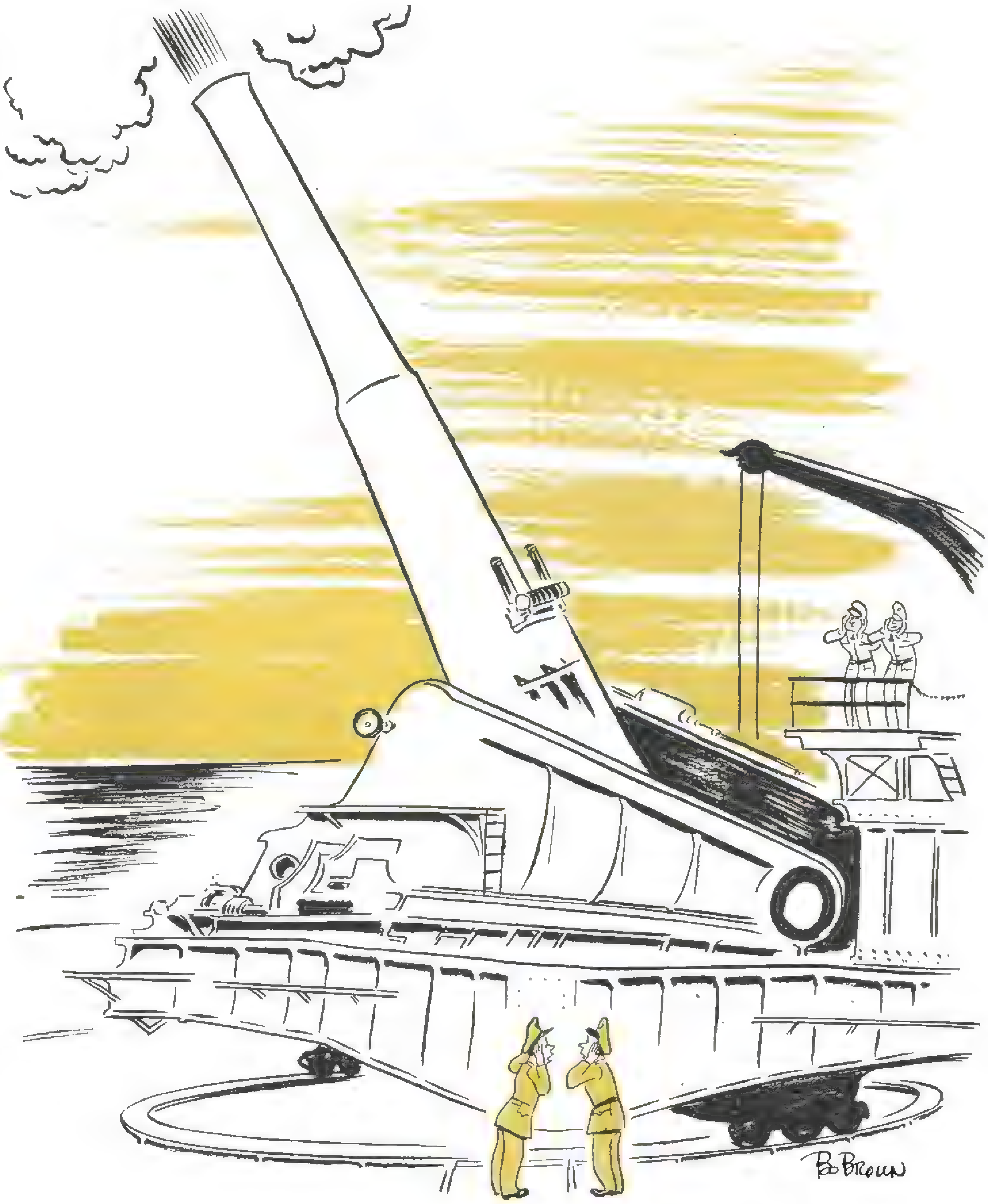
If silence in suffering is characteristic of a gentleman, I have one more proof that my husband is no gentleman. When he has a half degree of temperature and a slight bellyache, he can be heard from here to Sitka. If a gentleman is a defender of the weak and the fair, my husband is once more outclassed. When a man insults me by telling me to wait my turn or to shut up or watch out where I'm going, my husband practically buys him a drink. Before we were married I dreamed of my mate fighting for me and, of course, winning. Now I realize even if I picked a fight for him, he'd just think the whole thing was terribly funny. And besides, my husband couldn't punch his way out of a paper bag, even on Sunday.

My husband loves me, just as he loves his old bedroom slippers. We are both comfortable through long wear and cheaper than new ones. He wants me around as much as possible, though he ignores me when I am; he praises me to the skies, to everyone else but me; but *my* impression is if I dropped dead tomorrow he'd be in a terrible dither trying to find someone else to scrub his back in the bathtub. For years he forgot my birthday, our anniversary, and Valentine's Day. Now he can afford a secretary and I get gifts and twenty-five-cent cards—the right cards on the right days, *not*, as in the days when my husband occasionally bought one, inscribed "To My Dear Grandma."

My husband's cardinal sin against gentlemanliness is his sense of humor. He writes letters to Joe asking for the loan of a five, signs them Tom, then writes Tom calling him everything unprintable and signs it Joe. . . . Some months ago he started to raise rabbits as a hobby. He found it was difficult to sell them. So he put an ad in the personal column of our local paper, saying we had point-free butter to sell, and when people showed up he explained that we had just sold our last pound of butter but we DID have some nice rabbit meat...

You would think that such a merchant would gain something, especially since half of his deals are seven-ply schemes to take money from one party and pass it on to another. But my husband couldn't make money if he were let loose in the Kimberley diamond mines with a gunny sack and carte blanche from the management. His deals are like major auto accidents at a five-lane intersection; he causes four other cars to hit head on, there is smoke, fire, groans of the dead and dying, and then my husband quietly drives away as he came, penniless, smiling, unhurt, everything ventured, nothing gained.

My husband is too rugged for gentlemanliness, and besides, he goes to the wrong tailor. *He* claims he is easy to live with. And come to think of it, he is. ⵌ



"I said—reminds me of my wife!"

The Stubborn Man

"Absorbing all enemy fire," the late Private Joe P. Martinez bravely led the attack at Attu

by PAUL GALLICO

▪ ARTICLE ▪

The stubborn man, Joe P. Martinez, was born some twenty-three years ago in Taos, New Mexico, in a small, dusty, adobe house on the outskirts of the village. His round, dark eyes soon became used to the strange clear light, to staring off into the distances of the snow-capped peaks of the Rocky Mountains.

Joe's father was Manuel V. Martinez, and their forbears were the small dark men of Mexico. They were citizens of the United States. Time and history rolled over old Mexico, and a piece of it became New Mexico, and those born there were Americans.

At some time during Joe's life and growing up, the family moved northward into Colorado, into the little town of Ault, north of Denver, close to the border of Wyoming. Life was simple and uncomplicated. The Rockies still reared their distant, snowy heads. Joe Martinez became a farm laborer. They knew Joe locally as a good worker and a steady boy, albeit a little stubborn sometimes. But otherwise, neither he nor his being made so much as a ripple on the consciousness of the world or the nation. No one ever put the name of Joe Martinez into the papers.

Today the physical remains of Joe Martinez lie sealed in a grave on the flint-hard, frozen slopes of Attu Island, the furthest outpost of the Aleutian chain off Alaska. But his name has been put into the papers. His name and his deed as an American soldier have gone into the archives of the nation as the wearer of the blue ribbon and gold medal of the Congressional Medal of Honor.

The war made Private Martinez out of plain Joe Martinez on August 7, 1942, when he was inducted into the Army at Denver, Colorado. Thereafter for many months his identity was submerged in the horde of G. I.'s at Camp Roberts, Camp Butner and Fort Ord.

We neither see nor hear from Private Joe Martinez again until May 26, 1943, when, still a private, he turned up on Attu Island with the American invasion forces in the guise of an automatic rifleman and grenadier, a member of a reinforced battalion whose task it was to drive the Japanese from the heights they held between the east arm of Holtz Bay and Chichagof Harbor.

Picture a snow-filled slope leading up over the crest of a pass between rugged ledges of rock on either side. The Japanese held the flanks and the center of the pass and covered the ground leading thereto with lead and steel from rifle, mortar and machine gun.

It was like walking into a meat grinder. But the position had to be taken. To fail might be to endanger the entire expedition. The footsloggers went up that slope as far as human flesh and nerve could carry them and then, as their dead and wounded fell all about them, bogged down and dug themselves in to escape the annihilation pouring down from the slopes and the flanking rocks above.

No one will ever know whether Private Joe Martinez knew and understood the tactical necessity for taking that ridge. No one, for that matter, will ever know just what did go on in the mind of that stubborn man Martinez when, alone, he arose and continued on up that hill in the face of the enemy fire.

Perhaps he was battle-happy, perhaps he was seething with rage at the death of a friend. Perhaps he was a plain, brave, stubborn man who was turning a global war into an individual affair between himself and the Japanese.

Occasionally Private Martinez stopped, with the bullets whining and ricocheting off the rocks at his feet, to turn around and gesture to the rest of the men and shout, "Come on, you ....s." Then the others would get out of their foxholes and follow him on up.

You might think it strange that the advance was not led by officers or ratings at that moment. But the men on Attu at the moment did not find it strange. The officers and non-coms who had been walking out in front of them were all dead or writhing on the ground with wounds.

Martinez attained a small plateau which harbored several foxholes and machine-gun nests. These he cleaned out with his automatic rifle and a couple of hand grenades.

The Japs on the slopes and ridges increased their fire and the battalion could go no farther.

And so, after a moment, again that one lone figure, lugging his rifle and his bag of grenades, arose and began to move up through the snow, the orange spurts of flame, the mushroom smoke of bursting mortar shells and the singing streams of machine-gun bullets. It was that stubborn Martinez carrying his private war to the enemy. The men behind him could bear better the travail of following him than the agony of seeing him move up against the enemy alone. They followed him again.

Martinez reached the first of two trenches and cleaned it out with his rifle. Five dead Japs were found there. He went on again up the slope to the second trench and obliterated the enemy there. Then he continued up to the ridge overlooking the pass into Chichagof Harbor.

His citation reads that there he stood up alone and unafraid, emptying his rifle into the Japanese positions just below and beyond the pass and was mortally wounded with his rifle still at his shoulder, absorbing all enemy fire and permitting all units to move up behind him and successfully take and capture the pass.

In the simple words, "absorbing all enemy fire," lies the secret and the story of the capture of that deadly pass, an important preliminary on which eventually hinged the end of organized resistance on the island.

For the Japanese answered the challenge of the one-man war of stubborn Joe Martinez and from the two sides of the pass they concentrated their fire on this lone man who was afraid neither of them nor of any of their works.

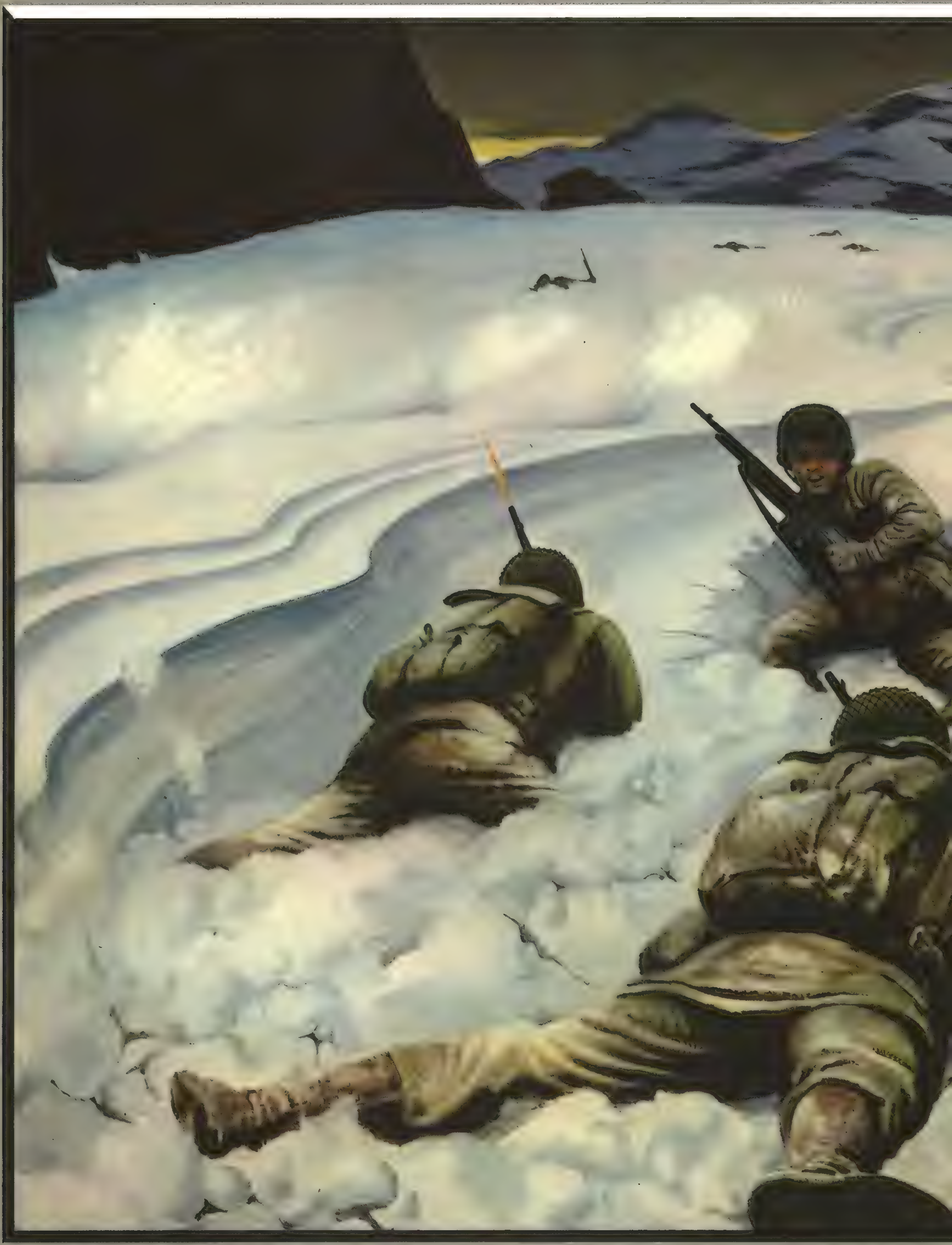
Their Oriental patience succumbed to irritation that one man could be so heedless of them and so stubborn in his determination to reach the top of the slope which they were turning into hell.

And so they warred against him alone and he "absorbed" their concentrated fire until he fell dead of the steel and lead that shredded his body.

They had their triumph over that lone man, for they won their war against his body. But it cost them Attu. For when they came to retrain their weapons, the pass was full of American riflemen and grenadiers who had accepted the example of the flaming spirit of Joe Martinez and followed him up during the time that Joe was busy with his absorption of enemy fire.

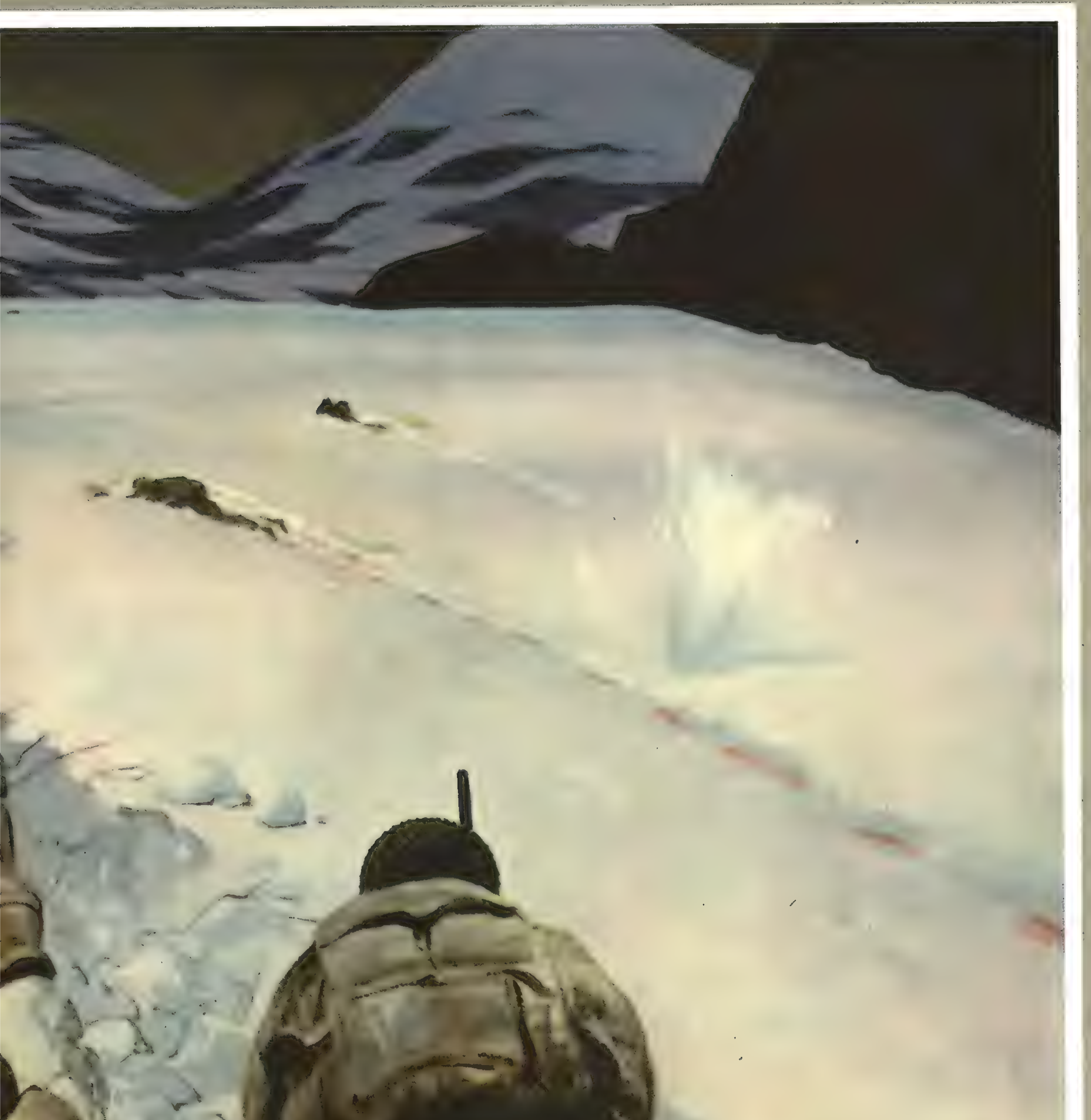
Then those Japanese joined their riddled bodies to that of Martinez and, shortly after, Attu fell.

On Tuesday, November 16th, last, great honor came to Manuel V. Martinez, the old, dark-eyed father of Joe, on his little farm outside of Ault, in Colorado. For there he was presented with the Congressional Medal of Honor which forever after would tell the world what that stubborn boy, Joe Martinez, had done for the country in which he had been born. ⌗



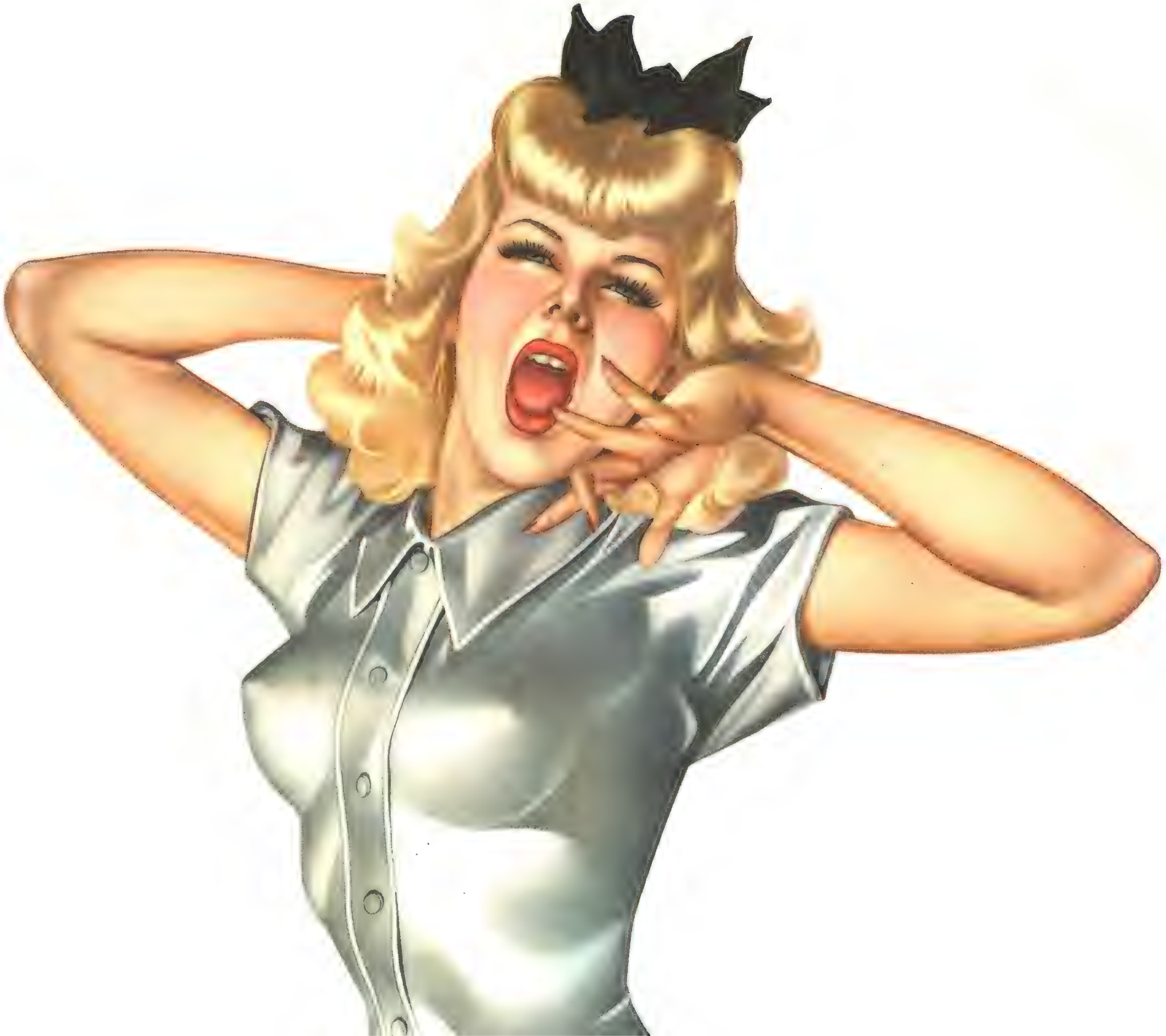
© ESQUIRE, INC., 1944

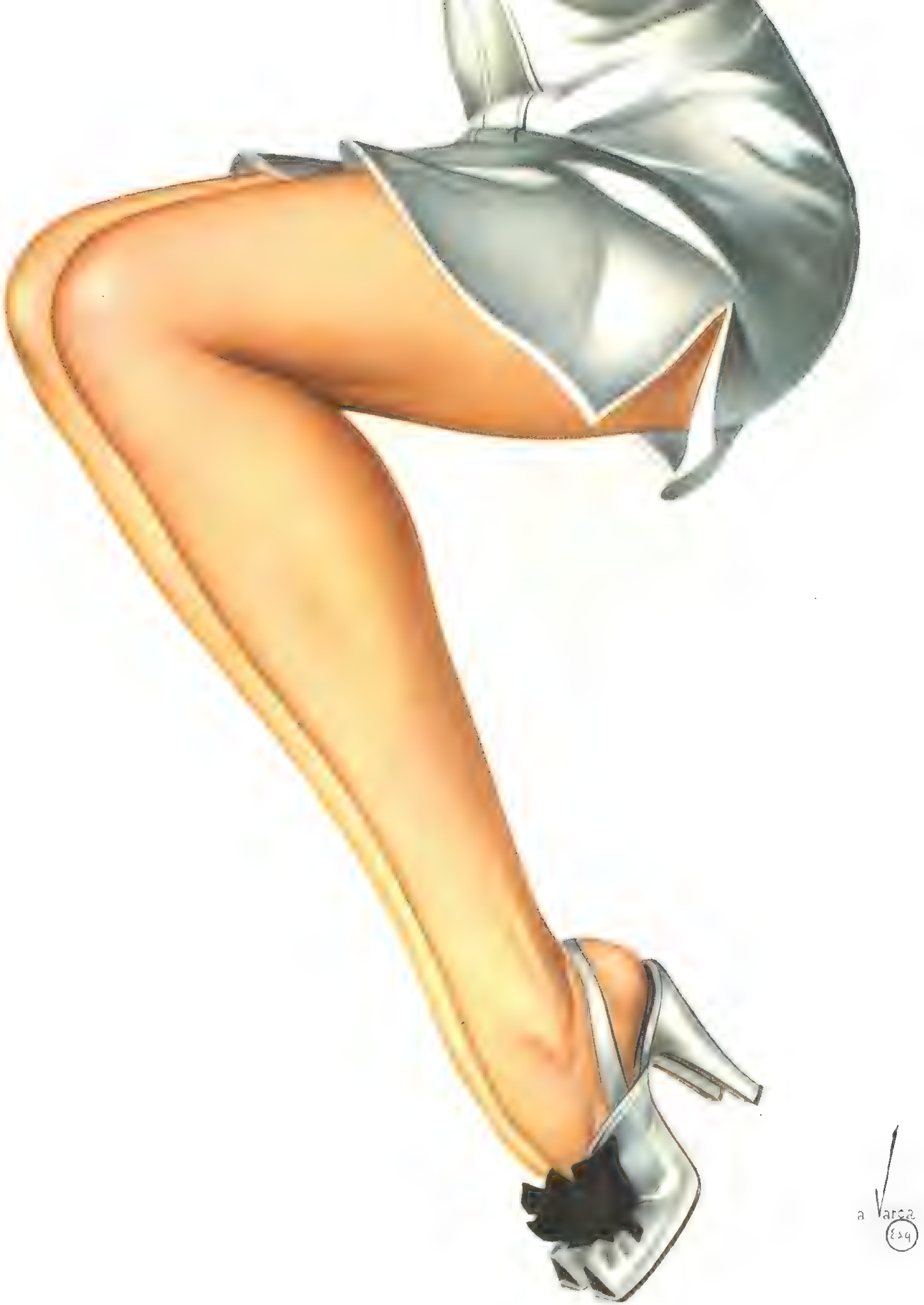
THE PRIVATE WHO LED THE A


JOHN FALTER

PAINTED ESPECIALLY FOR ESQUIRE

TTACK *by John Falter*





PATRIOTIC GAL

The American gal
Is a peach of a pal
To the boys who are guarding our nation,
She girds for the fight
By the yawn's early light
And her war job is done with elation!
She always responds
When she's asked to buy bonds—
No critic can label HER *flighty,*
And because it's in style
To conserve with a smile
She's conserving by day and by nighty!

PAINTING BY VARGA
VERSE BY PHIL STACK

The Target Is Germany

The success of a mission and safety of nine men in a plane worth a third of a million rest on pin-point navigation

by WALTER McCALLUM

• ARTICLE •

HAVE you ever wondered, while you eased down into your favorite upholstered chair and read, "Tons of bombs fall on Berlin," or "Essen feels impact of blockbusters" how those American bombers ever got there in the first place? When they took off with orders to drop their load over Essen, what did they do—simply give the B-17 its head? In short, how did the Yankee airmen know Essen from a bomb hole in the ground?

One answer is the slide rule, chart, and instrument kind of alchemy known as "navigation." But the bigger answer is that fellow who would punch you in the nose for calling him a hero—the "navigator."

Because of their navigators the big B-17's and B-24's of the U. S. Army Air Force hit their Nazi targets on the nose every time they leave the camouflaged flying field "somewhere in Britain." If you think that's easy ("After all, that's their business . . .") remember that the navigator takes the ship across whether it's day or night, cloudy or just downright stormy; he has to direct it to its target despite the hundreds of Goering's yellow-nosed home team which come out to meet him. And "pretty close" is never good enough.

Talk about pin-point bombing and laying a 500 pound egg in a pickle barrel from 20,000 feet. These lads, up in the crowded forward compartment of a big bomber, sitting under the feet of the two pilots, are the tightrope walkers of the air. Anything less than perfection means death or capture of the crew and thousands of dollars and working hours down the drain. Remember that a B-17 costs the taxpayers around 300,000 dollars. Both men up in the pilot's compartment, as well as the bombardier and the navigator, represent an expenditure of about 25,000 dollars apiece. Then there's the crew of nine men—it took time and money to train them, and it would take time and money to replace them. This is speaking in cold, financial terms, for of course you *can't* replace them.

So the navigator has figures and calculations and tricky weather reports in his head—and heavy responsibility on his shoulders. Hardest of all is the job of the navigator in the lead ship.

He is the top man on the totem pole. If he fails, if his endless figuring with maps and compasses and drift meters doesn't add up right, every ship flying over Germany that day fails with him.

It isn't always possible to gauge wind over France or Germany. The wind forecast may have been incorrect. There may be far more drift than anticipated. The ground may be obscured by clouds. Enemy fighters may be hanging around the fringe of the bomber formation, making passes at the big geese of the air. The navigator may be doing a dance between his maps and his machine gun, for he is also a fighter. Above his head a big caliber machine gun pokes its muzzle through the plastic window.

With all these distractions, (plus the fact that the ship may be flying at 25,000 feet and the entire crew is on oxygen) the navigator must be right within a mile or two.

"You can be on the minute or a fraction early—but not a minute late," said Capt. Ralph Hosman, an experienced group navigator. "The fighters have their fuel timed and must leave at the appointed hour."

Many times the big Fortresses have gone forth on bombing missions without fighter escort, depending on tight formation and enveloping fire from many guns to lick enemy pursuit. But also many times the Fortresses have predetermined appointments somewhere in the air over a German town or over a submarine lair, with their fighter escort. The lean, heavily-gunned fighter ships don't carry much gas. Tardiness in keeping a rendezvous 25,000 feet up in the high, thin air may mean facing the enemy without fighter escort.

One of the groups of Fortresses which raided the U-boat yards at Vegesack was led by Captain Harry Ackerman of Reno, Nevada, a navigation instructor who got fed up after seven months of training flights over home territory and went on combat. Before the mission he boned up on all maps showing location of enemy anti-aircraft. Not a plane in his group was lost because he dodged enemy ground fire by "zigzagging the formation around the areas where flak was expected."

"You can't imagine the responsibility on the lead navigator; he's really on the spot," said Capt. Charles B. Leighton of East Lansing, Michigan. "If the weather is okay, the radio is working and the flight plan is correct, it's an easy job. However, there have been times when all three of these conditions have been against us." Capt. Leighton is a master of understatement. The Navy has a term for it. "Snafu" is the word. It means, "Situation normal, all fouled up." So it can be on a bombing raid over Europe.

The navigator in every bomber must know his exact location and the navigating conditions at all times. He must be able to guide his ship home by the safest, quickest route even if a couple of motors are shot out, the ship is riddled with flak and half the crew is out of action. Take, for instance, the saga of the Fortress *Chief Sly:*

High over Europe, while on a raid on Romilly, France, the *Chief* was attacked for more than an hour by fighters which "queued up" to attack, and did all right. Part of the wing tip was blown off, two engines were knocked out, an aileron was jammed, a three-by-eight foot hole was blown in the vertical tail, and hundreds of bullet and flak holes were scattered through the bomber from stem to stern. Forced to leave the formation, the *Chief* dived into the clouds for protection and a chance to lick her wounds. As she entered the clouds a Focke-Wulf made one final pass, and the navigator took an incendiary machine-gun bullet through the leg. Fearful the plane was going to crash, he crawled through the narrow hatchway leading from the nose into the tiny radio room.

He was First Lieut. Paul C. Burnett of Marshall, Texas, another of the thousands of Lone Star State lads who fly the cloud trail. As he lay bleeding on the radio room floor the pilot called through the interphone for a "heading."

Burnett was fifteen feet from his charts, forward across the catwalk between the bomb bays and down through the hatch. The radio was out of order. The situation was almost completely "snafu" and the wounded youngster had only his memory on which to rely. He told the pilot which way to go and the plane skimmed only a few feet over the crested waves across the English Channel, reaching England "on course" and landing in the first field. Goats and rabbits can't hear radio. The big ship killed three of them as she came in.

Jim Bullock, a Tarheel from

Continued on page 112

"He just delivers V-mail"

Early Our Song Shall Rise

As the tanks advanced slowly, the danger spot where the enemy might lurk loomed bigger than all the remaining landscape

by LT. GUIDO DeANGELIS

• FICTION •

Slowly the dawn brought the valley up into sight out of the negative of the night, and the young lieutenant standing in the open hull of the assault gun looked at his wrist watch absently. Climbing in beside him, his gun sergeant saw the gesture and asked:

"What time is it, Sir?"

"Five-thirty."

"How about chow?"

The lieutenant shrugged, not even looking back at the kitchen truck inside the protective circle the battalion's armor made. "If we get back in time," he said. Then his platoon sergeant came trotting on crooked jockey's legs to stand beside the assault gun. The lieutenant said:

"Sergeant, the colonel wants us to take a platoon of lights from 'C' company and reconnoiter this area." He pointed downhill into the valley. "Nothing much to it."

The valley rose from a stream bed, now dry, and went gently and evenly up toward the hills on either side, with very few trees. At the base of the hills to the north there was a single-track railroad.

During the night his tank battalion had come up along the railroad, blacked out, and had gone into bivouac. According to reconnaissance reports, the forward elements of its group had made contact with the enemy five miles away at sundown. Some had managed to rest a little while they waited for daybreak and for orders but most of the battalion had been busy, with the enemy five miles away—posting local security, gassing up, pulling air cleaners and checking weapons.

For no particular reason, as he watched the dawn, the words of a hymn came to the lieutenant and he felt its melody strumming silently across the top of his throat.

Holy, holy, holy! Lord God
Almighty!
Early in the morning our songs
shall rise to Thee—

A few minutes before, his runner had come back to him from the battalion command post to tell him the colonel wanted him. So he had gone to the command half-track; the colonel had not been there but the first lieutenant who was acting S 2 had given him the mission. A man who had come from a famous southern military academy, the first lieutenant had said:

"We been hearin' reports aboot enemy assault guns or somethin' like that around in heah and the cunnel sure would like to know."

Then the young lieutenant had gone over to "C" company. When he found its captain he had said, "Mott, the colonel wants me to take one of your platoons with one other lieutenant and make a routine recon' of the area."

Captain Mott was a man who usually smiled when spoken to. But this time he snapped, "I *can't* give you a lieutenant, man!" Suddenly the lieutenant's face was hot and he could feel himself squirming inside. Because Mott had no lieutenants. Not anymore.

"Hell—" he mumbled. "That's right. Hell—"

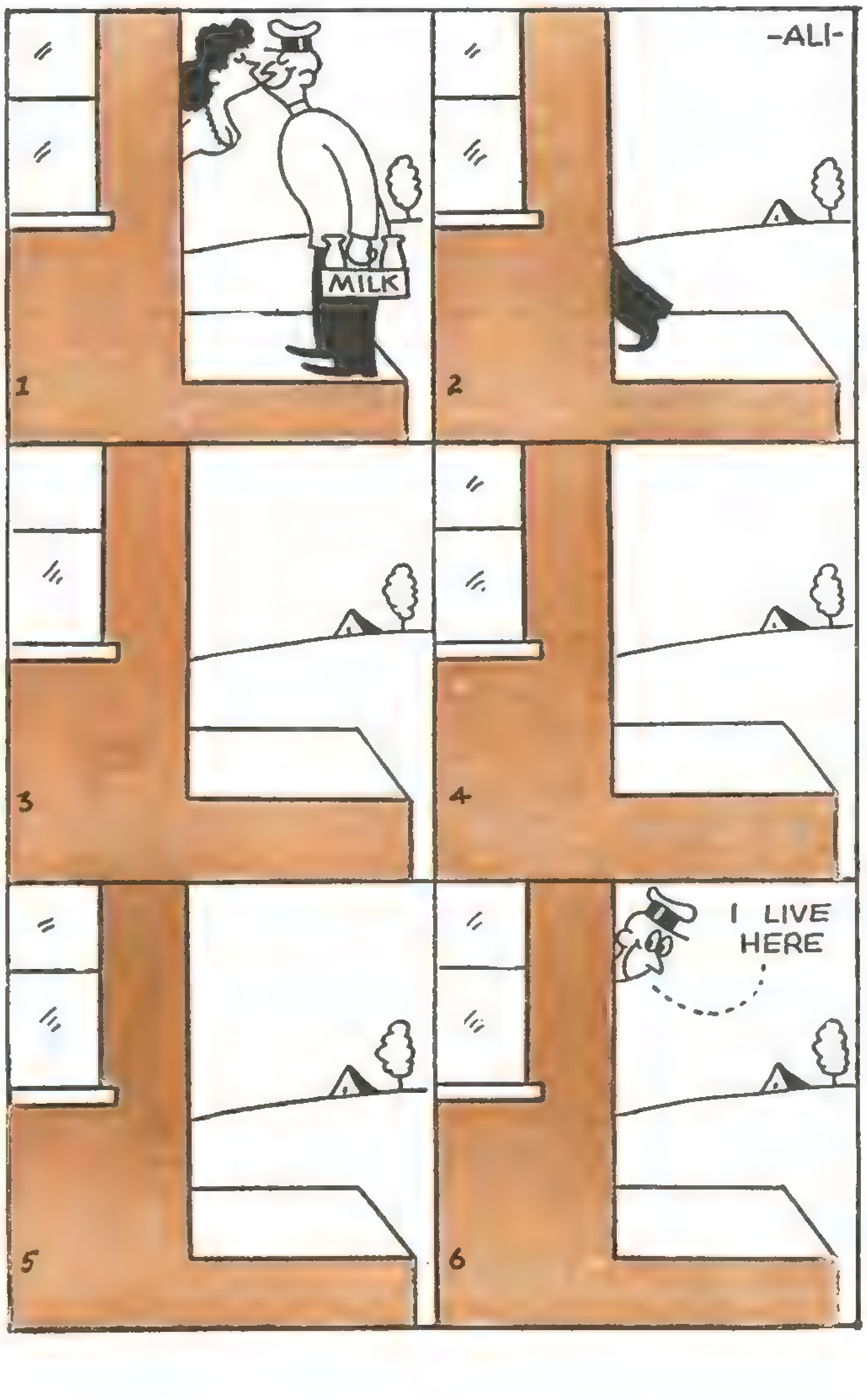
Then Mott had smiled a little. "Look, I can give you a staff sergeant who's just as good as an officer."

Now as he stood waiting in the assault gun, the hymn faded back in his mind, overlaid by the patterned iron chatter of tracks and the boastful chanting of twin engines in the still morning. He turned to see the tanks moving over the rough ground toward him, like boats in a surf—dipping, plunging, throwing a spray of dust from under their steel bows. The leading tank pivoted in front of his gun and stopped.

He dropped down out of the gun carriage and went toward it. His platoon sergeant walked at his left side out of veteran habit. Knowing that this was a combat order and something far more vital than conversation, the lieutenant looked up at the man in the tank turret and said carefully:

"Sergeant, we have heard rumors of enemy vehicles in this area. We are going to look for them—carefully, because they may be dug in. You will take your platoon, in wedge formation, in that direction. See that little clump of trees?"

He pointed down into the valley toward the stream bed and the sergeant nodded. "Head for them. When you have held that course for a mile by your odometer you will make a ninety-degree turn to the left and proceed back up the corridor for one mile, keeping this bivouac to your left. Go slowly—about five miles an hour. Is that clear?"



The sergeant nodded again.

"Good. Now, when you have gone up the corridor for that distance you will do an about face and retrace your route, returning to this position. I will support you with the assault guns. There's only one thing—" The lieutenant scratched the back of his head, making his steel helmet tilt forward a little. "We won't have radio communication."

The sergeant looked down, frowning. "Sir?"

"That's right. One of recon's half-tracks stopped a machine gun with its radiator and we had to give them my command half-track. That puts us under a handicap, so we'll have to be really on the ball." Then, almost to himself, he added:

"I don't see how the hell there could be anybody out there by now. Our advance party came right up this corridor. . . . Any questions?"

Mott's sergeant said, "No, Sir." The lieutenant turned to his own platoon sergeant.

"I want you to ride with one of the flank guns yourself."

"Yes, Sir," the platoon sergeant said, not saluting him, and trotted off. That was another habit veterans got into, because saluting an officer in a combat zone was a good way to point him out to enemy snipers. The lieutenant looked up at the non-com in the tank again.

"All right, Sergeant. Take off."

"Yes, Sir." Mott's sergeant picked up his radio microphone and began an order to his platoon. The young lieutenant went back to his assault gun and, a moment later, the tanks moved out. He watched them while a wind came up and the east began to burn.

All at once his heart throbbed big in his chest, for the first sunlight gilded the steel bustles of the tanks as they went until they were more than ever like the high sterns of brave little galleons curtsying across an uncharted sea. . . .

He looked over his shoulder at his banner—a dishmop tied halfway up on the radio mast. It had been clean and white once and easy to follow because there was no other banner like it, but there was blood dried brown on it now. His own blood, from the time one of the guns had been put out of action in a skirmish. He had torn his banner down and taken it with him, his hand bleeding because a fragment had ripped his knuckles, to fly it from another gun.

He took a deep, fresh breath and held his arm up overhead. From the guns on either side the same signal came back to him. "Take off," he said to the gun sergeant. Then he swung his uplifted arm from side to side in the signal for a line formation.

The three assault guns waddled out after the tanks—bulldog things, wide-bodied on heavy tracks, the great thick snouts of their howitzers jutting out—to take up their line across the open end of the "V" formation ahead. Propping himself against the ring of the anti-aircraft mount, the lieutenant reached into his pocket, hoping there was a stick of gum left. There was.

Tearing it in half, he held out a piece to the gun sergeant. "Piece of gum, Eddie?"

"Say, thanks—"

Chewing slowly, the lieutenant went on leaning against the ring mount. But he kept his head moving, turning to look everywhere—even, occasionally, behind him. The tanks were going evenly in a wide shallow wedge and keeping their interval well. His own gun platoon looked good, too. Moving in a fluid, staggered line as he had taught them to move—one speeding up for a little while and then dropping back as another surged up—they made a poor target.

Now the tanks were making their turn and beginning to move back along the corridor past the bivouac area. The lieutenant said. "Looks like a good man, that staff from 'C' company. He's got his platoon right on the ball." The gun sergeant said:

"He is. A damned good man. Name is Ackroyd."

Yes, a damned good man, the lieutenant thought, still looking all around. And a damned good morning, too. Cool and clean and without the distortion danger brought to a landscape. That particular spot where the danger lay made all the rest of the world dwindle away flat and gray and unimportant by comparison, so that a bush might loom taller than a tree or a ditch yawn greater than a canyon. But now all was right with the world and, perhaps, God was even in his heaven.

Holy, holy, holy! All the saints
adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns
around the glassy sea—

Because they were merely hunting a rumor. It couldn't be anything else, he told himself. Reconnaissance was supposed to have scouted this corridor. And the forward echelon of the group had traveled it, too. . . .

Up ahead the tanks were slowing to a stop. The lieutenant picked up his microphone. "Move up through the unit ahead," he ordered. "On the double."

The assault gun roared and jumped under him then and, looking at his flank guns, he saw them going forward with him. There was nothing clumsy about them now, for whenever they moved fast they seemed to be charging something, their engines loud and angry, their tracks viciously slinging powdered dirt away.

As his gun passed Ackroyd's command tank he knew, all at once, that Ackroyd had not stopped simply because he had come to the end of the mile he had been told to travel. It was something more than that, and it was in the anxious way the man's eyes followed him as he went by. Quickly, the young lieutenant spoke into his microphone again and his gun slowed and stopped. He turned to watch Ackroyd's tank as it came up within speaking distance.

Ackroyd was staring into the sunrise. When he spoke his voice seemed to float out flatly across a silence, and then the cool comfort the lieutenant had drawn from the morning ended too quickly.

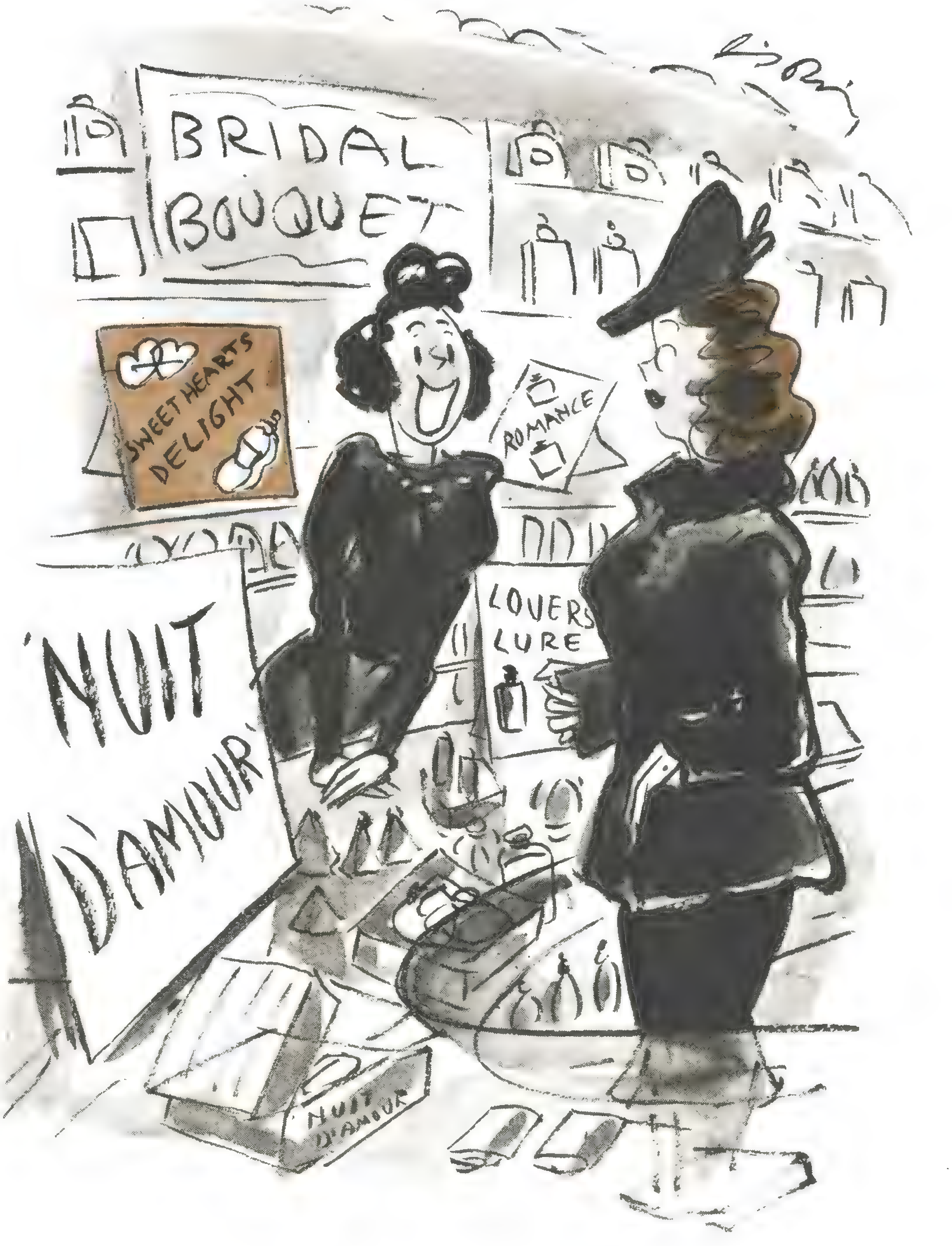
"Out there, Sir, better than half a mile. Do you see anything?"

The lieutenant looked through his field glasses. There was a gully, he saw, and beyond it two or three darknesses which might be, under the low light, either pits in which guns could be hidden or merely shadows lying in uneven ground. Then he saw dull metal showing above the lip of the gully . . .

"I'm not sure whether I make anything out there or not," Ackroyd said.

"There's something there, all right," the lieutenant told him. There was something there and it couldn't be anything important. But it had to be treated as such, because neglected mysteries had a way of turning out to be much too

Continued on page 119



"How many days furlough has he—we'll plan our campaign accordingly"

The Twilight of a God

And so the Kaiser, that "Beast of Berlin" became the beloved wood chopper of Doorn, living in luxury, buried with royal pomp

by SIDNEY CARROLL

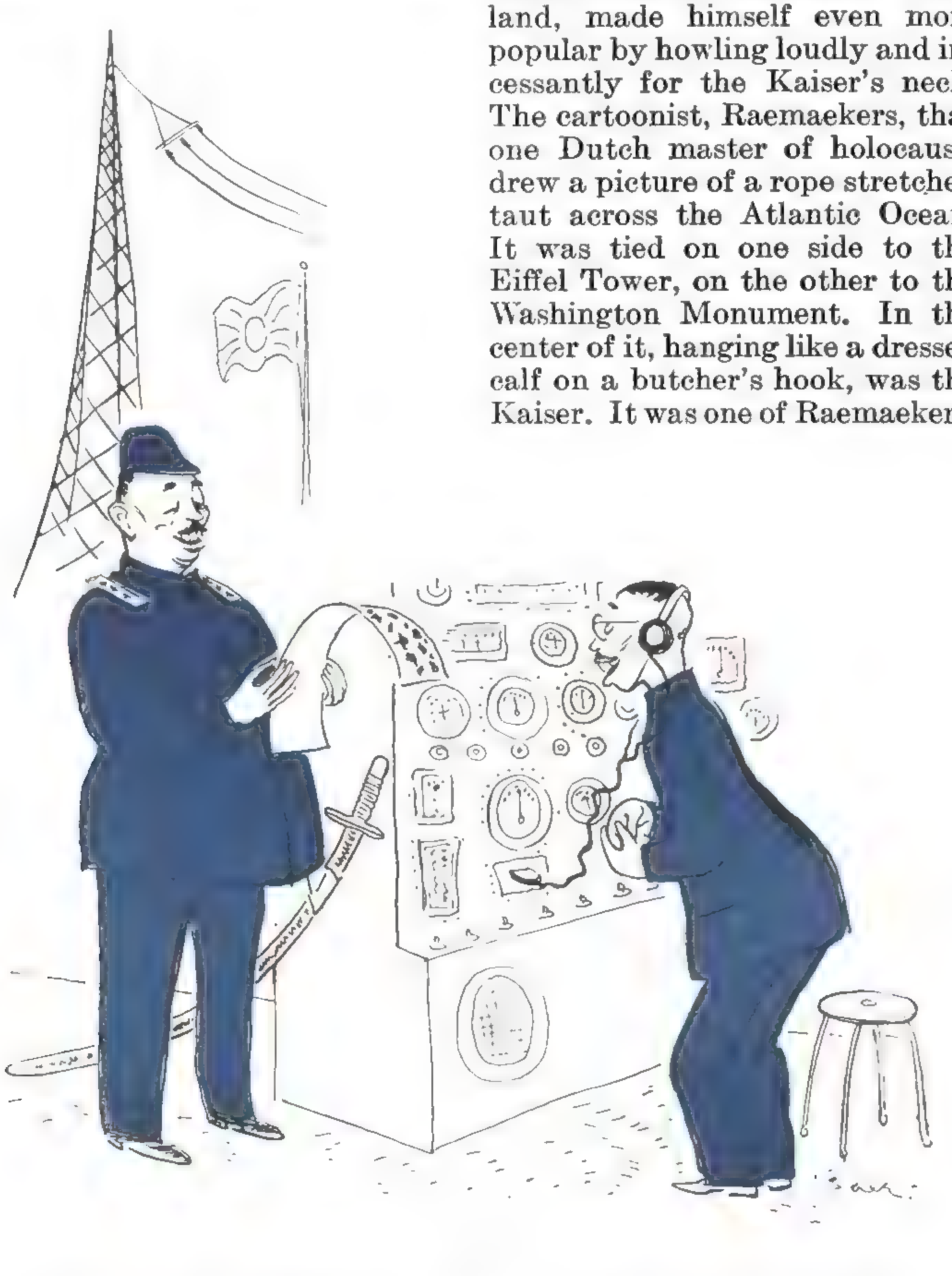
• ARTICLE •

R

Twenty-nine years ago the most hated man in the world was one Frederick Wilhelm Victor Albrecht Hohenzollern. He was German Emperor and King of Prussia to his own people, but to that part of the world which hated him he was, simply, the Kaiser. In spite of his noble birth and bearing and his own remarkably high opinion of himself, his very presence on earth was deeply resented by millions of civilized men and women. However, their emotions did not turn out to be as relentless as some of the more uncivilized forms of hatred and resentment. As a mass psychology, as a universal revenge motif, the hatred of the Kaiser ended shortly after the first world war.

Throughout the four years of that war the peoples of the Allied countries and of several neutral countries nursed such a very personal grudge against Wilhelm II, the Kaiser, that their lust for his personal blood became the most oft-repeated of their prayers. The people knew that when that first and last world war had reached its end and the sun should rise each morning to eternity on a peaceful world, one of the rewards which would be theirs would be the sight of the Kaiser hanging from the highest yardarm in Europe. Oh, there could be feasting and carnival on the day of victory, but no amount of joy would make the people forget their millions of dead and this one debt they owed them: the Kaiser would get his! The Kaiser would be hanged by his stiff Hohenzollern neck until dead. That was a vision as precious to them as any promised glimpse of heaven.

Hanging was one method of killing the "Beast of Berlin" which seemed to satisfy most of the Allied peoples. There were those who held out for slow torture, but the civilized shuddered at the thought and compromised on hanging. Mr. Lloyd George, the popular prime minister of England, made himself even more popular by howling loudly and incessantly for the Kaiser's neck. The cartoonist, Raemaekers, that one Dutch master of holocaust, drew a picture of a rope stretched taut across the Atlantic Ocean. It was tied on one side to the Eiffel Tower, on the other to the Washington Monument. In the center of it, hanging like a dressed calf on a butcher's hook, was the Kaiser. It was one of Raemaekers' best as well as one of his best-liked cartoons.



"America quit fighting soon—miserable servant hear radio say, 'Lay pistol down, lay pistol down'"

On November 9, 1918, the Allied people knew that the day of judgment was near. The German armies were wrecked; the German revolution was under way. The end of the war was a matter of hours or days. There were all sorts of rumors as to where the main quarry, Wilhelm II, was hiding.

The quarry was in the Villa Fraineuse in Spa in Belgium. On November 9th he was conferring with the inner circle of his general staff, and he was fighting the suggestion that he abdicate his several thrones. Field Marshal von Hindenburg, sometimes called the Wooden Giant, bent over the short figure of his Kaiser and said, as respectfully as possible, "Your departure will have a mollifying effect."

The Kaiser was adamant to the very end. He fought the idea of abdication bitterly, but no historian can say that the Kaiser was a man who could not see reason when it exploded in his face, nor can any biographer claim that the Kaiser was ever foolish enough to temper discretion with any nonsensical notions of valor. He kept repeating that he wanted to remain with his troops, but he handed the supreme command of the armies over to Hindenburg. He kept insisting that it was his irrevocable decision to return to Germany and rally his troops, but it was gently pointed out to him that such a heroic act, though truly Teutonic in scope and concept, would place his life in danger. Then he decided to abdicate.

Now there were several ways in which the Kaiser, the desperate quarry, might thwart the Allied hunters. At first he wanted to barricade himself in the Villa Fraineuse and defy the Allied armies to smoke him out. He actually sent for munitions to be stored in the castle, but the generals pointed out to him that the idea was not practical from a military point of view. He dropped it.

He could commit suicide. That would have been the way of Frederick the Great, the illustrious ancestor whom he worshipped. Frederick had always carried poison with him. Wilhelm himself broached the suicide possibility to his generals, but at the same time he had an answer for it. Suicide was anathema to his most sacred thoughts—he told them it was against the precepts of his religion.

Another alternative that occurred to him was to go back to Germany, gather certain remnants of his army around him, lead them out on the field of battle, and die a titan's death with a crash of cymbals that might drown out even the ring of the Wagnerian welkin in the hearts of his countrymen. That might be an excellent way of doing it, but after thinking it over Wilhelm had an objection to it. Supposing, once he led his followers to the kill, he should not be killed at all? Supposing he should be merely wounded, perhaps in some outlandish portion of the royal anatomy and then taken prisoner? Supposing he, King of Prussia and German Emperor should be captured by some lout of a doughboy or some filthy French poilu? Ignominious! Unthinkable!

Well, there was another way out. He could flee to a neutral country.

To Denmark? That would mean going by airplane, and the Kaiser could not risk his life in an airplane.

To Spain? Alfonso Bourbon would certainly make Wilhelm most welcome. But that would mean going by submarine, and Wilhelm, who loved to wear the uniform of an admiral of the fleet, had always been afraid of submarines.

To Switzerland, then. No. To get to Switzerland he would have to go through Germany.

"All roads are barred," Hindenburg told him. "You cannot reach Berlin. Only the road to Holland is still open."

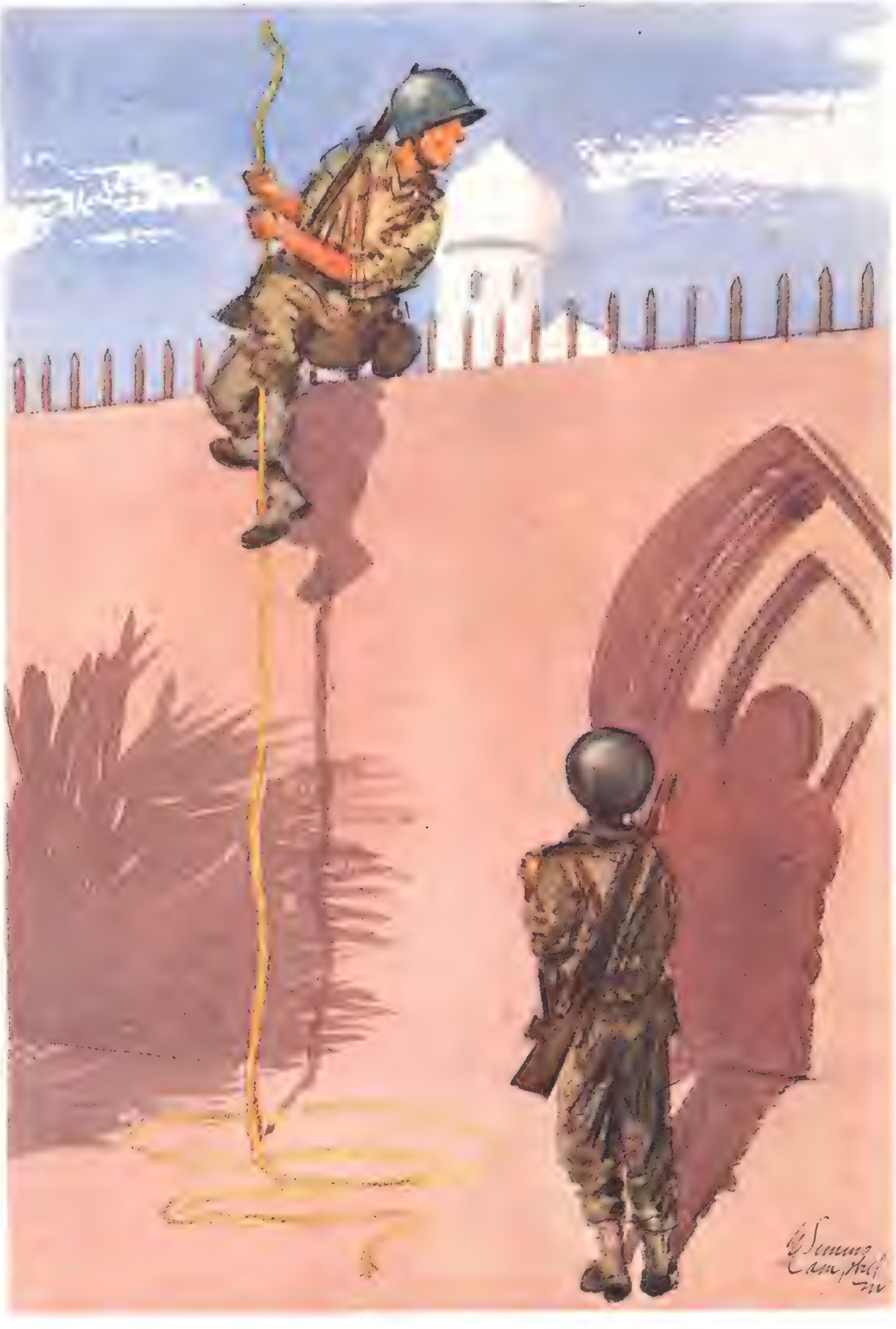
Wilhelm roared: "They want to persuade me to go to Holland! I never will! It would be like a captain deserting a sinking ship!"

And so, on the evening of November 9th, Wilhelm II, ex-Imperator Rex, climbed into a staff car with several members of his staff and went to Holland.

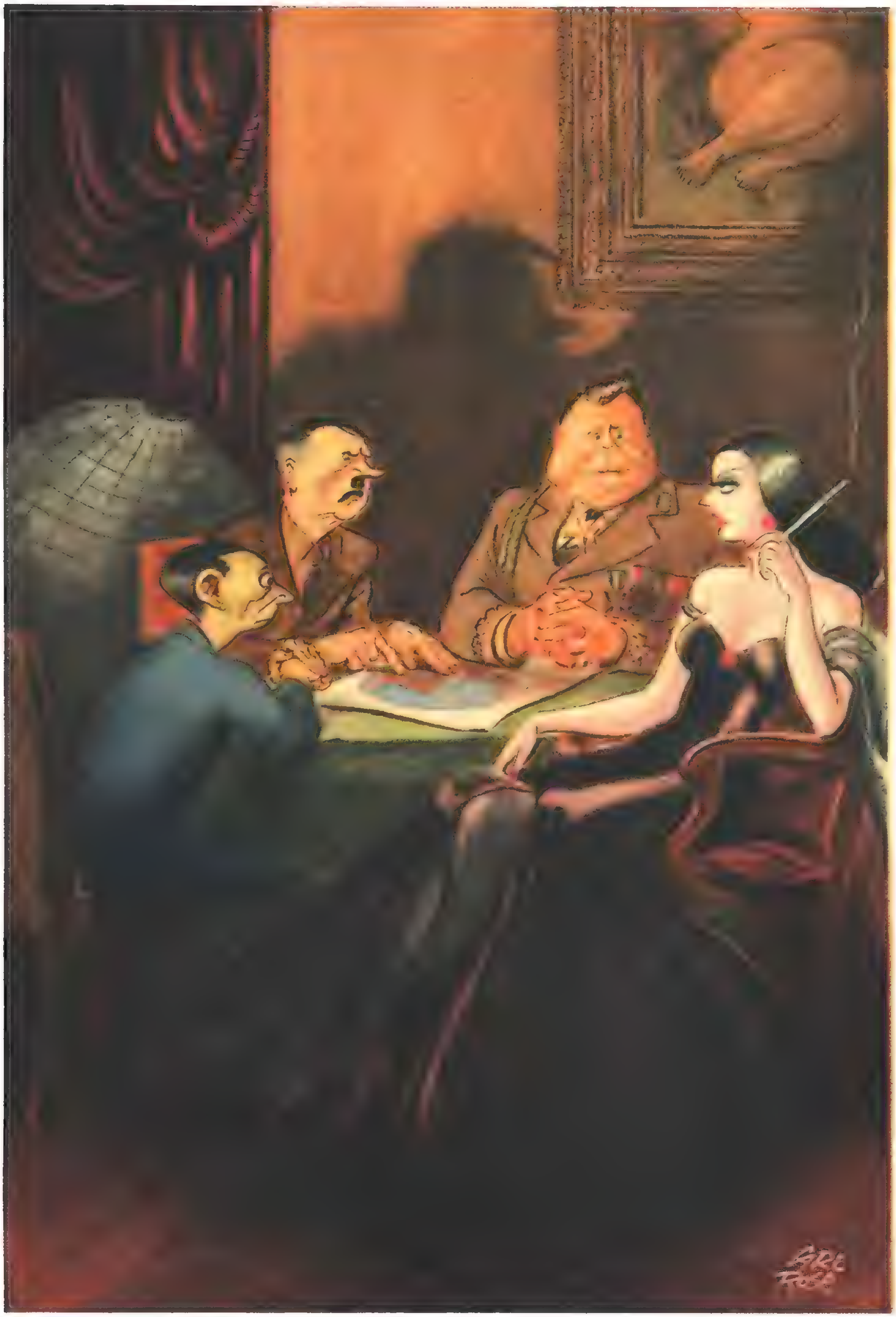
Many authorities on what is known as the German character say that the Germans are passionate adherents of the tragic ending. To die for the Fatherland, and whatever gods there be, is supposed to be the German ideal of the perfect death. It is strange, then, to find such an apostle of the German character as Wilhelm II showing a decided preference to die in bed. It is something for the definers of German character to figure out.

Wilhelm reached Eysden, a tiny

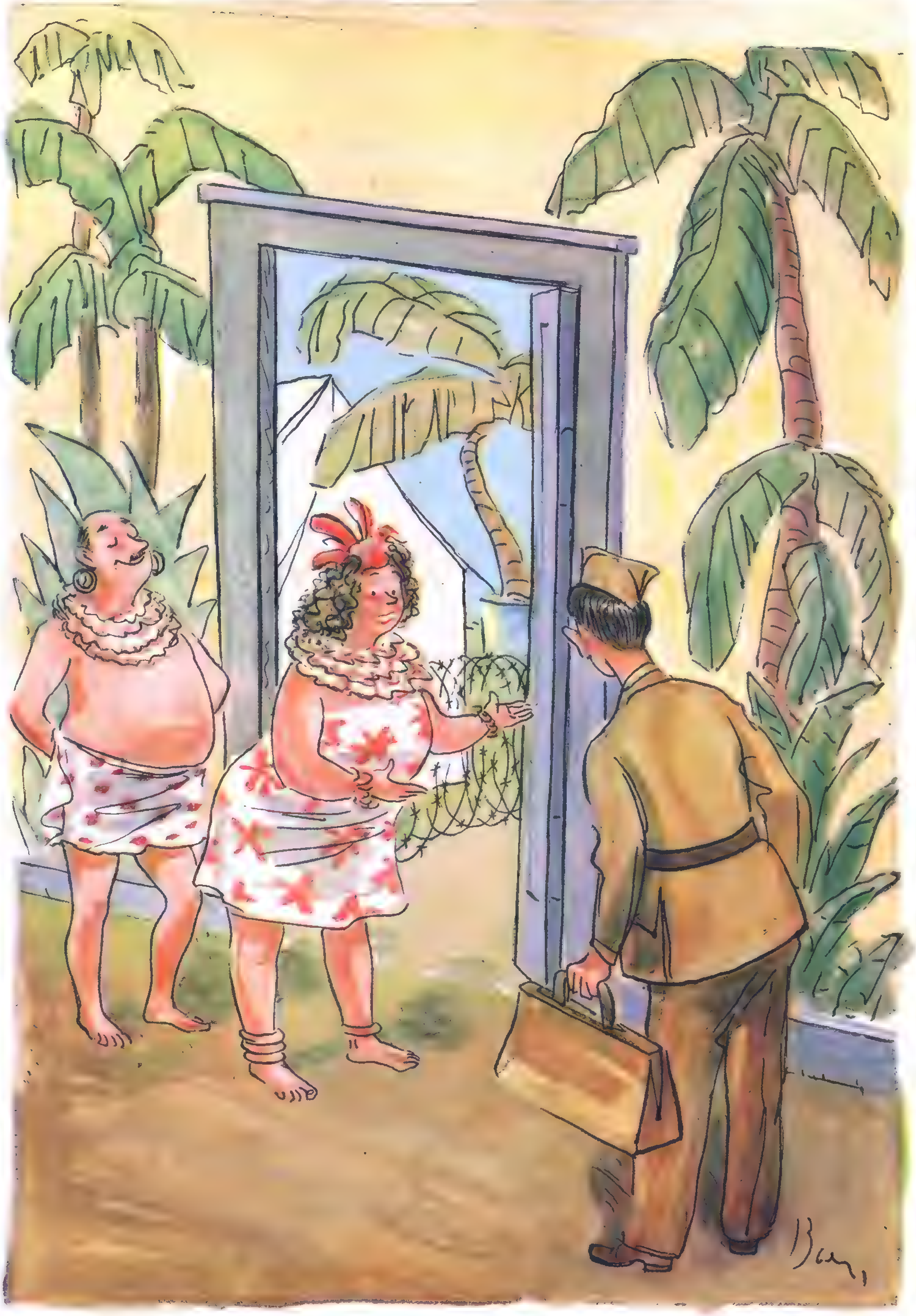
Continued on page 144


E. Simms
Campbell

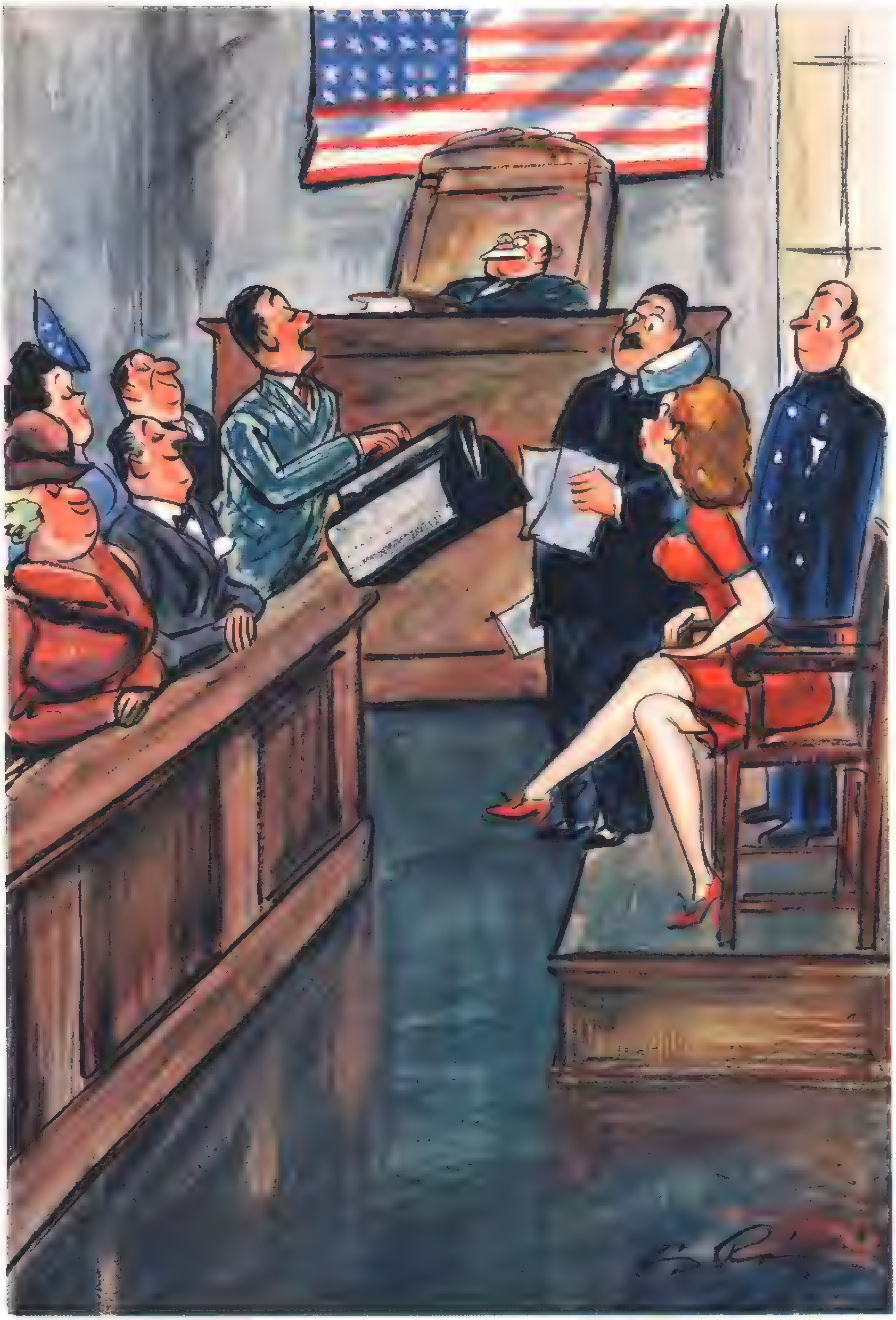
"Oh, boy—dames!"



"Forget the bombsight—I have a more difficult mission for you! Find out if there is any country we can hide in when the war is over"



"We want you to feel right at home on your furlough, dear"



"Before announcing the verdict, the jury would like to present the defendant with this going away bag"

The Yankee from Georgia

Spud Chandler changed his pitching luck with four hard-to-hit deliveries: a fast ball, a slider, a curve and a fork ball

by ERNIE HARWELL & F. M. WILLIAMS

•SPORTS•

The well-knit halfback from Carnesville, Georgia, stood on the pitcher's mound and looked up into the empty vastness of New York's Yankee Stadium.

Only the rebel yells of his University of Georgia teammates, practicing for tomorrow's battle with N.Y.U., disturbed the cold, gray silence of that winter afternoon.

For a moment as he stood there on the mound ruled in Yankee history by such greats as Waite Hoyt, Herb Pennock, Bob Shawkey, Red Ruffing, and Lefty Gomez, the Georgia halfback's mind was far from football signals, punts and passes.

Easily he swung into a rhythmic motion, tossing an imaginary baseball toward the plate. Then he turned to his friend and teammate, Austin Downs.

"You know, someday I'm gonna wind up right here on this mound."

That was Spurgeon Chandler's vision in 1930, his junior year at the University of Georgia.

On an Indian summer afternoon last October 5, his college-day dream reached a climax of reality. A crowd of 68,676 roaring fans infused Yankee Stadium—the cold, silent, empty void of thirteen years before—with a warmth of diamond hospitality for Chandler, the outstanding pitcher of the major leagues, as he notched the opening World Series victory over the St. Louis Cardinals.

Six days later in St. Louis, he hurled a shutout in the final tilt to regain for the New Yorkers the World's Championship.

A more academic diamond honor was placed on Chandler's broad shoulders when he was named by *The Sporting News*, bible of baseball, as the Most Valuable Player in the American League and Player of the Year. In making the nomination, statistic-minded experts pointed to his twenty victories against only four defeats, and to his earned run average of 1.64, the lowest level in tallies allowed since Walter Johnson's 1.09 mark in the dead-ball days of 1913.

The figures prove that Chandler has reached the top. But to even the most avid perusers of the agate type percentage tables, they don't say how.

The statistics don't tell of Chandler's five long summers of minor league frustration as he rode the rails across the country and back again, through the extensive Yankee chain from Springfield, to Binghamton, to Newark, to Syracuse, to Minneapolis, to Oakland, to Portland and back east to Newark.

Within the records there's no mention of his torn stomach muscles, the bone growths in his pitching elbow, his broken ankle or any of the other injuries which befell him.

The figures don't even hint that the Carnesville farm boy was disgusted enough in 1937 to quit baseball—and would have, if a Georgia semi-pro operator had made an acceptable offer.

They don't reveal that his lone pitch was a blazing fast ball; and that Spud, before he became effective, had to borrow three workable deliveries from the repertoire of his fellow hurlers.

And in those many, many statistics not once will any fan find the one word which every ball player uses when he's asked why Spud Chandler is a baseball success—"guts."

Since his collegiate days, nothing has shattered Chandler's faith in himself. Today in the dugouts of the National League he is considered one of the game's outstanding competitors.

Although his unflagging determination made him a Yankee, it was a chance discovery in midsummer of 1941 which changed Spud from a minor major-leaguer (or vice-versa) into a full-fledged star.

For five summers the Georgian, who had entered baseball in 1932 with brains, guts and a fast ball, barely managed to hold on. In vain, he searched for a pitch which would break the opposite of his fast ball. (His fast one breaks down and inside to a right-hand hitter.) He picked up a pip of a curve in '38 from Monte Pearson, but still needed a swift pitch with a down and outside dip.

He found it in July, 1941, in Cleveland. Chandler was warming up with the veteran Yankee catcher, Bill Dickey. Bill tossed the ball back to him. It broke sharply, down and out.

"Say, Bill," called Spud, "show me what you did to that one. That's the pitch I've been looking for."

Dickey showed him. Chandler went to work on the delivery until he had perfected it into what he now calls his slider. He first used it July 13, beating the White Sox, 8-1. Before that tilt, Spud's record was no victories and four setbacks. But he won ten straight and finished the campaign with his string unbroken. His total record for the last half of '41 and the entire seasons of 1942 and 1943 is 46 triumphs against nine losses.

Now Spud has four hard-to-hit deliveries—a fast ball, slider, curve and fork ball. He borrowed his fork ball from Ernie Bonham in mid-season of '43 and uses it as his change of pace. He also adopted a screwball which Swampy Donald showed him, but has trouble controlling it.

"I don't use that one now," points out Chandler, "but I'm gonna keep it in my book for use after I lose my fast ball."

Spud's theory is that with four effective pitches he has the odds on the batter.

"Most hitters come up to the plate looking for a certain pitch," he explains. "Say you have a man on second and one out. He may come to bat expecting a curve. Well, you can't throw him that fast one all afternoon. Sooner or later you try to slip in the curve and he socks it.

"On the other hand, with a curve, a fork ball, a slider and a fast one, it's pretty hard for a batter to stand up there very long and wait for the one he wants. You've got him on variety, and the odds are with you."

The same determination which prodded Chandler into developing his pitching repertoire also has affected even the most minute details of Spud's work days. For instance, he wears a special Chandler-designed shirt. Of lightweight flannel, it has a right arm of extra heavy material to retain the perspiration and cut down any breeze which might stiffen Chandler's salary wing.

The Georgian once went so far as to design a revolutionary pitching glove, but when manufacturers didn't tailor it to his specifications he tossed it away.

During the twenty-four hours before his pitching turn, Chandler watches his diet as carefully as a chorus girl. He especially avoids any cold liquids which might produce excess perspiration and weaken him in late innings. He sometimes takes in a movie and always gets nine full hours of sleep.

Once on the mound, Chandler

Continued on page 164

Sammy Campbell

The Wheel Named Prudence

She was beautiful and fascinating to watch and once Elden Harvey had taken her home, he was literally possessed

by ALAN NELSON

• FICTION •

Not many people, probably, have ever heard of a roulette wheel committing suicide.

One did, though. Its name was Prudence—a beautiful little ebony wheel, sleek and shiny, which not only destroyed itself completely and deliberately after a dizzy two-year career, but also capriciously spun one woman into her grave and skidded another man off its whirling perimeter straight into the arms of the State Hospital for the Insane.

Prudence was beautiful and fascinating to watch in action. When the inner disc was spinning, the little machine seemed to come alive, and it would sing softly to itself, the frame pulsated with a vibrant energy, and the whole black body was somehow charged with the coiled ferocity of a black panther quivering before the leap.

Elden Harvey acquired the roulette wheel during a particularly trying period in his life when everything he touched seemed to go wrong. His troubles swarmed over him like an army of man-eating ants—no single one was too big to beat off, but he knew that there were too many for him and that in the end he would be consumed.

Incidents followed each other with a maddening consistency until the chain of ill luck extended unbroken on and on throughout the months and even the years.

It all started one day when he bought the wrong electric heater; it had a faulty wiring circuit and burned his house down.

Then he discovered the insurance had expired just two weeks previously.

Disgusted, he sold the property and set about to look for a new site to build a house. He scoured the city for a suitable location and finally narrowed the possibilities down to two lots—each one in separate parts of the city. No sooner had he made the down payment than an automobile wrecking firm bought a lot just across the street, and before anyone knew what happened, other automobile junk companies followed suit and the district suddenly began developing into a cheap semi-industrial zone. The other lot which he had been considering doubled in value within six months.

Then, while he was walking away from the real estate dealer where he was trying to dispose of his lot at any price, a speeding automobile ticked the edge of a small lone boulder in the street, flicking it into his face as though it were a cherry pit squeezed between the fingers. The rock hit him squarely in the mouth and clipped three of his front teeth off cleanly at the gum line.

While he was in the dentist's office someone stole his hat.

This sequence of bad luck continued uninterrupted for almost three years, and instead of running itself out, the ill fortune grew worse and worse, and every decision Harvey made and every action he undertook seemed to be the wrong one. Harvey was primarily a methodical, reasoning man, a man who made his decisions on the basis of logic. His mind turned over smoothly and precisely with little even clicks—like the blades of a well-oiled lawn mower, and so for a while he weathered the storm remarkably well.

But when finally he realized that his careful decisions were resulting in an endless parade of reverses, frustrations, unlucky accidents and freak misfortunes, Harvey began to brood and sink deeper into a feeling of fatalistic hopelessness. He became convinced that in any given decision, pure chance would have as good a prospect of making a successful choice as would pure logic. And he even began to muse on the fact that had he allowed all the main decisions of his life to be determined by the flip of a coin, he could have done no worse.

And it was indeed the truth, for, never very successful even before the run of evil struck him, by now he was an anonymous looking little man in his early forties, with thin brown hair and a nervous habit of chewing on his pipe as though it were an all day sucker, and he used to scuttle down the street looking dry and withered like an empty squeezed-out tooth paste tube. He had a kind of grim expression about his mouth as though he were waiting for the next blow to fall. It was a struggle for him to get enough to eat and a place to sleep.

It was about this time that Harvey acquired the roulette wheel. He had stepped into a stationery store to buy a package of writing paper, and the clerk being engaged in the back part of the store, Harvey idly spun the silver knob of the sleek little roulette wheel which was being displayed on top of the counter. He watched the flash of the spinning disc, and listened to the buzzing and clicking of the little ivory ball as it danced eccentrically about the bowl. Finally it came to rest in the green double zero. Harvey spun the wheel again and after some more hissing and clicking the little white ball settled into the double zero once again. By the time the double zero came up the third time in succession, the sales clerk had approached him.

"What kind of a machine do you call this?" Harvey asked. "It's fixed, isn't it?"

"What do you mean, 'fixed'?" the clerk replied.

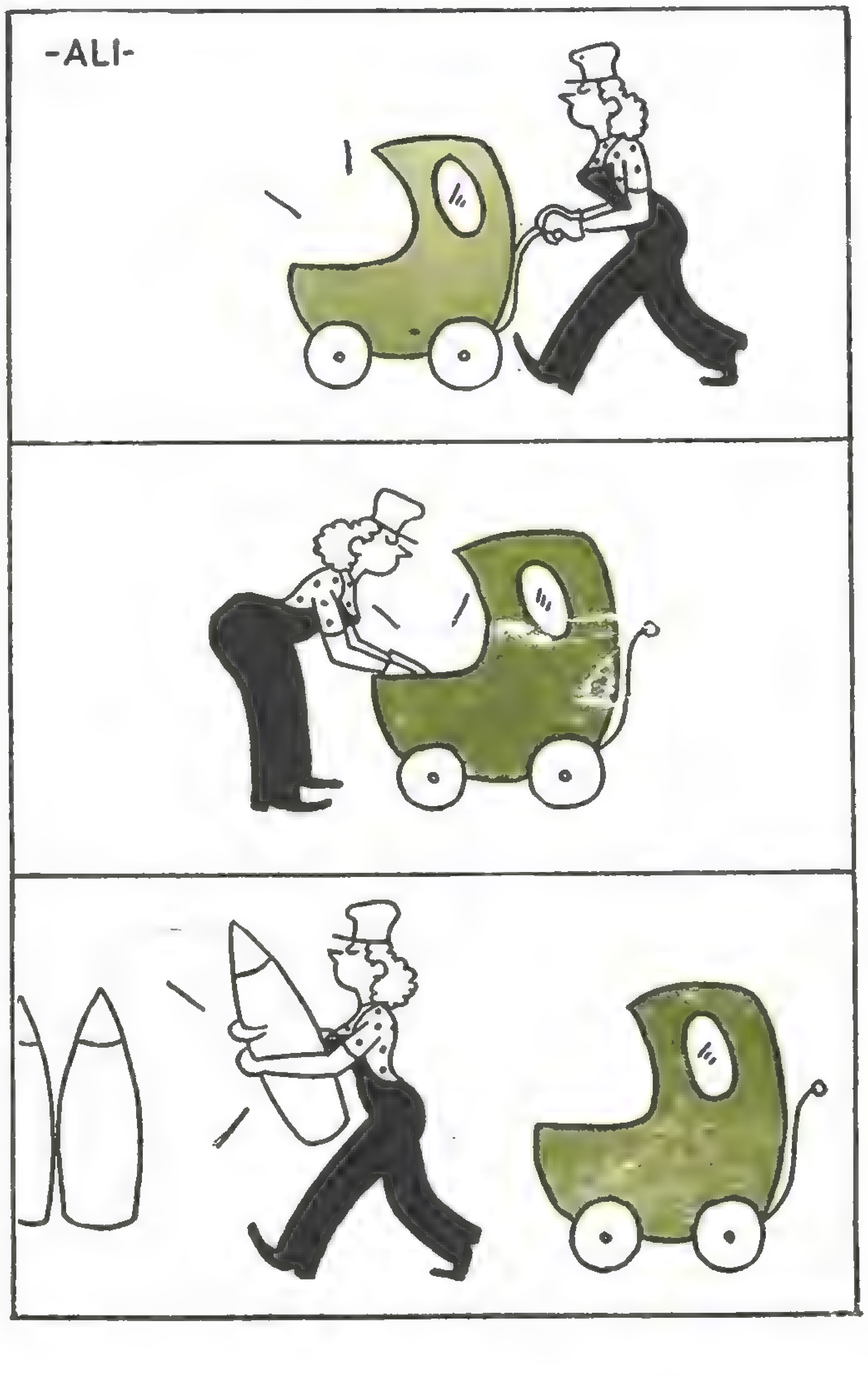
"Well, simply that it comes up double zero every time. Go ahead, spin it."

The clerk spun the wheel. The first time it landed in the black eight. The second time in the red 30, and the third time in the red 18.

"What do you mean, 'fixed'?" the clerk repeated.

Harvey took the wheel from the clerk and spun it himself once again. When the little ball dropped once more into the double zero, Harvey said nothing more, but impulsively laid down $7.95, put the little black machine under his arm, and walked out of the store.

When Harvey got the roulette wheel home, it didn't come up double zero any more, but it did a lot of other amazing things. In seven successive spins, the ivory ball landed in the 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, and 35 slots. Next, it numbered off Harvey's birthdates—the day, month, and year. The little contraption practically turned itself inside out in an odd mixture of exhibitionism and pure



delight in being in Harvey's presence. It seemed to be trying frantically to express its recognition and adulation of Harvey in some strange mute manner. It purred and whined and clicked and buzzed and all the time the little ivory ball would be dropping into fantastic combinations of numbers.

It was at this point that the first faint glimmerings of a new way of life scudded across Harvey's consciousness.

Excitedly he went into the next room, tore the racing form chart from the newspaper. In the first race on the following day there were to be eight entries. Not having followed the horses for years, the names meant nothing to him. But he clipped the name of each horse and holding it separately over the wheel, spun the disc. If black came up, arbitrarily he crumpled the name of the entry and discarded it. This procedure he continued until finally one name remained.

The following day, Harvey collected twelve dollars for the two he had placed on "Pullman Car."

It's hard to tell at what precise point Harvey turned the complete management of his life over to Prudence. Probably at first he felt his way cautiously, testing Prudence on such relatively simple matters as what suit of clothes to buy or what district to live in. But as the pattern of his life mysteriously grew richer and more successful, he soon turned the whole business over to the wheel. And the streak of bad luck then stopped as though shut off by a faucet; things began to come his way, everything he touched turned out all right and he couldn't make a mistake. Convinced that at last he had freed himself from the autocratic fates which had led him through so much misery and suffering, he realized that Prudence was becoming more and more a part of his life—almost as much a part of him as his own cerebral cortex, and he depended on the little machine and needed it like food and water and love.

Practically no one knew about the wheel and his complete dependency on it. They probably wouldn't have believed the story anyway. Or possibly they would have put it down as an idiosyncrasy of a very successful man. People often wondered, however, what Harvey kept in the little brown satchel which was always with him. It was with him at the opera, at director's meetings, at social calls.

The spectacle of Prudence in the process of making a decision for Harvey was a strange and, in some ways, a gruesome sight. It was almost a ritual. Take for example the time Prudence decided which of two large apartment houses Harvey was to buy.

First he carefully removed Prudence from the little brown satchel, unwrapped the heavy felt cloth which enveloped her, and then gently placed her in the center of the table. A soft, rather simpering smile appeared on Harvey's face and he gazed steadily at the wheel as though there were not another object in the room. Then he began to fondle the sleek little contraption, stroking its sides affectionately as though he were caressing the fingers of a sweetheart. And all the time that silly, tender, absorbed look was on his face. Playfully, he gave the disc a preliminary spin; the little ivory ball bounced and danced ecstatically over the numbers and Prudence purred contentedly, for all the world like a big black cat, sleek and fat, trying to snuggle up to its master.

Then when the time came to make the actual decision, Harvey spread the green layout on the table, wrote the address of one apartment house on a slip of paper, placed it on black. On red, he placed the address of the other. Then he spun the wheel, watched intently as the ball jigged nervously over the numbers, waited until the ball had fallen into the red seven. Without another moment's delay, he jumped up, authorized the purchase of the property whose address lay on red.

It was as simple as that. If there was a decision to be made involving two choices, he would leave it up to red and black or odd or even. If three choices were possible, he would use high, low, and 13 to 24. If there were four choices he would divide the board up into fourths. It was easily worked out.

Of course, Prudence was not infallible. There was the time she capriciously sent Harvey on a wild goose chase half way across the continent looking for a spot to spend a vacation. Prudence led him a merry jaunt and he finally wound up in the wilds of northern Idaho at a run-down resort which had closed up for the season due to lack of business. Harvey seemed disappointed but he explained that very probably there was a good reason in back of Prudence's choice—some other place might have given him sunstroke or caused him to be bitten by a rattlesnake.

It was on this trip that Harvey assaulted the poor porter who

Continued on page 135

"I guess this ought to stop your harping on what you did when you were my age!"

Heroes of the Inland Seas

Despite disasters caused by bad weather and shortage of seamen our Great Lakes freighters carried the ore to the mills

by JOHN MARTIN

▪ARTICLE▪

℞

THE deckaroos lined the rails on the long, low ships and gazed out at the ice floe. It stretched as far up the bleak grey lake as they could see. In all that blinding, hummocked waste only one thing moved—the black smoke from the twin stacks of the ice-breaker *Sainte Marie.*

"She'll never make it," muttered one of the sailors and slapped his hands together in the numbing cold.

The *Sainte Marie* backed up into the narrow channel she had broken, halted, paused, then dashed full speed ahead at the tight jam-up. With her propellers churning she leaped on up atop the ice. It splintered beneath her weight. She had chewed off another hunk of the thirty-odd miles of solid floe.

As she bucked and plunged ahead into Whitefish Bay of Lake Superior, the long ore freighters behind her moved out of Sault Ste. Marie—the Soo—and into the narrow channel she had smashed clear. This was wartime, April 20, 1943. Already the opening of navigation was a month late. Ice had jammed down here at the foot of Lake Superior, piling thirty feet high in places. And the lakes men were faced with a record quota of iron ore tonnage to fill. Stockpiles at the great steel furnaces of the East were shrinking fast. The fighting men of the United Nations depended on steel and steel depended on iron ore.

At a mile an hour the *Sainte Marie* smashed through the floe, taking terrible punishment. In a normal year she would have waited till the ice was soft, "ripe." By the end of the second day, she had battered her way to clear water. The channel was open, a single narrow lane. Through it the long, low ships could move toward the great iron ports.

But, as the *Sainte Marie* turned, her master saw that the cargo ships which had followed him were stuck fast. The wind had shifted. Suddenly the ice had closed on the boats, locking them fast, lifting them, almost bodily, out of the water.

There they lay, with great piling ice masses grinding against their thin plates. These boats were designed to carry great tonnages of iron ore. They were not built, like the *Sainte Marie* had been constructed, to withstand the terrible pressure of crushing ice.

For two days the *Sainte Marie* battered her way, freeing them one by one. Away they went under forced draft, heading up the great grey lake, the storied lake called Superior. The Upper Lakes were open. Until next fall, the work of the *Sainte Marie* was done.

But that of the ore freighters and the men who manned them had only begun. Of all the seamen enlisted in the war on the Axis, few worked harder in greater obscurity and danger than the seamen of the Great Lakes. Last year's short navigation season was probably the most critical in America's history.

Most of the Great Lakes seamen spend the winter, when the lakes are iced up, working in factories or shipyards. When March comes, they watch the ice soften in the lower lakes and wait for the company agents to make the rounds: "Seamen wanted."

The *Presque Isle* carried the first cargo of iron ore down to Lake Erie in 1943. She cleared Escanaba, Michigan, April 9 and, passing through the Straits of Mackinac, which always open sooner than the Soo, made Cleveland four days later.

Last season, when the crewmen from any boat came ashore, you could see smooth-faced boys and aged men among them. You could even see a few women, mostly second cooks.

But the vessels had experienced masters, men who knew the treacherous shoals and fogs and shifting winds of the upper lakes. Some of these men make their homes at the upper lakes iron ports—Escanaba and Marquette in Michigan, Ashland and Superior in Wisconsin, Duluth and Two Harbors in Minnesota. Others live "down below," at such steel ports as Cleveland and Conneaut and Ashtabula and Lorain and Toledo and South Chicago and Buffalo.

Some have homes at Sault Ste. Marie and when their ships pass through the narrow St. Mary's River, they seize megaphones and hurry to the rail and carry on a shouted conversation with their wives, who pace the shore beside the ships. In 1943 they were lucky if they got home even for a few hours from the opening of navigation in April to its close in December. This was continual shuttle-service, up and down the lakes, from the steel furnace towns of the East up to the remote mines on the vast Lake Superior ranges whence comes 85 per cent of the nation's ore. Boats and men took a merciless pounding. Fair weather or foul they thundered up and down the lakes.

After the first break-through in April, fogs and bad weather persisted weeks longer than usual on Lake Superior, one of the earth's most treacherous bodies of water. The boats got through. At Marquette a ship which had been riding high when it came in empty, a few hours later would be nearly down to waterline.

Night loading is eerie. Hard-ore strikes myriad sparks as it thunders down the steel chutes into the yawning holds. Coastguardmen, rifle on shoulder, patrol the fenced-off dock area. Roar of the tumbling ore is deafening. The boat, shrouded in swirling fog and lit weirdly with searchlights, trembles beneath the impact of its cargo. There is no gangplank. The men step across a narrow band of darkness directly from dock to ship. Beneath the inclined chutes is a catwalk on which powdery ore dust sifts. If the ore is soft red hematite instead of the grey glittery hard-ore, there is less noise but more dirt. A hundred feet above, on top of the dock, figures move against the dark sky, swinging lanterns at an approaching train of ore cars.

The captain is on the bridge checking his instruments and controls. Beside the wheel is the radio detector for locating objects in fog, an adaptation of Radar; it has worked overtime of late.

"Forecastle" of an ore boat is aft, reached by a steep low-ceilinged iron companionway. At the bottom glows a single unshaded lamp bulb. The corridor is only wide enough for a man's body, for every inch of space on these boats is for ore. On either side is a row of narrow tiered bunks. And men are sleeping in them despite the nightmarish roar overhead. They are sleeping the sleep of exhaustion. Since the boats are so shorthanded, the men often are at the wheel far beyond their theoretical eight-hour watches. All summer ships steamed up the lakes dangerously short of their normal complement of men. One reached Duluth without a single deck hand—nothing but officers and black gang, and the mates heaved the hawsers to the dock. But she arrived on schedule.

First vessel into Marquette in the spring of 1943 was the *Colonel.* She arrived April 24, and though

Continued on page 152

THE ESQUIRE CANTEEN

Marina Svetlova in *Carmen*

THIS time Esquire is giving you an elegante to pin up, Marina Svetlova, première danseuse of the Metropolitan Opera. The toreador is Leon Varkas, a soloist of the Met's ballet. Former ballerina with the Monte Carlo Ballet Russe, the Original Ballet Russe and Ballet Theatre, Svetlova made her New York debut last November, that season made notable because the Met engaged a prima ballerina for the first time in ten years, and featured Svetlova in an original dance created especially for her to the music of Bizet's *Ouvre ton Coeur.*

No mean achievement for a girl of twenty-one, Svetlova took the experience in her tender stride.

Born in Paris of Russian parents, Svetlova feels "there is more to life than just to dance. Why? I started dancing when I was nine because I was sick from pneumonia," she confides in her soft accent. "I liked it so I went on."

Svetlova had just turned fifteen when she signed her first contract with the Ballet Russe de Paris, with which company she made a long tour of Europe as the partner of Serge Lifar. In 1939 she left with the Original Ballet Russe, under Colonel de Basil, for a tour of Australia and America.

Trim and graceful, Svetlova stands five feet three inches and weighs 110 pounds, has no bulging muscles. Her throaty voice is sad when she speaks of her parents still in Paris. "I hated to leave, but I was signed for the tour and had to go. There were ten ships going to Australia. Ours was one of three that came through. We saw submarines but there was no trouble. Each day we rehearsed like wild in our safety belts."

Svetlova is trying to learn to jitterbug, and is failing nicely. Her fun consists of riding horseback, walking, reading in French, Russian and English. When she is lonesome, she writes romantic poetry.

From her father, the first Russian to fly a plane, she learned to fly, getting her first license when she was sixteen. But the big news about Svetlova is not her choreography as much as it is her startling answer to the question regarding her plans. "I have none," she says, "I am perfectly happy."

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTON BRUEHL

Anton Bruehl

Universal's

MARIA MONTEZ

Hurrell Photograph

The Cowboy Sang Soprano

The trail boss was never one to fool with a green ranch hand, but he knew a good voice would soothe those steers

by GEORGE MILBURN

• FICTION •

THIS kid come riding up to the chuck wagon while we was eating. He's a peakèd-faced boy with dreamy eyes. He's got on orange colored chaps and a ten gallon hat and the varnish is still on his mail order boots. He climbs off his spavined pinto, comes over to Ab, the trail boss, and allows he's heard back at Fort Griffin we was needing a hand.

We was a month out of Bandera on the old Western Trail with two thousand head, and hadn't even crossed the Brazos, yet. Our herd never had got road-broke proper, and thunder storms had caused one stampede after another.

Ab was the meanest dispositioned trail boss any man ever rode with. If he'd ever had a heart in him the size of a pecan, it had petrified. He was quick on the draw. He could knock the pips out of the six of spades at twenty yards. His trail hands had a way of drifting off without even calling for their time.

Ab hands the Kid a lariat and tells him to go over to the remuda and rope him out a horse. The Kid makes a brave start, but he gets all tangled up. Ab calls the Kid back and asks if they was to be a night stampede, would he drift along in front, or circle them to a mill? The Kid says he would drift along in front, which of course was just one hundred per cent the wrong answer. Ab was purely disgusted. He says, "Tell me what you figger your qualifications as a trail hand are."

The Kid thinks a minute, and then he says, "Well, I've got a good singing voice."

A good singing voice does help to keep a herd quieted down. There wasn't 'ary one of us could carry a tune if we had it in a poke. Even a greenhorn who could sing soothing on night guard, especially to a herd as restive as ours was, wasn't a hand to be passed lightly by.

So Ab says, "I tell you what —if you want to ride along to Dodge with us for your beans, okay."

The Kid was purely overjoyed. Ab put him on the drag with me, bringing up strays. He didn't know riding herd from sour apples, and I kept him so busy he didn't have a chance to sing.

We crossed the Brazos that day. It was in flood, and the Kid lost six steers. Ab cussed him out and the Kid just shivered.

That night Ab put me and the Kid on the second shift of night herd. We had been circling the bed grounds for about ten minutes when I says: "Come on, Kid. Now's your chance to sing." He let out the awfulest caterwauling that ever struck a man's ears. The steers all begin lowing and struggling to their feet. I knowed it wouldn't take much more to set them off across the prairie. But before I could stop the Kid, here come Ab Dunn, just a-faunching.

"You call that singing?" he says. "You've purt' near got the cattle scared into a stampede. We'd never get these steers to Dodge with you along."

The Kid whimpered, "Please, Mr. Dunn. I got my feet wet crossing the river today, and I must've lost my singing voice."

"You'll lose more'n your voice if you ain't away from this camp before morning. Vamoose!"

When the shift changed and me and Ab got back to the chuck wagon, the Kid was waiting. He pleaded for Ab to just let him get his throat cleared up and then he'd prove he could sing. Ab finally agreed to let him stay till we got to Doan's Crossing, which took a week. The Kid spent most of his time gargling salt water, but he still hadn't got his voice back when we reached Red River.

Red River was full from bank to bank. Only a trail boss as mean as Ab would expect his men to put two thousand rambunctious steers across that flooded stream. There was no question of firing the Kid then, because we needed every hand. We swum thirty head across at a time, and made it with less trouble than I figured.

As I reached the north bank behind the last bunch I looked around in time to see the Kid's horse go under with him in the current. I jumped off my horse. Ab Dunn came up and grabbed me.

"Leave go me," I says. "I've got to save that kid."

"No, you ain't. That kid's of no account to us. You'll get pulled under. I can't afford to lose another trail hand if I'm ever going to get these steers to Dodge."

By this time the Kid, swept clear of his saddle and grabbing out blind, had caught hold of his horse's tail, and the horse was swimming for shore with him in tow.

Well, we dreened might near a coffee pot full of water out of that kid before we brung him to. We put him in the chuck wagon, more dead than alive. Ab Dunn rared and faunched about it.

Laying up in the cook wagon, away from the dust of the herd and keeping his feet dry, it wasn't long till the Kid got his voice back.

That kid had the most wonderful singing voice I have ever heard on a human. He sang soprano. No, I don't mean tenor. Soprano. Yodeled some, too. He had learned all them songs like *Poor Lonesome Cowboy* and *Cielito Lindo* and *The Letter Edged in Black*. We used to lay awake listening while he was on night guard. The steers seemed to appreciate his singing voice as much as we did. They rested easy while he was out there singing.

The rest of us worked three shifts at night guard, but Ab made the Kid stay out all night. The Kid was so anxious to be a cowboy he never beefed. Every night he would yodel to them steers in the starlight until it would might near break your heart.

We had fine weather all the way across the Territory, so we made good progress. But when we struck Dodge City, Ab learned that the K.C. market had dropped. In spite of it setting in to rain again, he concluded to drive on to Ogallala and ship over the U.P. to Chicago. Meanwhile, the boys had dispersed themselves around the various centers of entertainment in Dodge. Ab located me, and we set out to round them up so we could hit the trail next morning.

We was coming up Main Street when we heard pistol shots. We looked and over in front of the Lady Gay Dance Hall Bat Wilson was shooting at a tenderfoot's toes. It was the Kid, picking them up and putting them down in a puddle of rain water, with the bullets splashing around his feet. Ab Dunn's hand flicked to his hip and his .45 cracked twice. Across the way Bat's two guns clattered on the boardwalk.

"Ab," I says, "that's as fine a thing as ever I've seen a man do. You've got a good heart, after all."

"You didn't think I'd stand by and watch him shoot holes in the Kid's boots, did you?" Ab says.

"If I ever suspicioned that of you, Ab," I says, fervent-like, "I apologize to you now. I'm proud to know a man that would come to a kid's rescue the way you done."

"Yeah," Ab says, blowing the smoke out of his gun, "I ain't taking no chances on the Kid getting holes in his boots. Why, if he was to get his feet wet and lose his singing voice just now, we never would get them steers to Ogallala." ###

♦ AMERICAN BEAUTIES, WESTERN STYLE

The face and fortune of Maria Montez

SOME said it was coal-carrying, but Montez said it was her "beegest t'rill" when her native Dominican Republic decorated her. They pinned two official medals on her, made speeches in Spanish. In Americano it means: Montez makes the Good Neighbor policy a pleasure. Montez not only makes men want to be very, very good neighbors—Montez makes them want to move in.

The lady of the long legal name—Maria Gracia van Dahl de Santo Silas—has recently acquired still another name and, coincidentally, some new ideas on men. Since her actor-husband, Jean Pierre Aumont, hit out for the fighting fronts with the Free French, Maria has decided it's true what they say about honor and thieves. These days, she says, even wolves come in shades of red, white and blue. They flee in packs from the wife of a man in service. If there can be such a thing as a hands-off policy within range of the Montez magnet, every cat in uniform can quit worrying about *his* mouse.

Miss Montez is a legendary figure in Hollywood. Even a casual collector can claim a special stock of Montez lore: about spectacular entrances and re-entrances, fiery fights, cocky ego, wild hats. Montez not only admits the talk is true, but says she built it up deliberately. Everyone is at least half ham, she thinks, and the Great Montez is no exception. She was shuffled around in Hollywood too long to tame her temperament, even after she signed at Grableless, Hayworth-less, Sheridan-less, Turner-less Universal. So, in a flash, she went flashy. She acted up, put on a show, had everybody asking "whozat?" Now, after such pictures as *Arabian Nights*, *Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves*, *Cobra Woman* and *Gypsy Wildcat*, everybody knows whozat.

Her horoscope says she'll do good work this year, with a special break in June, but that 1946 will be the real peak of her career. Waiting and watching will be interesting—to put it mildly.

Vital statistics: *Height:* 5′ 6½″; *Weight:* 118; *Bust:* 34″; *Waist:* 23″; *Hips:* 36″; *Thigh:* 21½″; *Calf:* 13″; *Ankle:* 8″; *Shoe Size:* 5; *Birthday:* June 6; *Side Talent:* writing poetry.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HURRELL

Dade and His Command

Of 107 soldiers who marched down the Ft. King Road to drive the Seminoles out of Florida, only one man returned

by A. C. M. AZOY

• ARTICLE •

ON WEST POINT's tree-bordered plain facing the Academy Library stands a marble cenotaph. Devoid of shields, broken lances, furled flags or other traditional decorations, the fluted shaft bears a single garland of sculptured laurel to frame the inscription "Dade and His Command."

The dust of more than a century has drifted over the records. In 1835, in Florida, newly acquired from Spain, the native Seminole Indians were in revolt. Under Spanish rule Florida had been pretty much theirs to live in as they pleased; now suddenly came these white strangers from the north to tell them they must move out.

Urged by the wily Osceola, a half-breed of such natural military adroitness that he has been erroneously reputed to be a renegade West Point cadet, the Seminoles refused to acknowledge the "Treaty of Payne's Landing" by which the Indians were required to emigrate to lands west of the Mississippi. They retired into the swamps and bayous and prepared to fight.

Andrew Jackson's message to the Seminoles was in his own direct style:

"You know me," proclaimed Old Hickory. "You know I would not deceive you or advise you to do anything unjust or injurious. But I tell you that you must go and will go. You have sold your country and you have not a place as large as a blanket to sit down upon."

War drums began to sound through the Everglades. Up and down the Florida peninsula small, isolated Army posts sent out calls for reinforcements.

First answer to these appeals for help was an order to Francis Langhorne Dade, forty-two year old Virginian and brevet major of the 4th U. S. Infantry. He was summoned from peacetime duty to the role of martyr-hero of the Seminole War that would last seven years and cost the lives of nearly 1,500 Americans and the expenditure of 20,000,000 dollars.

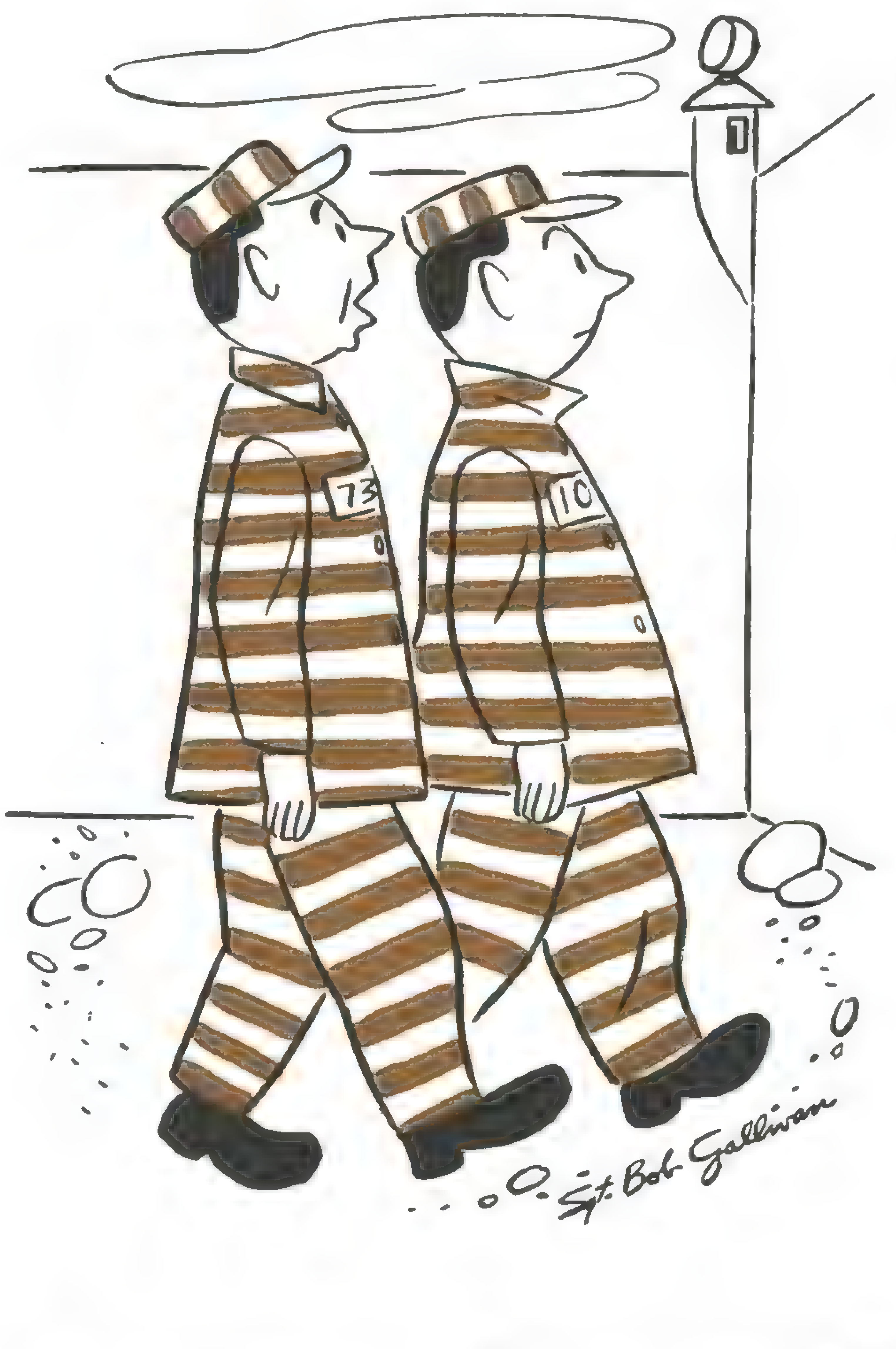
Dade was with a mixed command of infantry and artillery stationed at Fort Brooke on Tampa Bay. The orders he received on Christmas Eve of 1835 directed him to take a detachment of gun and foot troops to reinforce tiny Fort King, 101 miles to the north near the present city of Ocala. The two posts were connected by a broad trail known as "The Fort King Road." The major and his men were understandably annoyed at having to give up a Christmas holiday for what appeared nothing more than a practice march.

From Company B of Dade's own outfit he took one sergeant and ten privates. The 2d Artillery was represented by Capt. G. W. Gardiner, Lieuts. Basinger and Henderson, eleven privates from Co. B, seven non-coms and twenty-five privates from Co. C, and eleven privates from Co. H. The 3d Artillery sent Capt. U. S. Frazer, Lieuts. Mudge and Keais, Assistant Surgeon Gatlin, a drummer, a fifer, six non-coms and twenty-six privates from Co. B. Ten days' provisions were carried on an ox cart and another yoke of oxen dragged a brass six-pounder when they left the Fort.

Here was as conglomerate a body of soldiers as ever answered "Ho!" to roll call. Every state was represented in the ranks. In addition there were Scots, some Englishmen who had traded red coats for blue after 1812, and a few descendants of the Hessians of 1776. To add spice to this military melange there were no less than twenty-six Irishmen.

From the parade ground of Fort Brooke, to the fife tune of *Three Cheers*, the column stepped off to its date with destiny. Of the 107 rank and file who marched out of the gate that December afternoon only one would come back.

At nightfall the detachment camped beside the Little Hillsborough River, seven miles on their way. Dade carefully entrenched and night passed without alarm.



"Then I went straight for two difficult and trying months"

But the Indian grapevine had carried the news and the Seminole chiefs were in war council.

Head of the Seminole nation was fat and easy-going Chief Micanopy—"Pond Governor," who would have been content to send a message of protest to Dade. But under him were three chiefs who wanted to fight. They were Osceola, Otee Emathlar—"Jumper," and Halpada-Tustenugge—"Alligator." They outvoted Micanopy and decided to waylay the soldiers in the great Wahoo swamp three days hence. Meanwhile, a constant watch would be kept on the advance by the many Negro slaves owned by the Seminoles and used by them as scouts and spies.

For the next forty-eight hours the soldiers marched forward in apparent solitude. They camped the second night beside the Big Hillsborough River and the third night in the Wahoo swamp.

In the swamp's labyrinth of side trails, behind the curtains of moss that shrouded the gnarled cypress and live oak trees, the Indians were close to them. "Jumper" had gathered 180 tribesmen. Osceola and Micanopy were coming with more. But Micanopy was never one to travel fast. The soldiers were permitted to break camp and march out of the swamp. Unsuspectingly convoyed by the moccasined shadows that glided through the underbrush paralleling his line of march, Dade brought his men the next night to camp at the Withlacoochee River, sixty-five miles from Fort Brooke. Their pace was that of the oxen.

Meanwhile, Micanopy had joined the Indians and Osceola would be on hand by morning. December 28 the soldiers answered reveille roll call, got breakfast and fell into line. Dade rode to the center.

"The most dangerous part of our journey is passed," the major said. "From here to Fort King it is all open country and there won't be any need for flanking patrols. We ought to reach Fort King tomorrow morning at the latest. Then everybody shall have a three-day rest and we'll keep Christmas gaily."

About a quarter of a mile away another audience had been listening to a speech. "Jumper" fiercely announced to Micanopy and his warriors that they would attack at once, despite the absence of

Osceola and his men. The Indians ran across country to the selected battleground.

Four miles north of the Withlacoochee the Fort King Road ran through a natural gantlet. Abundant cover east of the trail provided concealment for the Indians with the additional advantage that the white men would have the sun in their eyes. The soldiers would be blocked in by a lake west of the road. The Indians, their number increased by their slaves they had brought to help in the fight, sank in the tall grass and behind the clumps of saw palmetto and waited.

Down the road coming from the south the first detachment of soldiers appeared. They were the scouts of Dade's advance guard. Dade rode into view with Captain Frazer, second-in-command. Behind them came the rest of the advance guard and then the main body, followed by the six-pounder and the supply wagon.

The Florida winter morning had been chilly. The marching men had been ordered to wear their overcoats. By an oversight as incredible as it was fatal the men were permitted to put on and button up the heavy overcoats without first transferring from the inner to outer coats their belts with bullet and powder pouches.

The Indians now had the entire column in range. They were waiting for Micanopy, the High Chief, to give the signal by firing the first shot. Micanopy did not want to do it. He probably never would have fired. But crouching beside him was "Jumper." He put the muzzle of his gun in the small of Micanopy's back. "You or I will fire the shot," "Jumper" whispered into Micanopy's ear. "If I have to fire it my shot will be not at the white men but into you."

Micanopy fired. He had long boasted that he had never shot at an enemy, but the man on the horse passing slowly before him made a perfect target. The major slid to the ground, dead, when the Seminole's bullet struck him above the ear. Frazer was next as the roadside underbrush broke into a flame of shots.

In that first fusillade almost half the marchers went down killed or wounded. Almost all the scouts and the advance guard were wiped out, officers and men. Up and down the line the men still alive tried to take cover and tore at their overcoat buttons. Scattered fire of the soldiers was of little effect. The Seminoles from concealment picked off the soldiers almost at will. Lieut. Henderson and his gunners were shot down around the six-pounder. Another group of "redlegs" manned the piece and sent a few round shot at the woods. This gained a short respite. Only thirty enlisted men and four officers were on their feet. Surgeon Gatlin, as the senior, ordered a few logs thrown together in a triangular breastwork.

But Osceola had arrived with reinforcements for the Seminoles and then, for the first time in the history of American Indian warfare, the Indians left cover for a frontal charge in the open. Several onslaughts were driven back by the hot fire of the desperate few behind the logs but the Seminoles came on again and again and finished the fight with a massacre with their knives and tomahawks inside the breastwork. For the first time in our Army annals an entire command of trained soldiers was annihilated by Indians.

The Seminoles carried off all the arms and provisions but did not mutilate the bodies. Late that night a figure stirred among the pile of dead. It was private Ransom Clarke, of Maidstone, England, by birth, and of Co. B, 2d U. S. Artillery, by adoption. He was wounded in the thigh, right arm, head and back. The Indians had stripped off his boots and jacket and left him as dead. Clarke felt among the tangled bodies. One stirred. It was private Decourcy of the infantry with only two slight wounds.

The two soldiers started south immediately by the Fort King Road, Clarke crawling and Decourcy helping him. In a few hours they had to lie down by the trailside. At dawn they awoke and saw a mounted Seminole warrior riding toward them. Clarke crawled into the bushes but Decourcy ran through the open woods. In a few minutes Clarke heard the end in the crack of the Indian's gun. Days later a Fort Brooke sentry challenged a stumbling figure.

In February a strong force from Fort Brooke followed the Fort King Road to the sanguinary ground beyond the Withlacoochee. Here, where they had fallen five weeks before, lay all that was left of Dade and his command. Their remains were gathered and buried on the spot. Today a city and a county memorialize in Florida the name of Dade, as does a county in Georgia. But the soldiers' fitting monument is the stone at West Point, commemorating forever "Dade and His Command." ⵌ

13,000 Feet to Richmond

The crowd around the airport anxiously scanned the overcast, wondering how the airliner without engines would make it

by ROBERT GOLD

FICTION

THE stratus was a low, dark, solid cloud sheet shifting slowly over the field. A slight, unpleasantly warm wind swept across the runways, arched the slender aerial rod spiring the roof of the administration building and spun around the cupped weather vane. A row of sleek winged transports squatted idly on the ramp. The airport's activity was as dismal as the weather.

The man coming along the walk stopped to look up at the gloomy overcast. A faint drone penetrated the cloud layer, throbbed louder, then lower, as the plane moved through the hidden sky. The observer entered the building and as he climbed the stairs he heard the steady pounding of the teletypes and sudden bursts of static roaring in surging blasts of sound. He walked into the communication station. The man in front of the radio panel waved a hand.

He took off his hat and coat and went to the broad windows facing the field. The airport stretched out below in a trim but desolate pattern of grass and paving.

"Nice weather, Mac," he commented. "What are we having?"

"Ceiling's about 400, George. There's a warm front moving up from Charleston," the other operator told him. "Guess you'll have eight hours of lousy weather."

George smiled wearily at the prospect. "Who is this pigeon doing tricks above the overcast?"

"A Navy job out of Norfolk," Mac told him. "And I'm having trouble with him—there he goes again—"

"Richmond Radio, Richmond Radio," the metallic voice snapped briskly out of one of the six receivers, "this is Navy 2481. Give me a long count, please. Over."

"Like that for the past ten minutes," Mac explained as he went over to the microphone.

"Navy 2481, this is Richmond Radio," he talked into the mike. "Counting, 1-2-3-4-5, 5-4-3-2-1. How do you read? Over."

"Richmond Radio, this is Navy 2481," the pilot's voice cut clearly over the static. "I cannot read you. I can hear the range—I can hear the Richmond range, but I cannot read you. This is a PBY-5A, enroute Richmond from Norfolk. I will circle Richmond for one half hour at one thousand five hundred feet. If the ceiling does not lift by that time, I will return to Norfolk. Navy 2481 out." There was silence in the room.

Mac put on his coat. "That's the third time he's told me that little story. I gave the information to Washington. He's all yours."

George nodded. "Trans-National have any flights up?"

"Trip 16 is due in eight minutes," Mac told him. "But it won't even try to get down here. It will go through to Blackstone."

"That's fine!" George shook his head sadly. "Johnny Redick told me he'd have that flight and pay me the five bucks he owes."

"It'll have to be some other time." Mac laughed and started toward the door. He stopped. The speaker of one receiver was filled with the whine of a powerful transmitter, and then the words thundered into the station.

"MAYDAY, MAYDAY! Richmond, from Trans-National 16. Over!"

George grabbed the mike. "Go ahead, 16."

"Trip 16 over Milford, at 13,000 feet," the pilot came back. "Oil line broken, both engines out. We're on course—I get your on-course signal. I'm coming down on the beam. Give me your ceiling. Over."

George read from the weather report Mac pushed in front of him.

"Ceiling 400, visibility 2 miles, altimeter setting 994. Over."

"Okay on the weather, George," the pilot answered.

George smiled grimly. "That's Johnny with my five bucks." He went back to the microphone.

"16, from Richmond, Milford is eleven miles from our range station. The range station is exactly three miles from the field. If you can find the cone of silence and follow a compass heading of 27° from that, it ought to take you right to the field. Over."

"Roger," the pilot called back. "Thanks, Richmond. I'll try it. What about that Navy ship you've been working?"

"He's circling over Richmond at one thousand five hundred," George told him. "He's having trouble reading us. I'll try to get him out of the area."

"Okay, Richmond, 16 out."

"Navy 2481, Navy 2481," George called into the mike. "Aircraft coming in for emergency landing. Leave the vicinity, leave the vicinity. Do you read us? Over."

"Richmond Radio, from Navy 2481. I cannot read you." The two communicators looked at each other solemnly. "I hear you talking, but there is something wrong with my filter. The range blocks out your voice. Over and out."

"Call the Municipal Hospital, Mac," George talked fast. "Get two ambulances here on the double. Then call the hangar and tell them to get the fire wagon ready."

Mac went into action, and George picked up the interphone, pressed the signal button.

"Airway Traffic Control," Washington came onto the line.

"Richmond Radio," George said. "Trans-National Trip 16 over Milford on the hour, 13,000 feet, both engines out, coming down on the range, will attempt an instrument approach. I advised him of Navy 2481. Any further instructions?"

"We have no other aircraft in the vicinity," the controller said. "Have you been able to contact 2481?"

"No," George reported. "His filter is shot. The range blocks out our broadcast."

"Richmond, ask Trip 16 if he can stay on course without the range for a few seconds," the controller said. "And if he can, cut off the range and advise Navy 2481 to leave the area immediately."

George acknowledged the instructions, waited a moment, then called, "Blackstone Trans-National?" The airline operations at Blackstone came onto the line.

"Did you get that?" he asked them.

"We heard it," the airlines said.

"How many people aboard 16?"

"Twenty-five," Trans-National advised.

Mac was working with the telephone. "Make that four cars, Mac," George shouted, and then he switched over to the microphone.

"Trip 16, from Richmond, how are you doing? Over."

"Doing fine, Richmond," the pilot said. "Still on course. Eight thousand now. Over."

"Roger, 16. Can you hold her steady if I take out the range for a few seconds? Over."

"Go ahead," the pilot came back, "but make it fast, for God's sake."

George turned up the volume gain on one of his receivers, and the strong beat of the range poured into the station. He flicked a dial, and in their range station three miles out, remote controls snapped a relay, light faded in the filaments of the big transmitter tubes, current died in four giant antenna towers, and the Richmond range went off the

Continued on page 138

WINDY CITY'S FAVORITE DAUGHTER ➧

Carole Mathews, one of the nebulae of Hollywood

AMBITIOUS is the word for Carole and that's how she likes her men! Of "Miss Chicago" fame during the World's Fair, this Windy City eyeful at the age of eight decided to be not only an actress but a playwright. She was the author and the lead in an opus produced by the third grade, entitled *Torn Between Two Hearts.*

She went right on with amateur theatricals until she graduated from Calumet High School—then transferred her loyalties to dancing. The rumba was responsible for this shift in interests. Says Carole, "I went on a date, quite a gang of us, there was a Cuban boy along, the orchestra played *Bolero*. The lad asked me if I rumbaed. I said *certainly*—four steps later I tasted humility—I was not dancing the rumba, I was murdering it," she confessed ruefully.

The dancing story has a happy ending, however, as Carole took lessons and finally was good enough to join a rumba troupe which played a night club circuit with several return engagements in Florida's palm-studded Miami.

Then Carole's first love, the stage, showed up again and she went to the Chicago Conservatory of Music and studied dramatics.

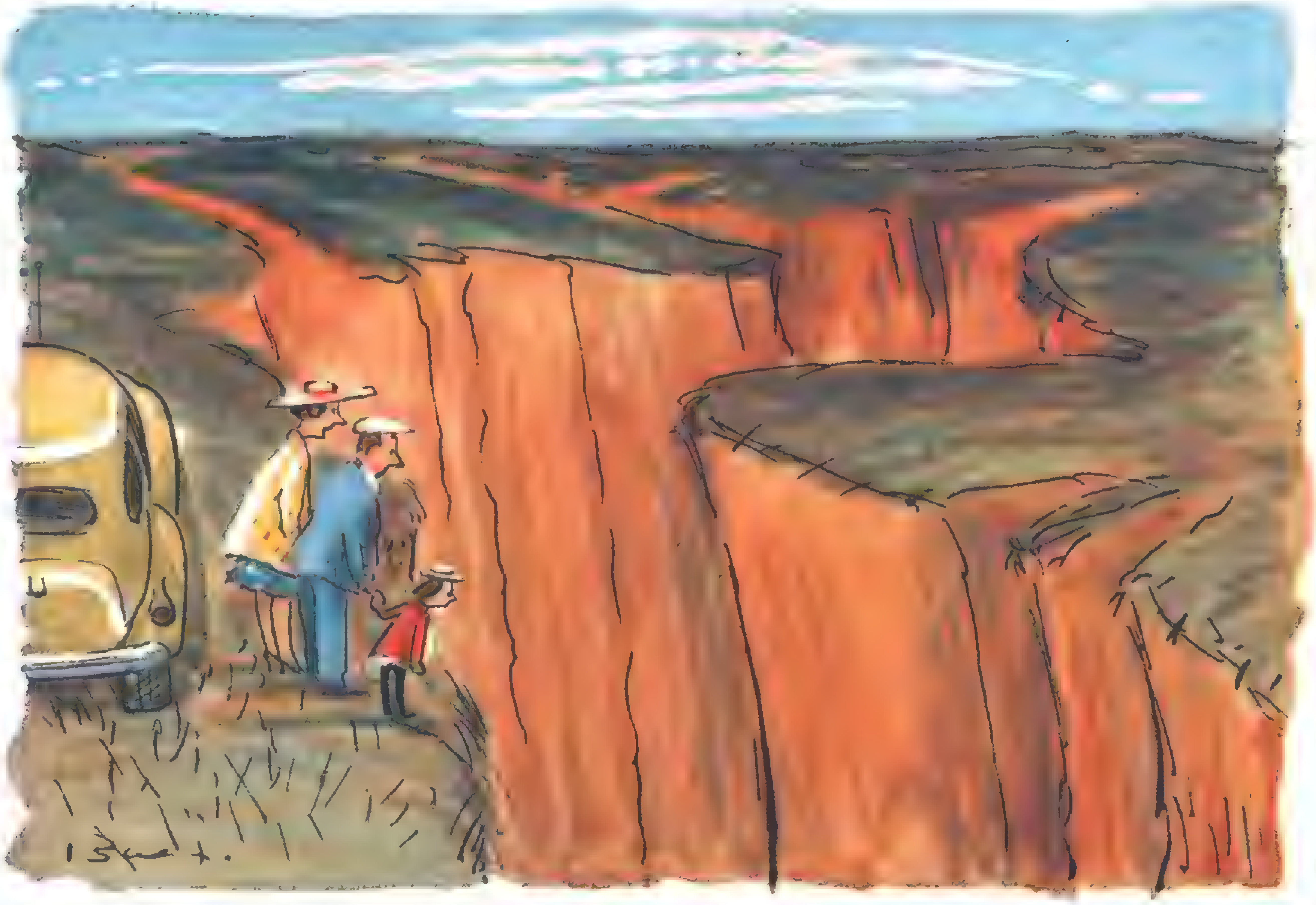
At this juncture radio raised its head in the golden-brown-haired, tawny-eyed beauty's life and she was offered a job as a commercial announcer and an actress for a hand lotion sponsor.

Now Miss Mathews is in Cinema Land doing radio. She says that no longer is the air a man's world and she is happy there. BUT if Howard Hawks, who to her way of thinking is blessed with vivid directing and producing imagination, should ask her to drop everything and come work for him—she'd play.

For recreation Carole writes songs—love songs that drip with sentiment. Her favorite food is ice cream and her lucky number is thirteen — her birth date. As for her own love interests, if she finds a Dream Prince who is a composite of Ronald Colman and Gary Cooper, she'll stop looking.

Vital Statistics: *Age* 22; *Weight:* 122; *Height:* 5 feet, 6½ inches; *Bust:* 34 inches; *Waist:* 24½ inches; *Hips:* 36 inches.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY WAXMAN



"Are you sure this isn't just one of those projects the government abandoned?"

◀ AMERICAN BEAUTIES, EASTERN STYLE

The face and fortune of Poni Adams

THE education of Poni Adams would make an amazing book. Born Betty Jane Bierce twenty-two years ago, in San Antonio, Texas, she moved quickly to California where she exhibited—of all things—intelligence. At the age of five, she was given an I.Q. which revealed her to be the second brightest child in the State of California.

At fifteen she graduated from Beverly Hills High School. At the age of sixteen she was concert mistress of the Los Angeles All-City High School Orchestra. About to embark on a musical career, recipient of offers of two scholarships, Miss Adams suddenly became possessed of a dream, discovered hitherto hidden aptitudes, did a quick switch and embraced the drama, via the Pasadena Playhouse.

Came September, 1943. New York, Harry Conover, Many New Experiences. Just two days after Betty Jane Bierce met Harry Conover, she had become Poni Adams and was posing for national ads. Photographers discovered that she was "not a type." She could look like a sophisticated lady, and change quickly into a shy little girl in white play clothes. Came radio to add its comfortable figures to Miss Adams' salary, and right now Hollywood is flirting like mad.

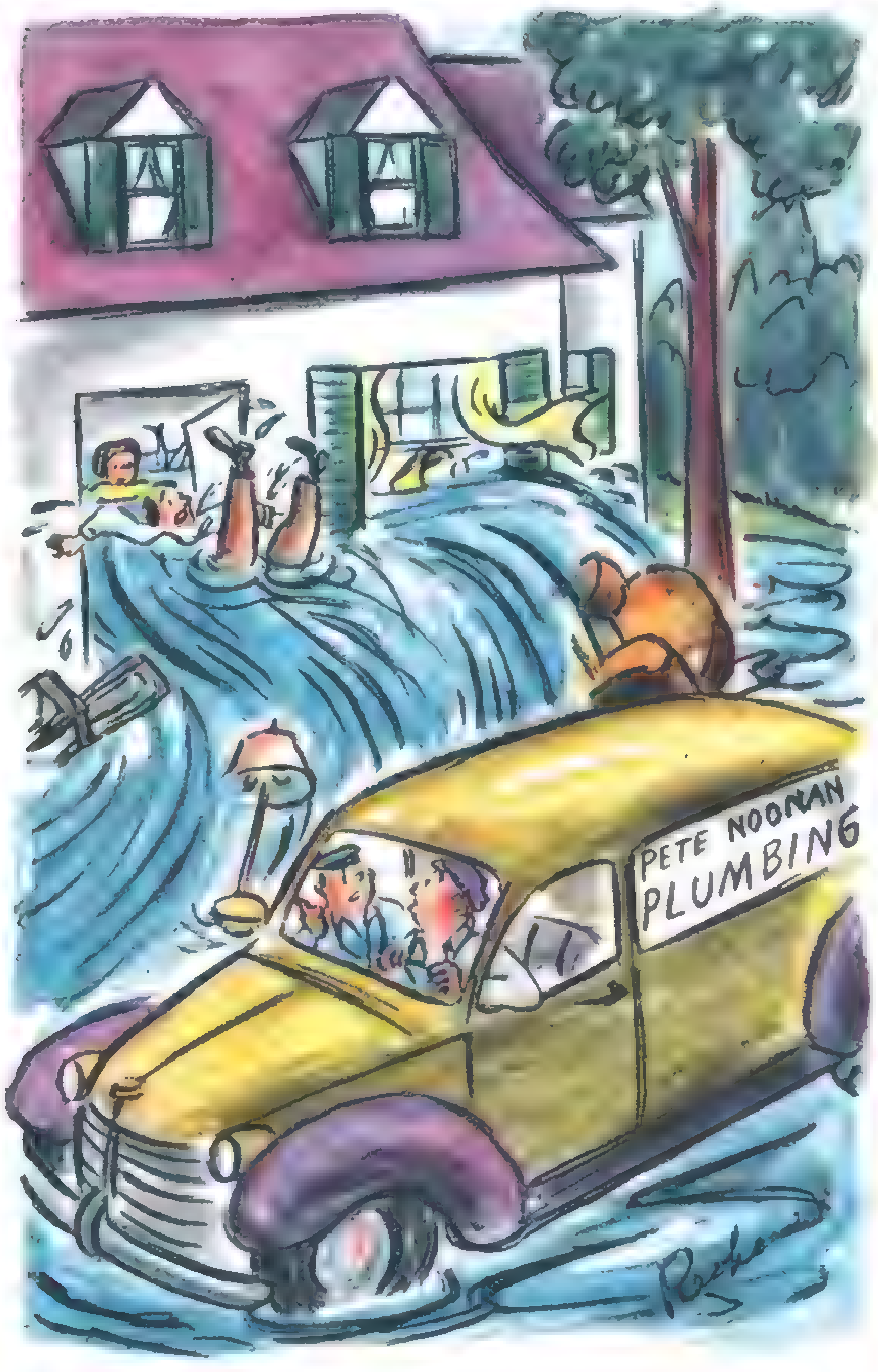
Poni is unaffected, intelligent, prefers subways to taxis—"because you see people in subways, whereas in taxis you see only yourself or your companion," gets a thrill out of the skyline of New York, wants to have "a happy, gracious home." She likes Tschaikovsky, Wagner, Sibelius—and Crosby!

Miss Adams is quite definite on the subject of men. "I like sincerity. A man needn't be handsome, but just clean-cut, well-groomed. A man without an active interest in current events, the world he lives in, lacks something. I like to see a natural appreciation of good books, music and food. I like to see a man enjoy good food and eat heartily. The one absolute *must* is a sense of humor. I like a compliment, but only when it is sincere."

In other words, boys, that little old I.Q. that showed up so clearly back home in California is still functioning.

Vital statistics: *Model Agency:* Harry Conover; *Age:* 22; *Height:* 5'7" with heels; *Weight:* 112; *Bust:* 34"; *Waist:* 23"; *Hips:* 34".

PHOTOGRAPH BY JON ABBOT



"This must be it—the lady said it had green shutters!"

Saxophone's Hundredth Birthday

Adolphe Sax's brain child survived the derision of French critics and finally raised its triumphant voice in jazz

by ROBERT GOFFIN

▪ ARTICLE ▪

Today there are several million saxophones in the United States and they have made fortunes for numerous factories, innumerable stores and several generations of musicians. Yet their inventor, a Belgian named Adolphe Sax, died a little before 1900 as poor as Job, though he had bequeathed a gold mine to smart businessmen and a new voice to music.

Though Sax's life is worth Hollywood's best efforts, it's not my subject now. I'll stick to certain events in the history of the saxophone itself.

Anyone who hears Coleman Hawkins improvise with all his fingers and all his heart will realize that here's the man who has developed the use of the tenor sax in jazz bands. But he might not know that the use of the saxophone itself is very new to America.

In 1914 there were few saxophones on this side of the Atlantic. The late F. A. Buescher, who once owned the enormous factories at Elkhart, Indiana, was the first to manufacture the instrument officially invented by Adolphe Sax. The first saxophone belonged to a virtuoso by the name of E. A. Lefèvre; the instrument was so little used that in December of the year 1914 *Metronome* wrote:

"There are a number of very effective and desirable wind instruments employed in band organizations which have as yet found no general employment in orchestral combinations. These include some varieties of the clarinet, brass instruments such as altos, tenors, flügelhorns, euphonium and particularly the saxophone.

"When considering the many excellent qualifications and tonal beauties of this instrument, it seems rather surprising that it should not have been added to our orchestras, both small and large, long ago."

There is no exact date for the appearance of the saxophone in France, where Adolphe Sax set up a small factory. But in 1844 an exposition was held in Paris and in it was a section devoted to musical instruments. Sax decided to participate and a studio was reserved for him where he displayed his inventions—but only at the very last moment, for he was afraid someone would steal his ideas. That was the first time the saxophone made a public appearance. Sax had taken the precaution to seal the new instrument in a silk sack so that it would remain hidden until the very moment when the jury examined and judged the various musical instruments.

King Louis Philippe and his Queen paid a visit to the department and halted before Sax's studio. There they saw instruments they had never seen before, all bearing barbarous names: the "clavichord," the "Saxtrombone," the "Sax trumpet with cylinders," and "Saxhorns." The king was so interested that he called in the inventor and directed him to give an audition. Thereupon the royal family seated itself before several members of the Distin family, while the Distins gave their visitors a feast of the unexpected. The king was so charmed that he called Adolphe Sax and the Distin family to the Tuileries.

But that was later. At the exposition, the jury proceeded with its detailed examination of instruments. They called in Adolphe Sax and asked him what was inside the silk envelope. The inventor broke the seals and brought out an enormous pipe. Broad smiles broke out on the judges' faces. What in the world was this extraordinary apparition all abloom with valves? The audience laughed and Sax's rivals ridiculed him.

With a good deal of fortitude the Belgian announced that it was a new instrument of his invention: the "saxophone." The laughter mounted. One jury member, a M. Jalay, asked who was able to play this hellish pipe and so Adolphe Sax stood up before the jury and went through some of the most complicated and formidable of musical exercises. The public applauded. Sax's professional rivals scowled.

It was after this audition that the jury gave Sax and his friends a silver medal with the following inscription:

"These artists are inventors of a double-basse clarinet, to which they have given the name of 'saxophone,' and which is remarkable for the trueness and beauty of its tones. This instrument may well find a place in our orchestras and there produce new and important musical effects."

In 1846, Adolphe Sax took out a patent on his saxophone. Soon the greatest musicians of the time were coming to his home to see the invention which had given a new spirit to music. Berlioz, Meyerbeer, Rossini, Donizetti, Verdi, Vieuxtemps, Theophile Gautier, the ambassadors, the Duke of Montpensier, the reigning Prince of Saxe-Coburg, Prince Gallizine, the Prince of Ligne—all came to investigate what was considered a musical miracle.

Yet the saxophone remained a sort of museum piece. Adolphe Sax's rivals organized slander campaigns. They made fun of him, caricatured him in the newspapers, ridiculed him at every opportunity. Magazines and newspapers wrote as if the saxophone were a Belgian practical joke and as if Adolphe Sax were a clown of the broadest dimensions.

It was said that Sax's instruments were deadly. *L'Europe musicale et dramatique* of April 27th, 1845, wrote:

"With Sax's instruments, musicians would soon be tired out, and many of them would be constantly sent off to the hospital. A musical instrument should not have lethal powers."

It was then that Adolphe Sax asked that his instruments be introduced to the army. The manufacturers of musical instruments set up a loud hue and cry for which they should have been doubly ashamed later since many of them made a fortune out of the saxophone. Their protests ran something like this:

"If Sax's instruments are adopted, the result will be the ruin of several thousand families. Ten thousand master craftsmen, foremen, workers and women and children, will be reduced to misery! Over ten thousand musicians will be forced to start their musical education all over again. Dealers in military music will be similarly ruined, for the music which they have been printing will thereby become useless; all the musical repertoire of the army, composed and arranged for our present orchestra, will be good for nothing more than to be set afire or sold by the pound."

Sax replied by challenging the chief military musicians to a duel. It was decided that a contest would be held in which forty-nine musicians lead by a M. Carafa would pit their andantes and double-times against music played by thirty-four Sax musicians. The musical combat was to be held at a huge meeting on the Champ de Mars. It was truly a history maker and I have had the good fortune to find a play-by-play account of the fight in a number of *Charivari*, which reports:

Continued on page 133

◀ STAGE DOOR ESQUIRE

A handful of hoydens from *What's Up*

Variety, called by one Cowper "the very spice of life," and by one Pope the "harmoniously confused," is herewith caught in a stellar constellation—and brought to earth in the form of six pretty girls. If you don't find the answer to your smoke dreams in one chorine, pass on to her sister.

This heart-warming half dozen was hand-picked by our discerning photographer from *What's Up*, Mark Warnow's late musical comedy at the National Theatre which brought back to Broadway that amusingly bleak little clown, Jimmy Savo, and introduced Johnny Morgan, a young comedian.

The scene of *What's Up* was laid in Miss Langley's School for Girls. Realistic showman Warnow went in for youth with a vengeance, selected vivacious young actresses—practically all under twenty—who really look as charmingly fresh and ingenuous as if they had just stepped out of a select seminary.

The lovely at left top is Lynn Gardner. She combines an Irish descent with a New Jersey background, sings on the radio and in night clubs. *What's Up* is her first musical. Coming down left, you'll find pompadoured Sondra Barrett. Sondra comes from Manhattan Island—shades of Jamaica High School—has been in *Pal Joey*, *Let's Face It* and *Too Many Girls*.

Don't go yet, the party's just getting interesting. At center, with brown hair, is Pat Marshall, who hails from Minneapolis, sang with Dick Himber's band, was in *You'll See Stars*, and is being groomed by R.K.O. to be a star herself. Anybody else here you'd like to meet? Right, top, is blonde Mary Roche, of Worcester, Massachusetts, who has danced and sung in *Meet The People*, in the Hollywood musical, *The Heat's On*, and in Gilbert and Sullivan revivals. Just beneath Mary, at right center, the gal with the engaging grin is Marjorie Beecher, a native of Hollywood but definitely blonde. She was the original Snow White in Walt Disney's *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*. And to end on a happy note there, at bottom, right, is bright-faced Phyllis Hill, late of *Lady in the Dark* and *The Lady Comes Across*, and *Rosalinda*.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE SEREBRYKOFF

The Slave with a Magic Charm

The strange, fearless black man who walked alone became a legend among those who worked in the sugar cane

by EDWIN LANHAM

• FICTION •

The Negroes told the story of the huge slave who plodded north with Delancey's paper in his pocket. They said that often a suspicious overseer stopped him, sometimes a slave patrol was sent to catch him, but he had only to show the paper. His pursuers would read it, drop it to the dust and back away. Then Big Job would swing his bundle to his shoulder, grin and move on up the road, headed north.

To most people he was a legend, for only a few slaves on Captain Delancey's plantation in Louisiana knew the true story of Big Job and what was written on the paper.

They first saw him swinging along the road, close by the sugar cane. Chopping off the top of a felled stalk with his shining cane knife, old David murmured, "Who dat?"

"He runaway," another Negro whispered. "Got a big bundle on he back. Got raggedy britches an he got no shoes. He runaway, fo' sho'."

"Den what he doin' out on de road?" old David said.

He was young and carried his head erect. His feet were scratched and splayed but they fell solid on the dusty road with the assurance of a free-spirited man.

David called out, "Boy, where you boun'?"

He grinned. "Nawth. Ah's headed nawth, brudder."

"You better watch out. Dey got a bell up to de big house you kin hear fo' miles. Dat patteroll gwan catch you certain."

"Not me, brudder." His smile showed purple gums. "Man, Ah's free. Patteroll nebber git me." He bobbed his head and started on, and the other Negroes heard him singing, "Run, nigger, run, patteroll catch you. Run, nigger, run, it's almos' day . . ."

The audacity of it made David catch his breath and look anxiously over his shoulder to see if Tom Oliver, the overseer, had heard. He had, and he was glancing up the slope toward the plantation house. The afternoon sunlight flashed on the glass panes of the cupola on top of the house, where Captain Delancey sat most of the day with a telescope at hand, looking out over the acres of his plantation. The Captain would surely have seen the man on the road, and he'd have questions to ask. Tom Oliver started trotting along the road, calling, "Hey, nigger, stop where you are."

On the porch before Captain Delancey, the Negro could produce no document at all.

"Where you from, boy?" the Captain asked.

"Texas, Cap'n."

"Where do you think you're going?"

"Nawth, Cap'n."

"What's your name and who's your master?"

"Ah calls mahself Job, Cap'n, but Ah got no marster. Ah's free."

Captain Delancey put out his hand. "Let's see your manumission papers."

"Cap'n, dey tell me Ah kin go. Dey tell me don' nebber come back. Dey tell me Ah's manumit."

"Damn his impudence," Captain Delancey said. "Tom, did you ever see a nigger like him? Walks right down the road in the middle of the day with a bundle on his back. Just says he's manumitted and nothing to prove it. Why, damn his impudence!"

On the Captain's orders Tom Oliver locked Job in a sturdy cabin where slaves were confined for punishment. At nightfall Pattie, the plantation house cook, sent her twelve-year-old daughter, Nancy, to the cabin with food.

"Go 'way, li'l gal," Job said to her. "Stay 'way fum me."

"Ah brung you somep'n fo' suppah," the girl said.

"Leave it yonder, den, an' Ah'll git it, but you stay 'way fum me."

Nancy put the food down and walked away with a flirt of her skirts, but she told her mother about it and the word was passed along. When it was night David crept along the wall of the cabin and peered inside. He heard the deep voice say, "Stay 'way fum me, brudder. Go 'way an' stay 'way. An' lissen here, you tell eber nigger on dis plantation not to come nowheres near me. You hear me, brudder?"

"Sho'," David said. "We git 'long wifout you, boy."

For two days Job remained alone in the airless cabin. Nancy brought his food and left it, but no other slave went near the cabin. On the second day Captain Delancey walked down from the plantation house with the overseer. He carried a handbill on which was printed a crude woodcut of a stiff-jointed running black man with a bundle on a stick, and below it the description of a fugitive slave.

Tom Oliver opened the door and Big Job stepped blinking into the sunlight.

"So your name is Nicodemus," Captain Delancey said.

"Nawsuh, mah name is Job."

Captain Delancey read from the circular. "Runaway slave known as Nicodemus, escaped from Nicholas Fitch, Poydras Street, New Orleans. This man is six feet two inches tall. Right big toe broken and turned upward." He looked down at Job's right foot and Tom Oliver said, "That's him, all right."

"It ain' me, Cap'n," Job said. "Looky, bofe mah big toes is turn up. Bofe was broke."

"Tom, better take him in to the town jail," Captain Delancey said. "I'll send word to New Orleans."

"Please, Cap'n," Job said. "Ah's free. Mah name ain' Nicodemus. Ah ain' no runaway. Ah's manumit."

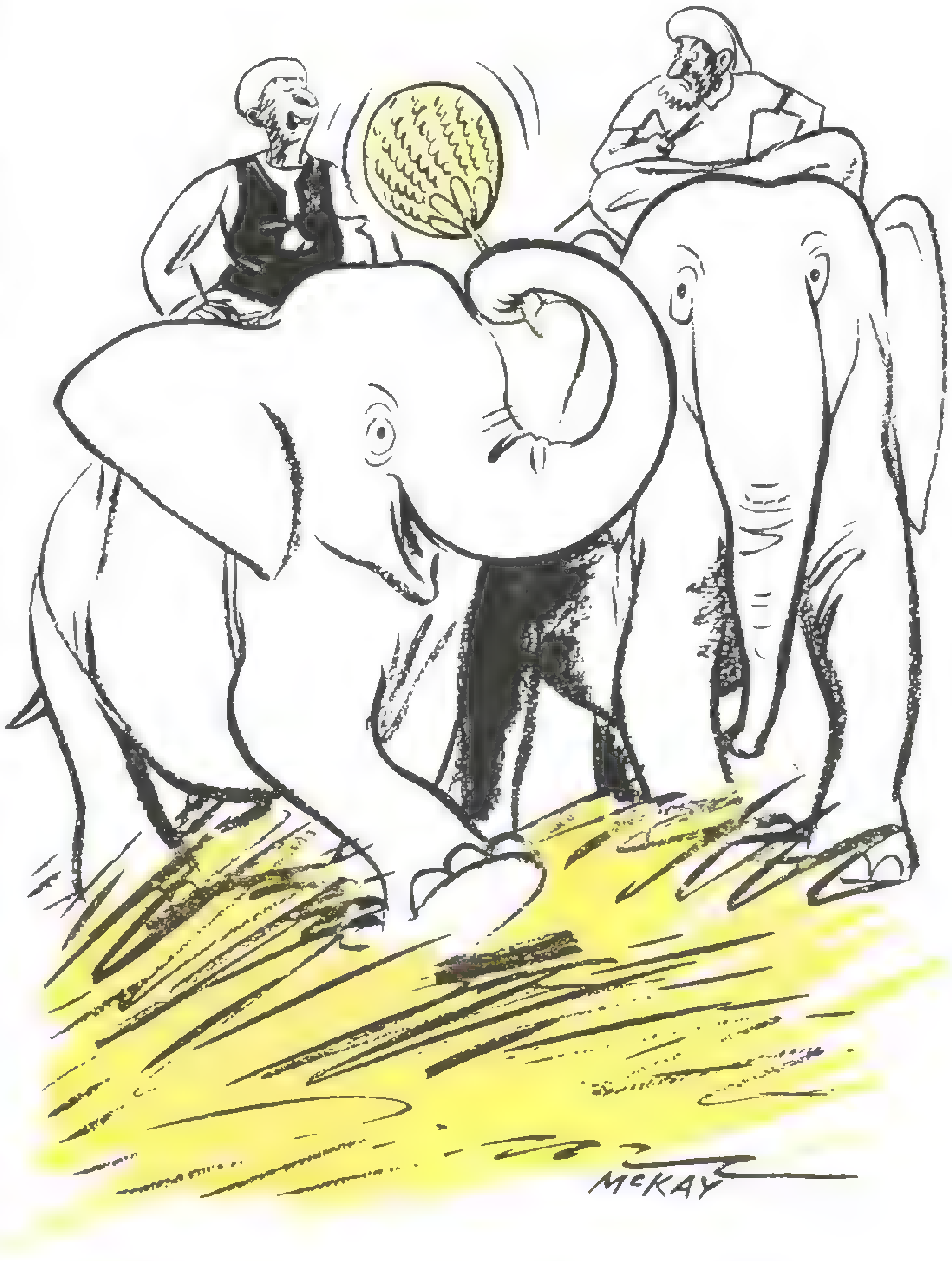
"Take him to town, Tom," the Captain said. "And I heard enough out of *you*, boy."

From the kitchen Pattie and little Nancy were watching, and David had been sent from the fields on an errand and saw what happened. There was a cluster of black children peeking through the pickets by the slave cabins, and they saw it, too.

Tom Oliver took one step toward the big Negro, put out his hand, and suddenly his head went down and he doubled up. He fell to the ground, writhing, with his knees drawn up to his body.

"It was a foamin' fit," David told the field hands. "He moan an' groan an' foam an' throw a fit. Twelve hours later he done daid."

Tom Oliver was carried into the



"This model is equipped with an air conditioner"

house and died there within twelve hours. Jack Devon, another overseer, was ordered to drive Big Job to the town jail. The old cook shook her head and all the Negroes said Jack Devon had better keep his hands off Big Job and that even the Captain might be struck dead, too.

That night the slaves gathered near the plantation house steps to sing hymns for Tom Oliver, but they had little heart for the mourning. The exciting subject was Big Job, who could strike his enemies dead.

The day after the funeral there was further proof. A thrashing noise was heard in the sugar cane. The slaves found Jack Devon, the overseer who had taken Job to jail, all doubled up, with his knees to his chest, his face blue, his voice a helpless croak. They carried him to the big house and Captain Delancey sent for Dr. LaPorte.

The Negroes shook their heads and David said, "No use send fo' dat doctor. Ain' no doctor gwan break dat charm." The field hands did not return to the sugar cane that day and Captain Delancey gave no rebuke.

When Dr. LaPorte arrived, he seemed unusually anxious. Running up the front steps he burst out, "What happened? Abdominal cramps? Did he double up? Retch? Collapse?"

"That's right," the Captain said. "That's exactly it. Same thing happened to Tom Oliver. What is it, Doctor?"

"I've just come from the jail. Les Saunders has got it. Captain, it's cholera. The rice water sign. Can't miss it. Let's see this man."

"Cholera?" Captain Delancey said. "Cholera!"

Captain Delancey told David to hitch up a rig and follow him to town while he rode in the doctor's buggy. On the way to town the doctor spoke nervously. "Captain," he said, "this is taking on epidemic proportions. It's Asiatic cholera, and there's nothing worse. Feeling all right yourself, Captain?"

Captain Delancey stiffened. "Well, I . . . Damn it, of course I am." The mare's hoofs drummed through a long pause, then he said, "These trifling niggers. You know what they're saying? They say that man has got a charm and he strikes people dead."

"They're saying you'll be next," Dr. LaPorte said apologetically.

The warden was waiting at the jail door. "He's gone," he said. "Just a few minutes ago."

"Cholera," said Dr. LaPorte.

The doctor's voice carried and the word seemed to scatter in separate explosions. Then he said, "Get him out of here and bury him at once. Burn his clothes." He turned his head. "Some of you fellows give a hand."

But the crowd at the door had already broken up. Men were moving quickly away and the warden, his face gray, said, "I ain't going to touch him."

David brought the story back to the plantation. He had waited in the Captain's rig and heard all that was said. Not a man would carry the jailer out of the jail. The undertaker refused to come and said he was taking his family to the hills.

At last it was Big Job who spoke up, and his deep voice was confident and assured. "You open up dis lock an' let me loose an' Ah'll bury him," he said. "Ah ain' scairt."

David, squatting on the steps of his cabin in the sunset, told the story. "Dey let him out an' give him a ole wagon an' a broke-down hoss an' he dump po' Les Saunders on it an' he take him out to de buryin' groun'. He tooken de clo'es wif him an' de Cap'n say to burn um, but he ain't burn um. Ah sees when he come back he got on Les Saunders' britches. He ain' gwan burn dat good pair ob britches, so he burn he own britches an' he keep Mistah Les's. Cap'n, he nebber catch on. He nebber care if'n a nigger got britches er not. He nebber look at dey britches."

A buggy turned in from the road and David rose to peer at it. He shook his head. "Neber see dat man afore. Who he, you reckon?"

They watched him get out of the buggy, a short man with a long black moustache and high boots. Even before he started up the steps of the plantation house he took off his hat, indicating his social station, and the slaves lost interest.

David sat down on the steps. "Job, he come back fum de buryin' groun' an' de Cap'n tell him come back here to de plantation an' bury Mistah Devon soon as he daid. He say don' waste no time, and he say he spec' he daid a'ready. Big Job promise he come by an' by and Cap'n tell me drive him home."

They saw Nancy hurrying from the house, eager with the news she brought. David called to her, "Nancy, who dat visitin' wid de Cap'n?"

"Ah dunno," Nancy said. "But

Continued on page 131

"Typhoon, monsoon—what's the difference who's right?"

Covering the Fight at Carson

It was a red-letter day for the press when Gentleman Jim defended his title against the contender Bob Fitzsimmons

by RICHARD G. LILLARD

SPORTS

In March, 1897, men and women from all over the United States crushed into the nation's smallest capital city to see Robert Fitzsimmons fight James Corbett. During the gold and silver bonanzas of the sixties and seventies Carson City had seen turbulent crowds, but now in the late nineties the city, like all Nevada, was depressed. The huge, bleak U. S. Mint stood closed. On the side streets lined by poplars and locusts stood Victorian houses with jigsaw, lathe, and iron decorations, more elaborate than appropriate in a boom town that had ceased to grow. All of a sudden Carson was the center of a national news-spot, as competition between Joseph Pulitzer's New York *World* and William Randolph Hearst's two papers, the New York *Journal* and the San Francisco *Examiner*, gave front-page prominence to the pugilistic rivalry of Pompadour Jim, the titleholder, and balding Bob, the contender for the fistic crown.

Gentleman Jim Corbett, of San Francisco, son of Irish immigrants, a former bank clerk, was dashing and debonair in manner, friendly to all. His body was lithe and statuesque. In the ring he was speedy as well as strong. His footwork was marvelous. A real student of boxing, Corbett was one of the cleverest boxers of his weight the world has ever seen. In 1892 he had defeated the great John L. in New Orleans.

Fitzsimmons, born in Cornwall, raised in New Zealand, where he became a blacksmith, and broken to professional fighting in Australia, had long simian legs and arms, a huge back and shoulders, and an abnormally large chest. Red, freckled, prematurely bald, Ruby Bob was tough, strong, with tremendous endurance. He was a battering ram directed by animal cunning.

The fight in Carson between these headliners was a publicity man's dream. Governor Reinhold Sadler had made Nevada one of the two states permitting glove contests when he signed a bill on January 30, 1897, the day after the State Senate passed the bill over the protests of clergymen and the Christian Endeavor. Pushing the bill behind the scenes had been William Kenyon Wheelock, alias William Kenyon, partner of fight promoter Dan Stuart of Dallas, Texas. The previous December, Stuart had signed Corbett and Fitzsimmons for a 15,000-dollar purse without announcing a place, and in January "Kenyon" arrived in Carson City to help frame a bill and shape up arguments for proponents. On his side he found Reno businessmen, gamblers, sports lovers, and individualistic, non-Victorian miners and cattlemen in a state where men far outnumbered women.

This was the time when young ex-Harvard man Hearst, who had been given the *Examiner* by his senatorial father, was making sensationalism into a million-dollar business. His *Journal* had locked horns with Pulitzer's *World* in a circulation drive. In 1897 Hearst played for publicity with his stories of the dedication of Grant's Tomb. He sent Mark Twain to London to cover the jubilee celebration of Queen Victoria and Stephen Crane to southeastern Europe to cover the Greco-Russian conflict. He fully equipped two expeditions to the Klondike. And to Carson City he sent a formidable battery of newsmen, artists, and special writers to give tremendous publicity to a world's championship fight.

On February 14, over a month before the fight, Robert Edgren arrived in Carson City to write and make sketches for the *Examiner*. Globe-trotting Bob Davis arrived the next day to write for the *Journal*. Caricaturist Jimmie Swinnerton came a few days later, as did the widely known artist, Homer Davenport. William Muldoon and W. W. Naughton also turned up to comment for the *Examiner-Journal*.

The handsome Corbett and his manager, William A. Brady, arrived on the sixteenth to begin training at Shaw's Springs in the clear, bracing, sagebrush-scented air of Eagle Valley, 4,600 feet in elevation. Gangly Fitzsimmons appeared on February 20. Among the crowds greeting him at the Virginia & Truckee Railroad station were freehand sketchers and the new American phenomena, "camera fiends." Fitzsimmons began working out at Cook's Ranch, where Bob Davis and Naughton hung around, day and night. Their papers had exclusive rights to all pictures and warned "Camera artists" off the ranch; they also had rights to all signed interviews, which, properly ghosted by Davis, appeared daily.

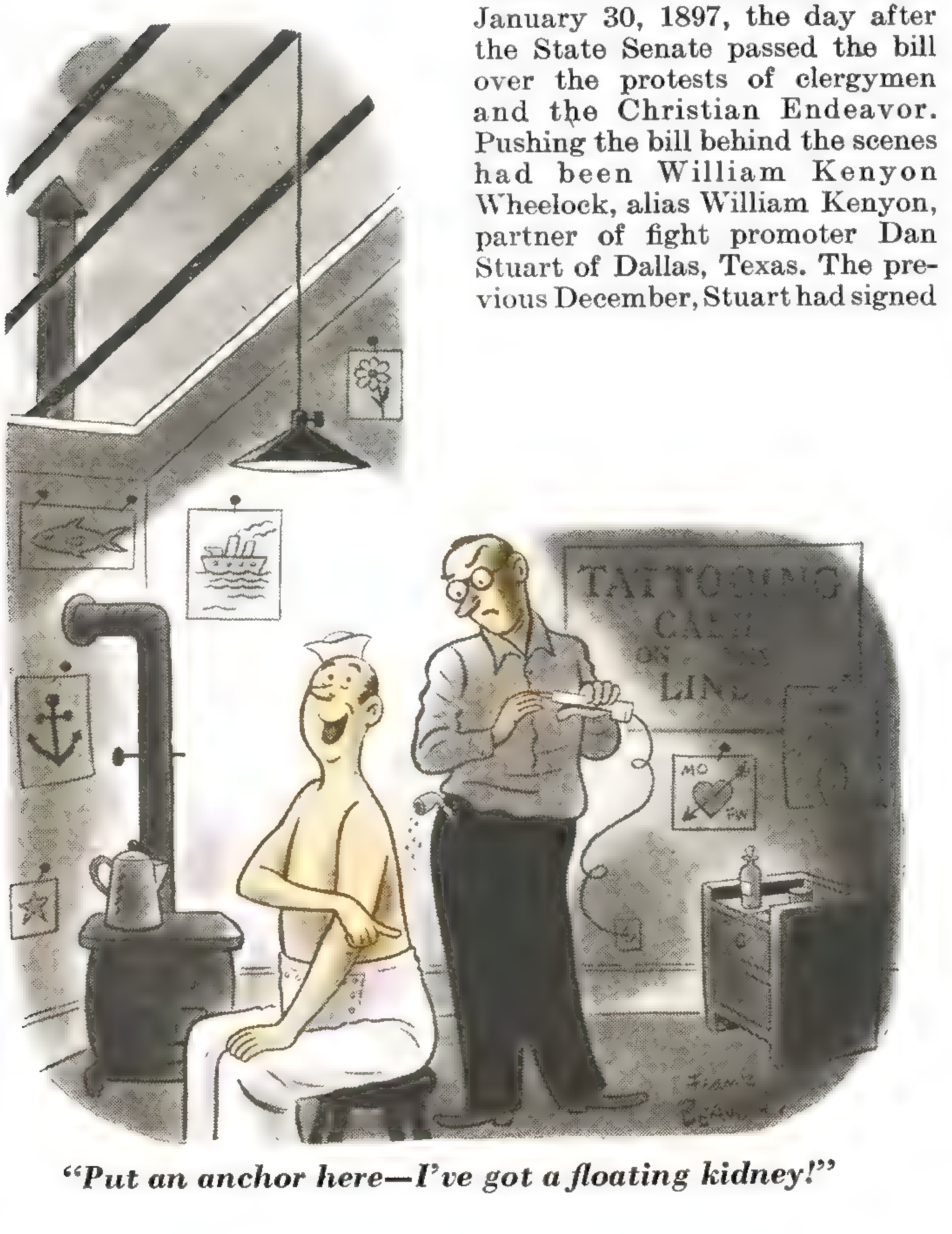
Camp followers and easy-spending sports began to fill up the Ormsby House, the Arlington, and the other hotels. George Siler of Chicago, the referee, came to write correspondence for the Chicago *Times-Herald*. Carl Smith was there for the Chicago *Record*. Agents of the Kinetoscope Company, who had persuaded Stuart to schedule the fight in the daytime so that they could photograph it, proposed to pay 50,000 dollars for rights. Beyond Chinatown on the south side of the city, in plain view of the snow-covered Sierras, the special pavilion started to go up. Western Union men connected a single wire to the arena and prepared to sell round-by-round accounts to 100,000 barrooms, hotels, and pool rooms, at 20 dollars per. Press correspondents leased horses to race dispatches from the ringside to the regular telegraph office after the fight.

Restaurants were jammed; with a meat shortage in sight, Colonel Tom Rickey, a cattle king south of Carson Valley, kept 30,000 head of cattle within three days' drive. Protected by guards to keep off the mob, Fitzsimmons strolled about the town with a black Great Dane weighing 180 pounds and was photographed a hundred times a day.

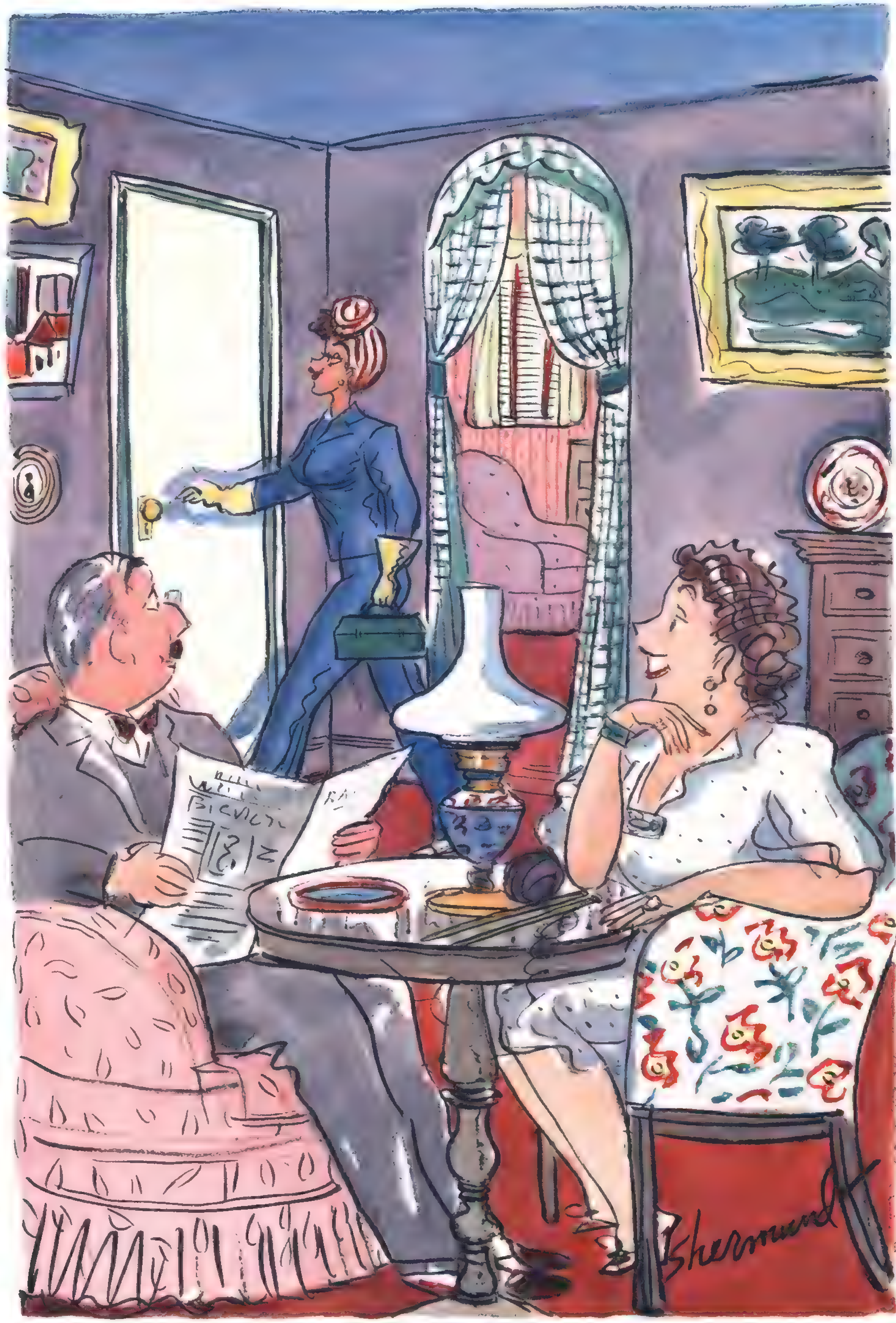
On February 24 the sale of tickets opened. Ringside seats sold for twenty dollars, boxes at forty dollars, other seats at ten and five dollars. Orders tumbled out of envelopes from all over America. A Chicagoan sent an order for 5,060 dollars' worth of box seats and reservations. To discourage forgers, the tickets were elegantly printed affairs, in green scroll work, like finely executed greenbacks. Corbett buttons and Fitzsimmons buttons appeared on coat lapels.

The *World* representatives wired for more men. Each paper got out enormous signs and transparencies claiming exclusive championship of the news gathering world. Pulitzer's men hung a sign twenty feet long over their headquarters; the Hearst people put up one over fifty feet long. The New York *Herald* had upstairs quarters and no sign, but the Boston *Globe* paid Tidball, the San Francisco theatrical designer, to make a sign showing the western hemisphere and on it two cities in red, Boston and Carson. The *World* erected a new and larger banner, and the *Journal* countered with one that made it look like a

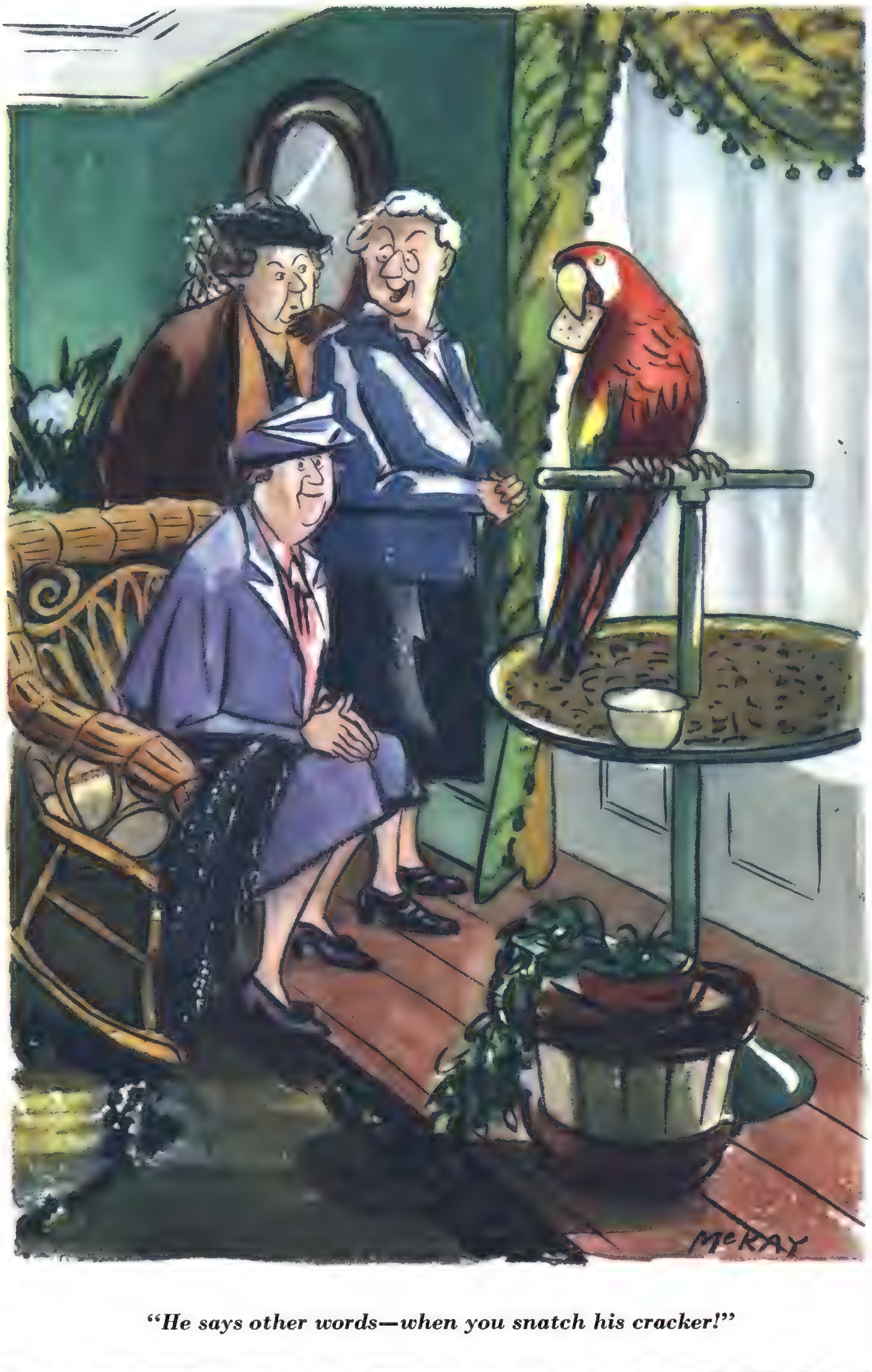
Continued on page 136



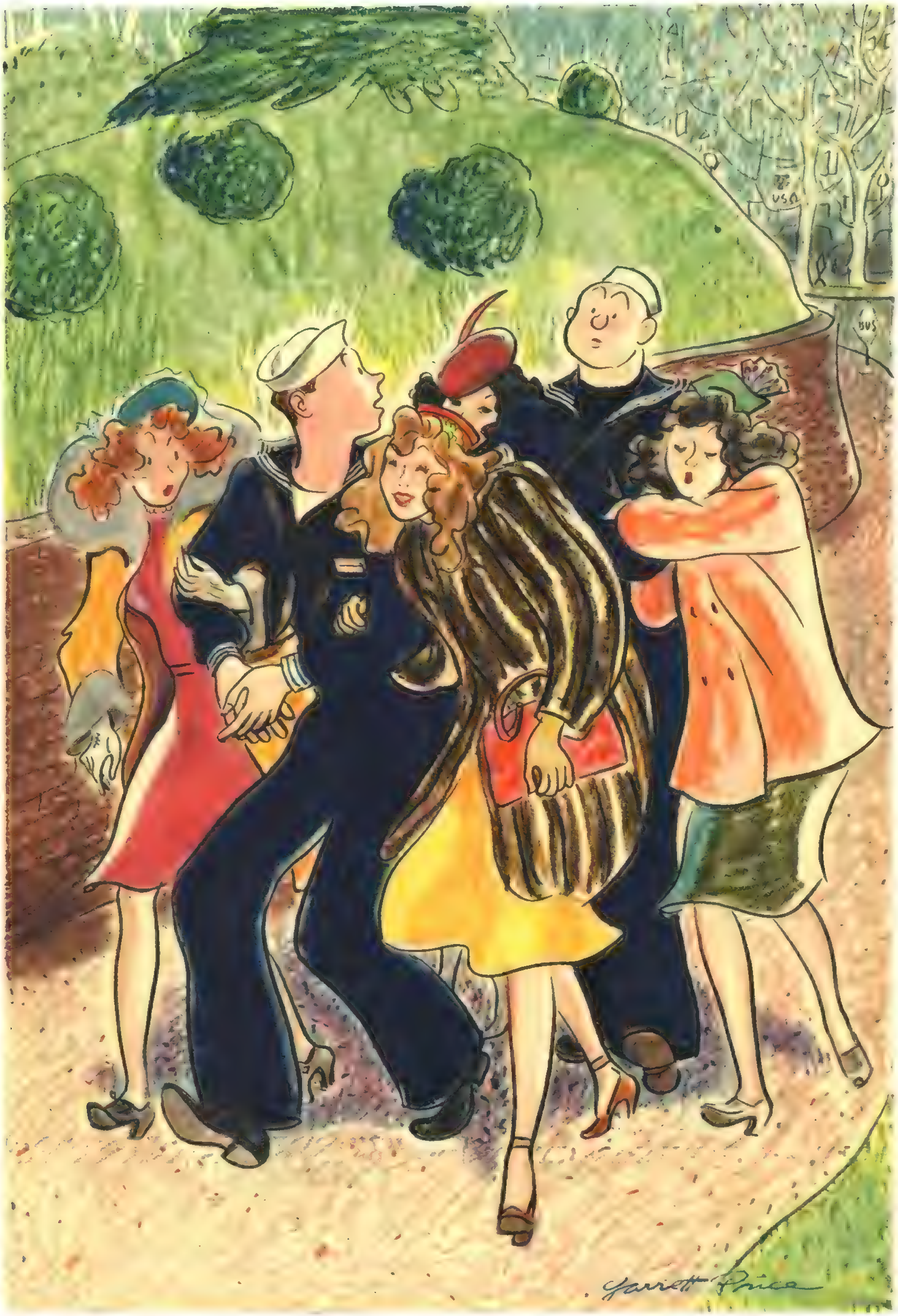
"Put an anchor here—I've got a floating kidney!"



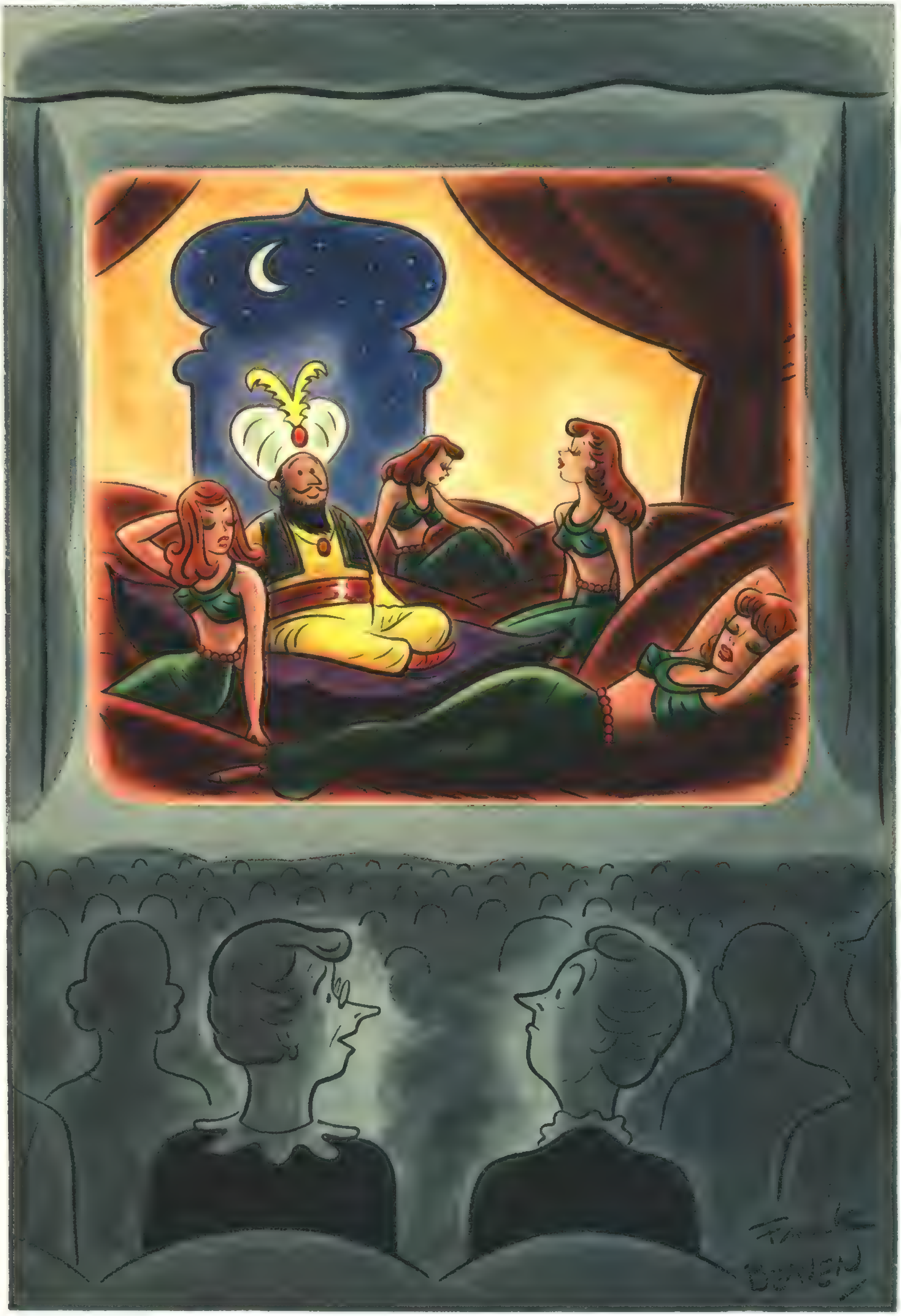
"When I was 'Miss Terre Haute 1920' I hardly expected to have a daughter chosen 'Miss Acetylene Welder 1944'"



"He says other words—when you snatch his cracker!"


USA
BUS
Garrett Price

"I thought you said there were three girls to every man in this town!"


Frank BEAVEN

"Tommy writes that he saw very little of this while in the Middle East"

Money Don't Spend in the Stir

A convict innocent of common sense and forthright in dishonesty is bound for adventure when he inherits five grand

by CHESTER B. HIMES

• FICTION •

When my great granduncle died and left me those five G's, I know he never figured I was doing twenty years for robbery. And so as to keep him from turning over in his grave, I decided right off to buy myself a hundred years of freedom. I had already dug four years; but brother, the days had grown seven feet tall. So I sat down and wrote to the warden.

Dear Mr. Warden:

I have just come into a tidy sum of money, five thousand dollars to be correct, as you probably knew long before I did since you read my mail before I even see it. I do not mean to be disrespectful, Sir, or to insinuate that you are dishonest; but I would like to purchase a pardon and I have been reliably informed that you will be able to help me out in this situation. Now I do not wish to spend but one G as I figure that this is plenty dough to spend considering that the guy who I stuck up is a foreigner and maybe even a Nazi and anyway, don't even vote, and all you got to do is speak a word to the governor which ain't no trouble at all the way I looked at it. And besides which you won't have to worry none at all because this guy is as dumb as they come. And I didn't get but seven bucks from the job, anyway.

Well, Sir, if you can do me any good for this price I would highly appreciate it if you would call me out to your office and we will talk this matter over.

I remain respectfully yours,
Harvey Johnson No. 88278

I sealed the letter in an envelope and dropped it in the warden's mailbox outside the doorway of the cell block.

The next day the guard lieutenant came into the dining room and called: "Johnson—88278."

"Yes, Sir," I said, jumping up. "You got a message from the warden?"

"Yes, I have," he said.

When we got outside alone I asked him, "What is it?"

"It's thirty days," he said.

Well, thirty days in the hole didn't kill my enthusiasm, but it sure made me more careful. After that I just buzzed around among the convicts I knew, and I ran across an old-timer called Soapy who told me about Zinker, the prison's parole and record clerk.

"He can put you on the bricks just like that," Soapy said, snapping his fingers. "Just like that!"

"Yeah, but how do I go into him?" I wanted to know. "The last time I went in broadside."

"I tell you what, you write and ask him for an interview, see," Soapy said, talking through the corner of his mouth. "Tell him you want to go over your time with him, see. And then when you get out there, spring it, see. Tell him old Soapy sent you."

I put in the request and a week later I was called out to Mr. Zinker's office.

"You claim that we have you short two months on your good time, Johnson," Mr. Zinker said cordially, looking up from the note. "We checked back over it but couldn't find the mistake. Suppose you show us how you figure you should get out in December, 1951, instead of February, 1952."

"Listen, Mr. Zinker, that was just a spiel to get to see you, see," I said, talking through the corner of my mouth like Soapy. "Say, can't nobody hear us, can they?" I asked, looking around.

Mr. Zinker looked at me kind of funny, but he didn't say nothing. "What's on your mind, Johnson?" he asked.

I leaned across the desk and whispered confidentially: "Listen, Mr. Zinker, Soapy sent me. He told me you were the man. I got five G's, see, and I'm prepared to put one on the line for a pardon. All you got to do is speak a word to the governor which—"

"Just a minute, Johnson, just a minute!" he cut in, getting to his feet. He crossed to the doorway and called, "Captain Henry, step in here a minute, please."

When the guard came in, Mr. Zinker nodded toward me. "Johnson wants to buy a pardon; do you think we can do him any good?"

"We can try," the guard said, and then he turned to me. "Right this way, Johnson."

They kept me in solitary two months that time. So I closed up. Call me clam-mouth, brother, I said; call me oyster.

But about a month later, my chum, Captain Williams, paused at my cell for a little friendly chat.

"The day is hot and the concrete hard," he greeted, leaning wearily against the bars to wipe the sweat from his face. "How're you making it these dog days, son?"

"Ain't caught the catcher but I can't complain, Cap."

"Getting plenty to eat?"

"Chicken and pie."

We both laughed.

"I hear you have inherited some money, son. True or false, as they say on the radio?"

"True," I admitted, "but it's counterfeit."

"How so, son, how so?"

"Well, Cap, it's like this—Look here, you ain't gonna put me in the hole, too, are you?"

The captain grinned. "Son, I'm tryna keep outa the hole, myself."

I laughed. He just wasn't saying it, either.

"It's this way, Cap," I explained. "I been trying to buy a pardon, but my money don't spend."

"Have you tried the right people?" he wanted to know. "They tell me that lawyers and politicians handle this business."

I shook my head. "Maybe so, but I don't know no politicians but the two down on the range below; and I ain't got the first bit of confidence in lawyers. In fact, the only lawyers I know are the ones who defended me. They were appointed by the state, and to tell the truth, they must have been working for it."

"You have had a bad experience, but let me tell you about a reliable lawyer," the captain said, licking his chops.

"Now listen here, Cap, your eyes may shine and your teeth may grit, but just one of these G's is all you gonna git," I rhymed. "And I ain't paying that 'til I'm delivered."

A week later Captain Williams came back and told me the lawyer wouldn't touch the case for under five thousand, and he wanted that in front.

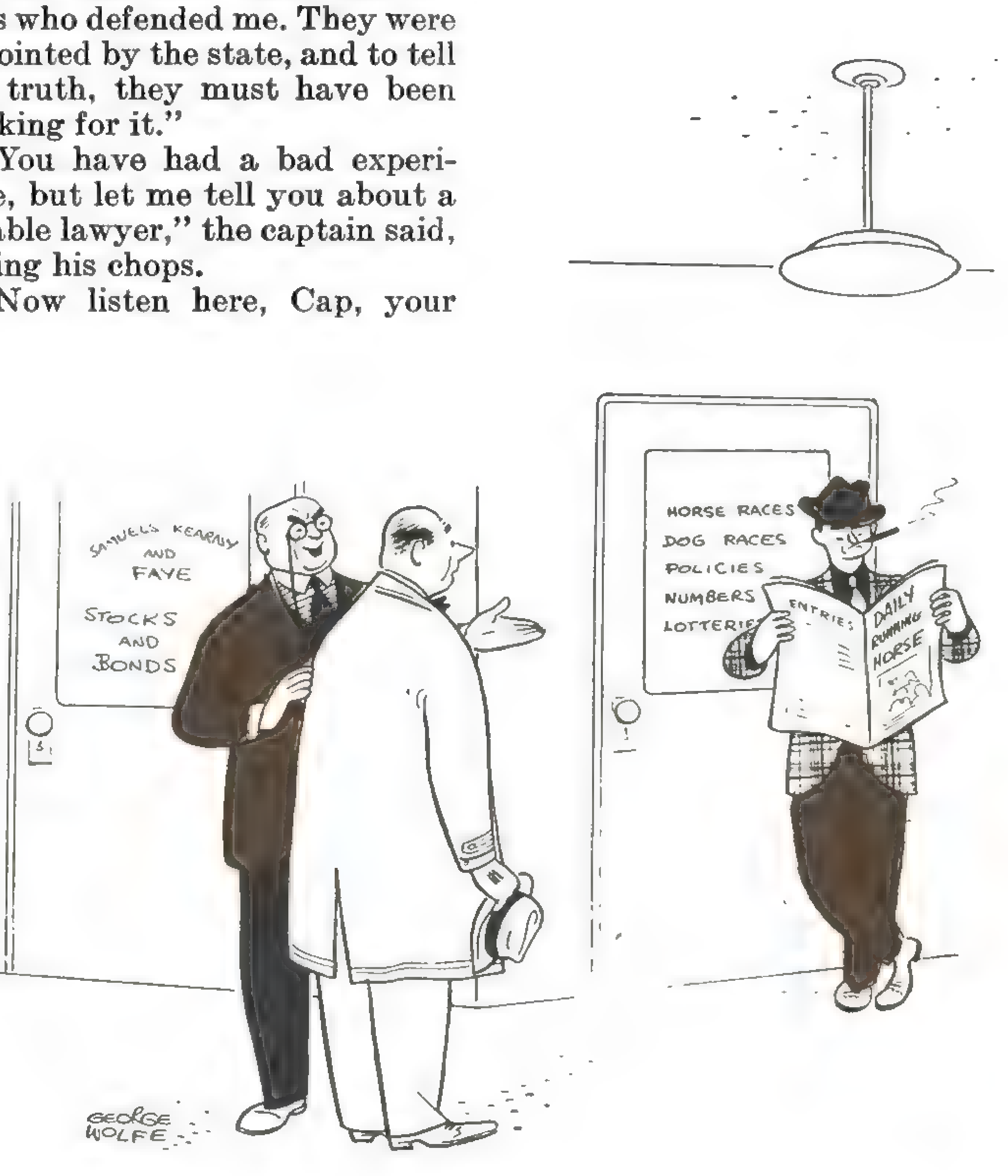
"Not me," I balked. "You got the wrong fellow. I ain't no chump. I'll sit on my G's and hatch out my time."

But by the time another year passed, the days were eleven feet tall, so help me. I was straining my conk thinking of how I could get out if only I said the word. So I sent for the captain.

"I can't beat them aces, Cap," I said. "Tell that skylark I'll split fifty-fifty and won't say a word."

Captain Williams shook his head. "You are just a year too late, son," he said. "That lawyer

Continued on page 174



"I want you to meet Mr. Butt—he's our specialist on quick return investments!"

The White Shark's Dilemma

The powerful monster battled constantly in the deep waters, but he killed only in order to eat or for self preservation

by S. ROBERT RUSSELL

▪ FICTION ▪

One hundred miles off the Gulf Coast of Texas, Carcharodon Carcharias, the great white shark, slid his tremendous bulk through the black-blue water lazily. By far the largest of all voracious sharks, his size alone was unbelievable, something from a nightmare. He might have swum directly out of the stone age of his whale-sized ancestors. From blunt snout to tail tip he stretched a full forty feet. His weight ran into tons.

Never quite so bad a character as painted, he was nevertheless hated and feared by most men, particularly by the commercial fishermen because of the havoc he wreaked on their nets and lines. They called him "man-eater!" The slightest fear that he was in their waters would set them to loading rifles and sharpening harpoons and lances.

Yet, in fairness, Carcharodon had cruised the waters from Nova Scotia to New Zealand for over thirty-five years without once tasting human flesh. In the unceasing warfare down below he killed only to eat or lest he be killed and eaten.

Maintaining a twenty-foot depth he plowed ahead slowly. Unlike most fish that derive their forward motion from sweeps of the tail, propeller-like, he used his whole body in swimming. As a result his progress was strangely sinuous, almost snake-like.

For a full hour he swam at a gentle, four-knot speed and his streamlining was so perfect that the water closed behind him with scarcely an eddy current, almost undisturbed. Suddenly he became alert. A marvelously acute combination sense of taste and smell had detected something interesting, something hunger intriguing.

He turned abruptly into the current and stopped. For five minutes he hung almost stationary, enormous head swinging slowly from side to side, sampling, tasting. Finally convinced that a food prospect worth investigating lay ahead, he speeded up, surfacing slowly, and began following the tantalizing scent.

His six-foot dorsal fin was almost entirely above water when he located the source. Directly ahead of him a small freighter lay idly with engines stilled. Urged by a slight ground swell she rolled, revealing yard-long sea grass coating her rusted bottom. Aboard, several sailors whiled away the time hand-line fishing while the engine room gang sweated over repairs.

Ten yards ahead Carcharodon saw a disturbance on the surface. He eased forward curiously. Splashing frantically, a six-foot hammerhead shark, victim of the sailors' savage humor, tried with desperate futility to submerge. It might have survived the hook wounds but the block of wood wedged between its jaws doomed it to drown on the surface. Raucous laughter at its antics floated across the water. Its blood and the other scents of fishing was what had first attracted the great shark.

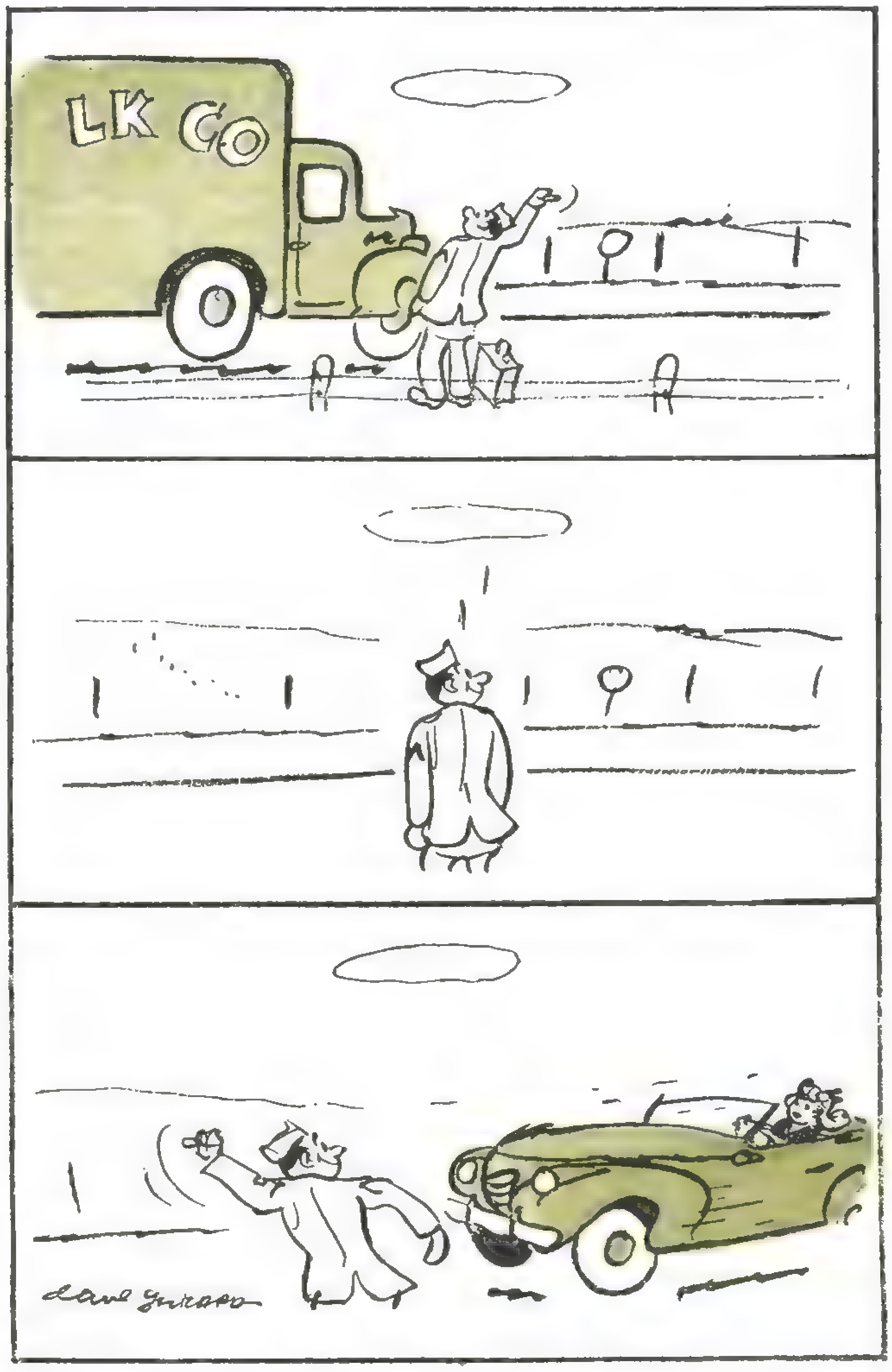
As he broadsided toward the freighter one of the sailors sighted the huge dorsal fin. For a spine-chilling second he thought he had spotted the periscope of a surfacing submarine. Then, as Carcharodon swept forward and engulfed their helpless victim with one effortless clash of massive jaws, realization dawned.

He gasped, unbelieving, then shouted excitedly, "Looka, youse guys! Looka that shark!"

Following the line of his outstretched arm the others gaped with incredulous amazement. "I seen some big sharks in my time," one of them exclaimed, "but that beats 'em all. He's damn near a whale! He could swaller a guy in one chunk!"

Up on the bridge the captain heard their cries. For a second he, too, stared in disbelief. Then he turned to the mate.

"The chief says it'll be five or six hours before we can get under way. Dig up some rope and chain. We'll let the boys try to hook that beast. It'll give Blackie a chance to try out that big hook he's been makin'."



The men went into action. One went to a large dolphin on the deck and started whittling off pieces and tossing them overboard to keep the great shark close by. Blackie ran below for his cherished hook. Others ran for rope and chain.

Carcharodon circled the ship slowly. On his second trip around he found chunks of fish. He gulped one cautiously, then another more boldly. Soon he was wolfing them almost as they struck the water. Compared with the three hundred pounds needed daily to keep him moving at full effort they were mere appetite-whetting tidbits.

Blackie's hook, bent, barbed and polished by hand from a length of five-eighths-inch cold-rolled steel, had a look of murderous efficiency. Yet, because it measured eighteen inches from eye to bend, all hands had ridiculed it as a monstrously useless thing. But now, as they shackled it to four fathoms of one-and-one-half-inch chain they wondered if it were large and strong enough for the task at hand.

Two hundred feet of one-inch rope was quickly bent to the chain and a five-gallon oil can float attached with a light line. A freshly caught bonito was impaled upon the hook which was lowered overboard and drifted slowly astern under the oil can.

Carcharodon was moving away when it touched the water. Two minutes later the fish scent reached him. He whirled toward it.

Floated twelve feet deep, the bait was plainly visible to those aboard. So was Carcharodon. Once he would have figure-eighted about the tempting morsel, prudently checking one nostril against the other, for each conveyed its impressions to his brain separately. But the hunger madness had him. The smaller baits had concealed no traps. He was not suspicious. The surface boiled as he dived, struck and gulped.

Even as he turned to flash away from the too close stern the great hook circled his lower jaw, bit deeply, and held.

Six men shouted as the rope came taut, then they grunted in unison as it burned through their hands.

"Take a turn!" one shouted. "We can't hold him!"

Blackie shouted for slack as

they fought against the incredible pull and, when he got it, threw a turn around the heavy towing bitt.

"That does it!" he panted. "Now all together."

They surged back like a tug of war team. The rope inched slowly through straining hands. Foot by foot it crept away from them.

Suddenly apprehensive, one of them turned and stared at their dwindling reserve. "We're runnin' outa rope! Bend that other length on, one a youse guys!" A shipmate knotted the two ropes together. They took up the fight again. Despite their best efforts, it still slipped through their hands.

"Gimme slack, guys!" Blackie panted, "I'm gonna take another turn!"

When he had flipped the second turn they took up the strain. Grunting and sweating, they fought the rope. And even though he churned the water into a foaming maelstrom, they held Carcharodon! And as they held him they became aware that their small ship was being towed, stern first.

Under water in one corner of Carcharodon's mouth the great hook, made of comparatively soft, cold-rolled steel, was slowly straightening out. Five minutes more of such terrific strain would see the raging shark free.

But just as Blackie yelled exultantly, there was a sharp "whap-p-p-p!" as one strand in the added rope parted. All hands watched helplessly as strand after strand let go and blossomed into a whirling pinwheel. Five seconds later it was all over. The heavy knot and ragged rope end whipped over the side. Carcharodon dived deeply.

For ten blasphemous minutes the air smoked under salty curses aimed at their luck, the shark and the rotten rope.

When his forward surge told of freedom, Carcharodon threw every ounce of his immeasurable horsepower into an effort to open space between himself and the ship.

The speed of which he was capable did not develop. The drag of chain and rope, pulling from the right corner of his mouth, tended to force him around in a great circle. As his speed increased, so did the drag. Only by straining furiously could he maintain a course straight away from the ship.

Swimming forty feet deep he struggled ahead doggedly. The effort was exhausting. He slowed to rest.

For three minutes he hung motionless, cavernous mouth opening and closing wearily. Then, as rope and chain settled slowly toward the bottom, over one hundred fathoms down, he began to sink by the head. It wasn't until he was nearly on end, tail straight up, that panic seized him. He fought madly to regain even keel. After wild, water-churning acrobatics he managed to get his head up and bored desperately toward the surface.

Once there he gave way to blinding rage. Beating the water into a half acre of boiling foam he writhed and whirled, clashing massive jaws in a vain effort to reach the trailing rope. But no matter how wildly he circled, spun or reversed his course, the broad serrated daggers, capable of crunching through a six by six timber with ease, never closed on the manila strands. Instead, they clamped, time and again, on the heavy chain. Each time ugly gaps were left in the ivory rows that had gleamed white and symmetrical as the teeth on a carpenter's saw.

He fought the crippling down drag while the sun slid redly into the sea and he fought it far into the night. Once a low flying sea bird, startled by the phosphorescent torrent which erupted just beneath him, squawked raucously and clawed toward the star-lighted heavens on panic driven wings. And the dangling weight, forever seeking the bottom, too far below for Carcharodon's internal construction to stand the pressure, always denied him rest.

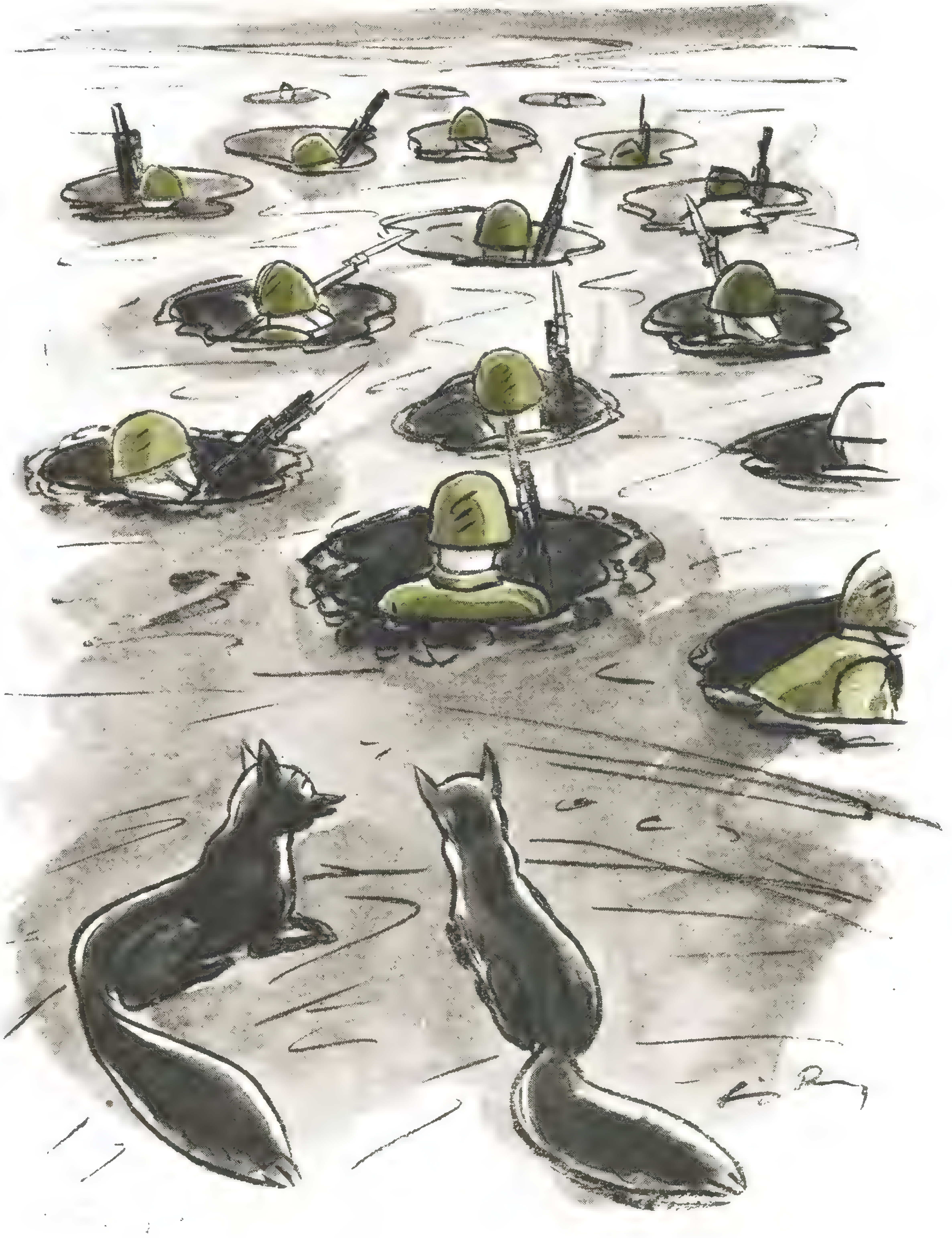
It was nearing daylight when he turned over his hole card. He rolled, slowly at first, then so rapidly that the water churned. When completely encircled by chain and rope from jaws to caudal fin he straightened away in a frantic burst of speed. The ruse had worked many times before.

This time it failed. For there was no straining big game angler on the other end, no comparatively light line to cut on sharply denticled hide. But it did bring relief. With the rope coiled tightly around him and held from slipping aft by his great fins, swimming on a straight course was easier.

He headed toward shore. Toward shallow water. Toward remembered lighthouse foundation rocks upon which he might be able to rub out the torturing hook. He had rubbed out many hooks in his time.

Holding to a twenty-foot depth he drove steadily forward. At his approach great schools of brilliantly colored Spanish and king mackerel flashed in milling panic,

Continued on page 102



"I understand there's a housing shortage in the U. S., too"

Guaranteed Innocent Praise

Time out while this critic serenades his own personally selected gallery of nine lovely women from radio, screen and stage

by GILBERT SELDES

▪ THE LIVELY ARTS ▪

Jane Froman

It's no use pretending that Jane's thrilling lower register is her only attraction. But it is the richest voice, in that register, of any popular singer; and when Jane lets it float over you, in her second chorus of *Begin the Beguine*, for instance, the effect is terrific. The other things in her favor are that she is beautiful, enormously companionable and unbelievably unaware of herself. When she made her return to radio after her disastrous accident, André Kostelanetz conducted the orchestra; a fanfare was played as Jane's name was announced; she sat in her chair, beating time to it, excited and pleased—and suddenly realized that the fanfare was *for her!* It hadn't occurred to her that anyone would celebrate her return.

She has a funny twist of speech which might be called a stammer. On her it's divine; but it keeps her from the movie career her talents deserve. I've never heard her sing anything but popular American music, and not the hottest at that. But I don't know anyone I'd sooner nominate to represent our typical song styles in any musical festival after the war.

Lucille Ball

My friend John K. Hutchens, of the New York *Times*, has assured me that Butte, Montana, casts a spell upon all who live within its borders. Life is richer, rarer, and far, far rowdier for such people than for any others. Miss Ball was born in Butte, and in my own experience is absolute proof of Hutchens' point. My experience of her on the screen, of course. I am like the miserable cadet in *Best Foot Forward* who had never seen Miss Ball except in the movies.

Several years ago there was a picture called *A Guy, A Gob, and A Girl;* Pop worked in a foundry and everybody had to yell when he came home to make him hear; so light conversation was alarmingly pointed, and Lucille was rowdy as all getout. Last year there were the above-mentioned *Best Foot Forward* and *DuBarry*. The latter was a large pain in the neck or somewhere, but *Best Foot Forward* was one of the amusing films of the year.

There's a moment in the picture when she is walking up the front steps of the gymnasium and the kid-cadet says something about the dance making her feel young again; she has her back to the camera, you see nothing except that she doesn't take the next step quite in her stride, a sort of syncopation—but I've seen players trying to do just that with everything from poetic speeches to lights and scenery—and never touching the hem of Miss Ball's really remarkably well-fitting dresses.

Technicolor is her dish, by the way. No one gets so much out of it—or puts so much in. In the pictures she's a redhead. And rowdy and nice simultaneously.

Veronica Lake

A few days ago I saw a newspaper picture of Veronica Lake. Surprisingly, it looked exactly like Veronica Lake on the screen. I have passed within two feet of some of Hollywood's best glamor-creatures (they let you walk between the tables until you get far enough back not to disturb anyone) and haven't recognized them because the glamor is so synthetic.

Hazel Scott

It may be disappointing to lovers of music to learn that Miss Scott's chief effect on me is slight bewilderment. I want to know what it is on her left shoulder-blade that she finds so absorbing, while her hands are doing their damnedest, and doing it mighty well, on the keyboard. It is this aloofness from the world and from her own business, that gives the classical air to Miss Scott's music. I have not any idea whether she is a great pianist, hot or cold. But she has the grand manner and it's worth watching.

Grace Hartman

To be sure I've never seen her without Paul, and together they are the great original comic dancers or parodists with a real feeling for style—and they can dance, too. Neither is flashy, neither has to play straight. Grace is therefore one half of a supremely fine duo; by mathematics you can see she's supremely fine herself.

Hedy Lamarr

For great beauties and tragic actresses, the touchstone is always comedy. If they can play a light part, they're not getting by on looks or superstition alone. (The superstition, I mean, that tragedy is so important that even if you do it badly, you're better than a top comedienne.) Well, Miss Lamarr did comedy, smoothly and sweetly. And she remains incalculably breath-taking on the screen. I saw recently a revival of a trifle called *Come Live with Me*, and there were sequences of shots in which, no matter what she did, she had that dream quality in which perfection of looks is combined with the pulse of life. No one else in my experience has had that effect on audiences year after year. There comes a moment when a door opens or a curtain is drawn and the audience loses a heartbeat, that stoppage of the earth's motion, reduced to the private terms of being for a second breathless, is Hedy Lamarr's unique power.

Agnes de Mille

When the moment came and a ballet could become the high point of a marvelously good operetta, Miss de Mille had the technical knowledge, intelligence, and humor to take advantage of it. The result is that ballet hereafter will be as acceptable as tap dancing; and ballet will benefit because it will enter into the main stream of popular entertainment instead of staying outside.

Ethel Merman

The musical shows which Miss Merman makes wonderful go to Hollywood and someone else ruins them. Her looks, I gather, aren't what Hollywood absolutely needs; her talent it rarely equals. I think it was Wolcott Gibbs who wrote that she seemed always out-of-drawing; certainly she gets herself up in the darnedest costumes when the part demands, like a small size Sadie Thompson, with the smile of a pink baby and a look of the eye. She has the kind of presence on the stage Mae West used to have on the screen, the power to make all sight lines converge upon her. And she sings. You don't feel the punch, but you are lain low. It's a pleasure to be in the same theatre with her; and maybe it's a good idea they've got the footlights between you, because she might induce you to sing, too.

In Memoriam

The beautiful Tamara was killed in the same Clipper accident in Lisbon from which Jane Froman escaped alive. Tamara's great song was *Smoke Gets in Your Eyes*, and the lovely Kern melody was just right for her. She did a series of television shows, and her finely modeled head, her slow grace composed an endless series of beautiful pictures, while she sang romantic music—or made whatever she sang seem romantic. ⧺

BROADWAY FOR THE BOYS

Five hits from *One Touch of Venus*

Here you have Mary Martin, eye-filling songbird from *One Touch of Venus*, and four lovely nymphs. This musical, which has been one touch of Midas for the Imperial Theatre on 45th Street, is at once the answer to a producer's prayer and a uniformed traveling man's yen to be charmed and amused. To put it lightly, gentlemen, the show's a wham.

When you take imposing stars like Mary Martin, Kenny Baker and Paula Lawrence, give them a saucy story about a stone goddess coming to life and having herself a time, throw in the impish glee of S. J. Perelman and Ogden Nash, you've got something. Further bedizen the magic atmosphere with a musical score by Kurt Weill and lyrics by Nash—you can't lose.

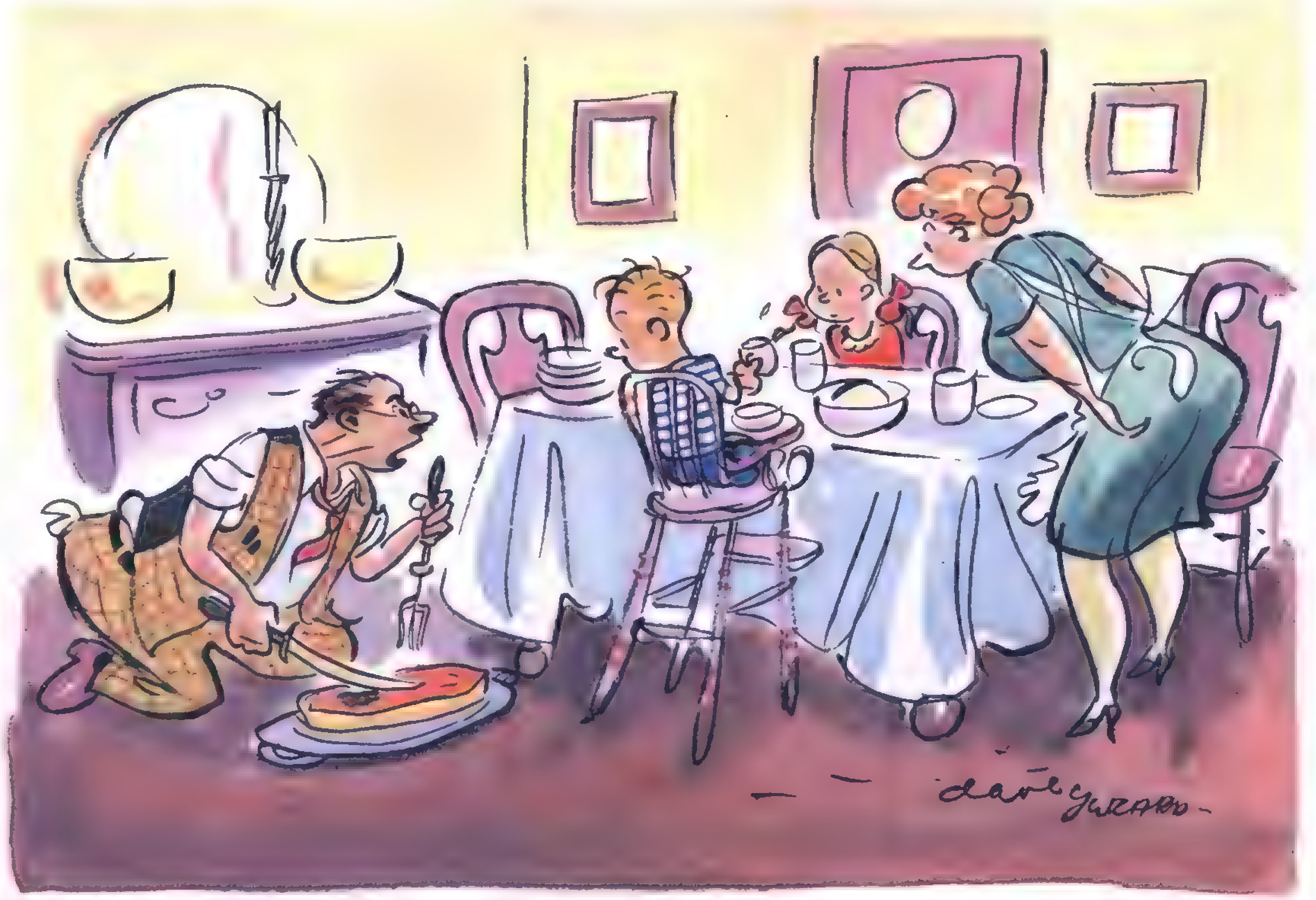
The nymphs we have chosen from the ballet *Venus in Ozone Heights* are, reading left to right, Sono Osato, Diana Adams, Pearl Lang, and Patricia Schaeffer. Sono Osato hails from Omaha, Nebraska. She studied dancing as a child, became a member of the Ballet Russe, and traveled through Europe and Australia. Today, as première danseuse of *One Touch of Venus*, she has reached the top drawer.

Miss Martin, the statue of Venus who comes to life in seventeen numbers in a quest for that old black magic known in Greek circles as mortal love, comes out on top of the heap in the end and says to hell with the whole statue idea. Let producers Cheryl Crawford and John Wildberg spend the profits messing around with that stuff.

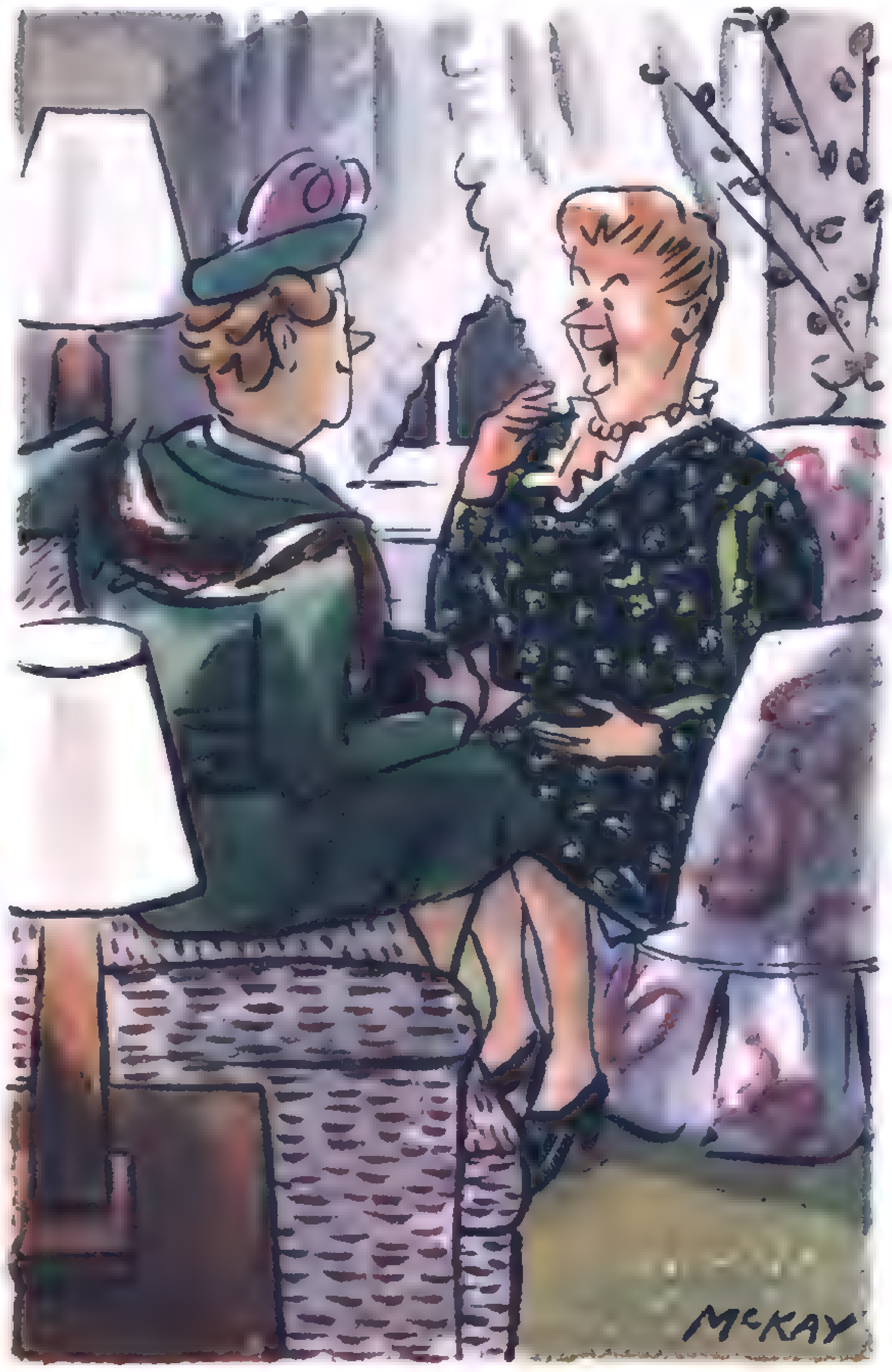
Mary Martin trekked from Weatherford, Texas, to Hollywood—to face the usual bafflement. She sang on the radio and in night clubs, while movie moguls elaborately ignored her. One night a tired Broadway scout saw the light, sent her east for *Leave It to Me*. Hollywood took one look, trundled her back to the Coast for the lead in *The Great Victor Herbert;* followed *Kiss the Boys Goodbye*, *Star Spangled Rhythm* and now stardom.

P.S. Kenny Baker gets the girl, and John Boles—he loses the statue. The subtle conclusion, however, is that statues are a snare and a delusion anyway.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JON ABBOT



"You tell that blankety blank butcher we want our points back!"



"George is in Italy, Harvey is in England and Frank is in Iceland—but they're looking forward to a family reunion in Berlin"

HOLLYWOOD . . . SET TO MUSIC

Nora Bayes returns, via Ann Sheridan

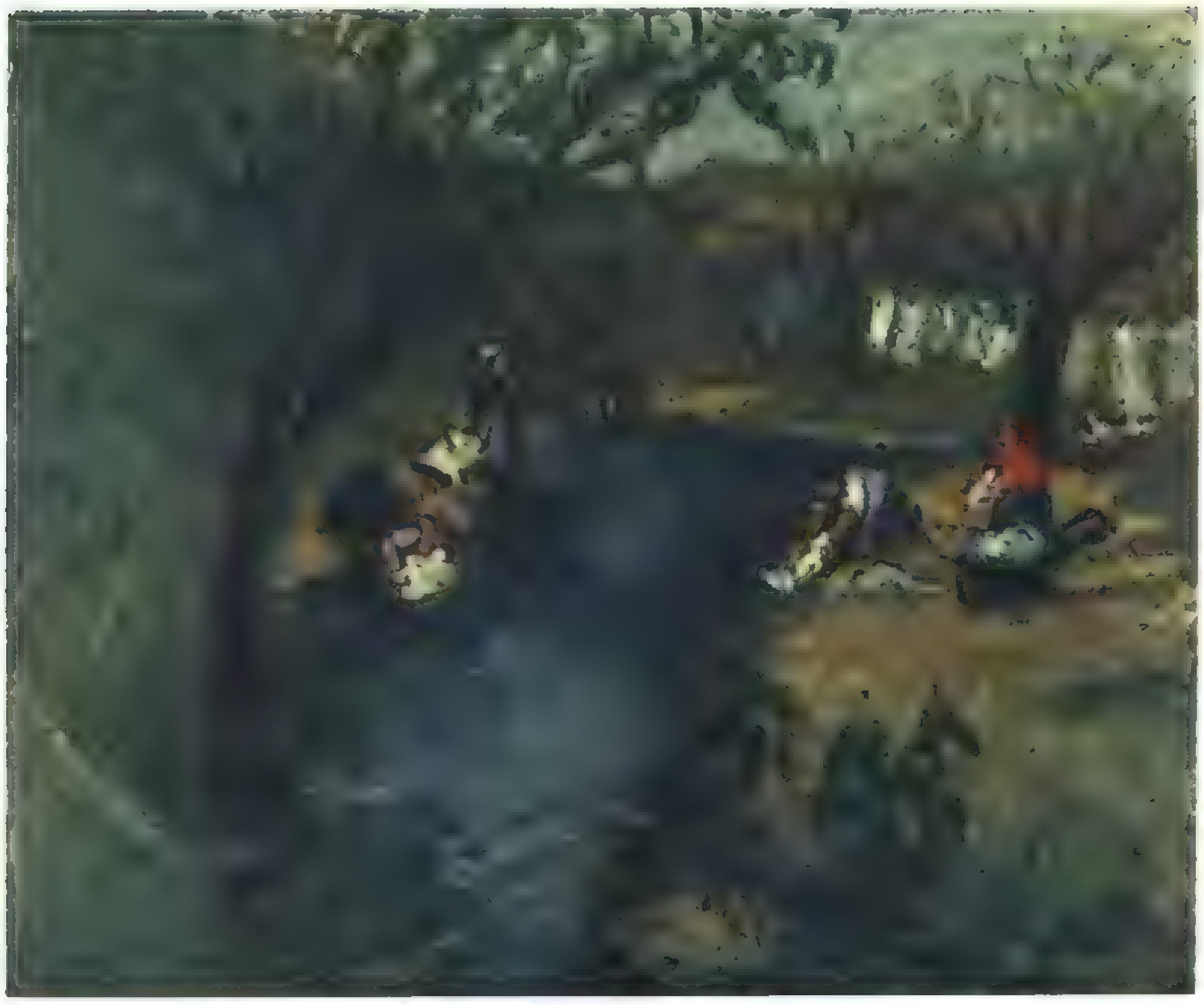
VAUDEVILLE still kicks a ghostly heel or two—at least in Hollywood. Since the sounding of its official death knell—the shutdown of the old two-a-day Palace—vaudeville has now and then managed to guide the hand that killed it: the motion picture industry. Last year came a cataclysm of Hollywood all-star variety shows: vaudeville in fancy clothes and by another name. Now comes a sprinkling of movie-musicals based on the dear dead days of the ten-twent'-thirt', the show-shops, the Keith circuit.

The Brothers Warner will lead of with *Shine on Harvest Moon*, which is soon to be released. It will be a Technicolor toast to Nora Bayes, one of the great mesdames of the marquee. With Eva Tanguay, Elsie Janis and Irene Franklin, Nora led the distaff side of the two-a-day world. Pappy will tell you she was tops at dramatizing a song. Vaudeville managers could tell you she was something of a temperamental prima donna.

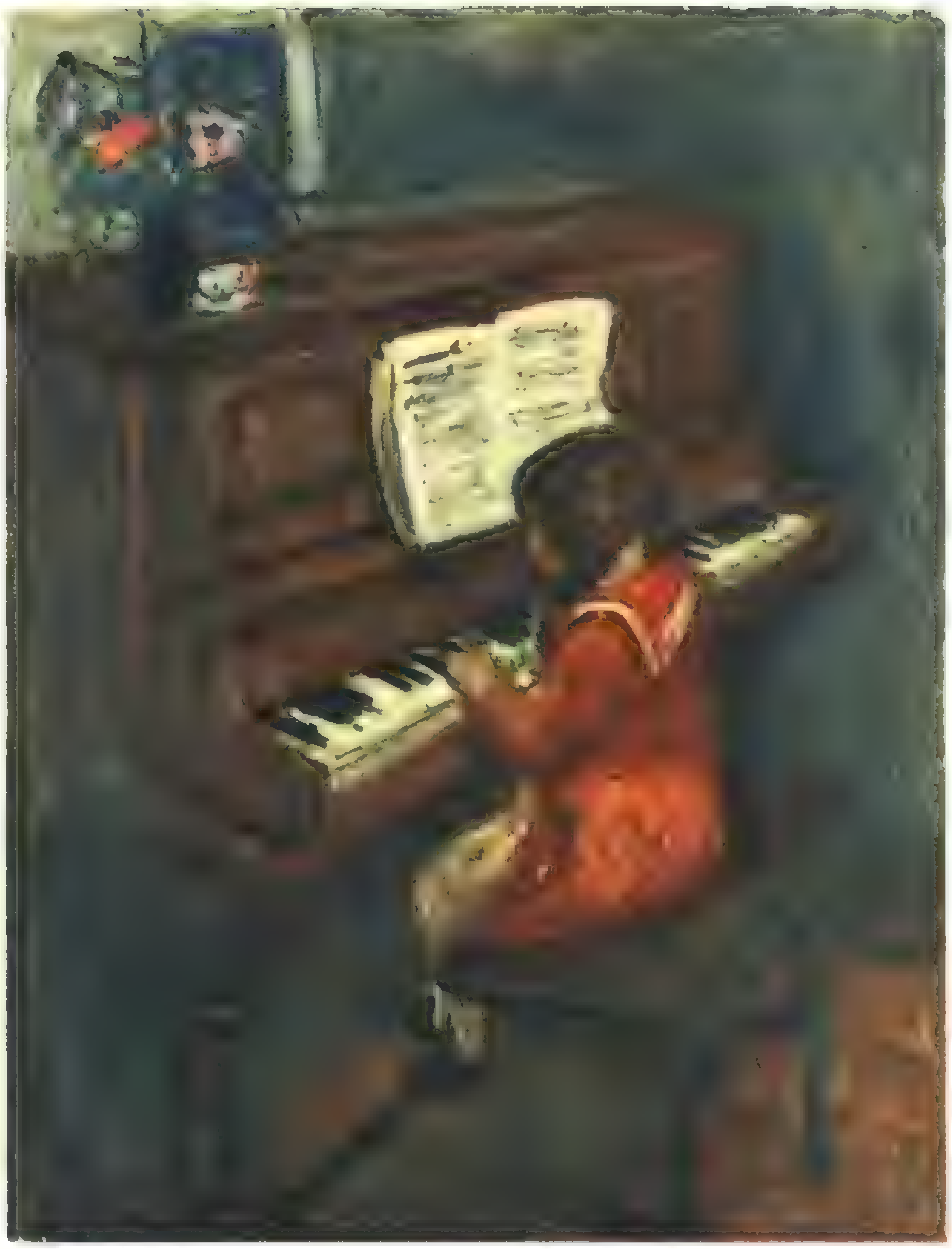
Nora Bayes comes back in the nothing-to-be-desired form of Ann Sheridan. The fact that Miss Sheridan is no great songstress, that she's known as Hollywood's most co-operative leading lady, makes her something of an antithesis to Miss Bayes, but a left-face will show you that's no detraction from the glammer side. When Ann sings the title song, along with such other old ones as *Breezing Along with the Breeze*, *A Garden in Sweden*, Nora Bayes' own *Just Like a Gypsy* and a bunch of new songs—when she swings her way through the script—you can pretend its Bayes herself on the screen. Miss Sheridan is too young to have seen Bayes in action, but Sophie Tucker gave her some eyewitness accounts while the picture was in production.

Esquire's preview, yonder, catches Miss Sheridan and four hoofing scarecrows in the final scene from the picture. Out of the camera's range: Dennis Morgan, as Jack Norworth—one of Nora Bayes' five husbands. Irene Manning, as the would-be other woman; Jack Carson, as a vaudeville magician and Marie Wilson, as his bird-brained stooge mill around among the harvestings, too. And the atmosphere of the early 1900's is everywhere.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BUDDY LONGWORTH



WOMEN WASHING IN THE STREAM

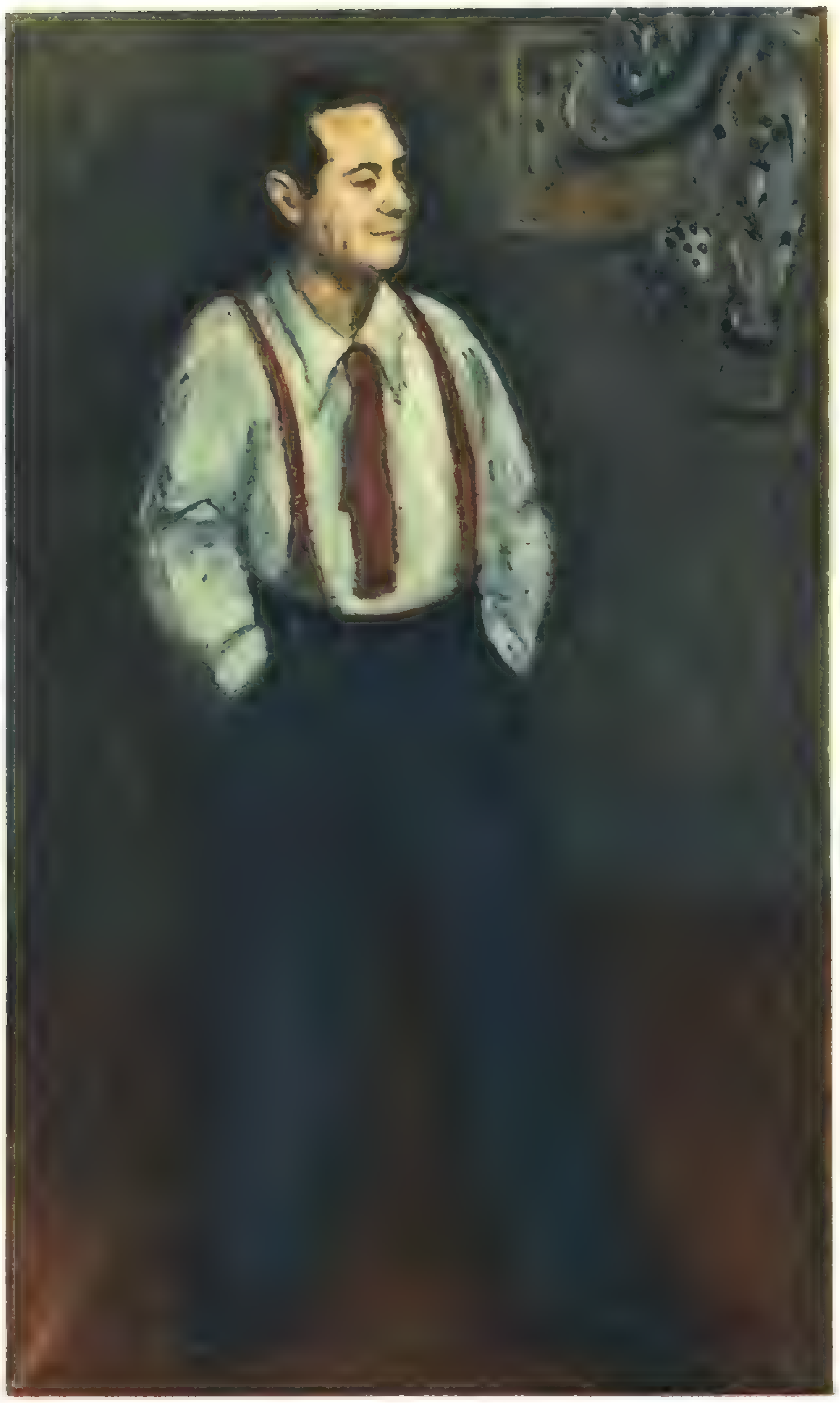


PRACTICING

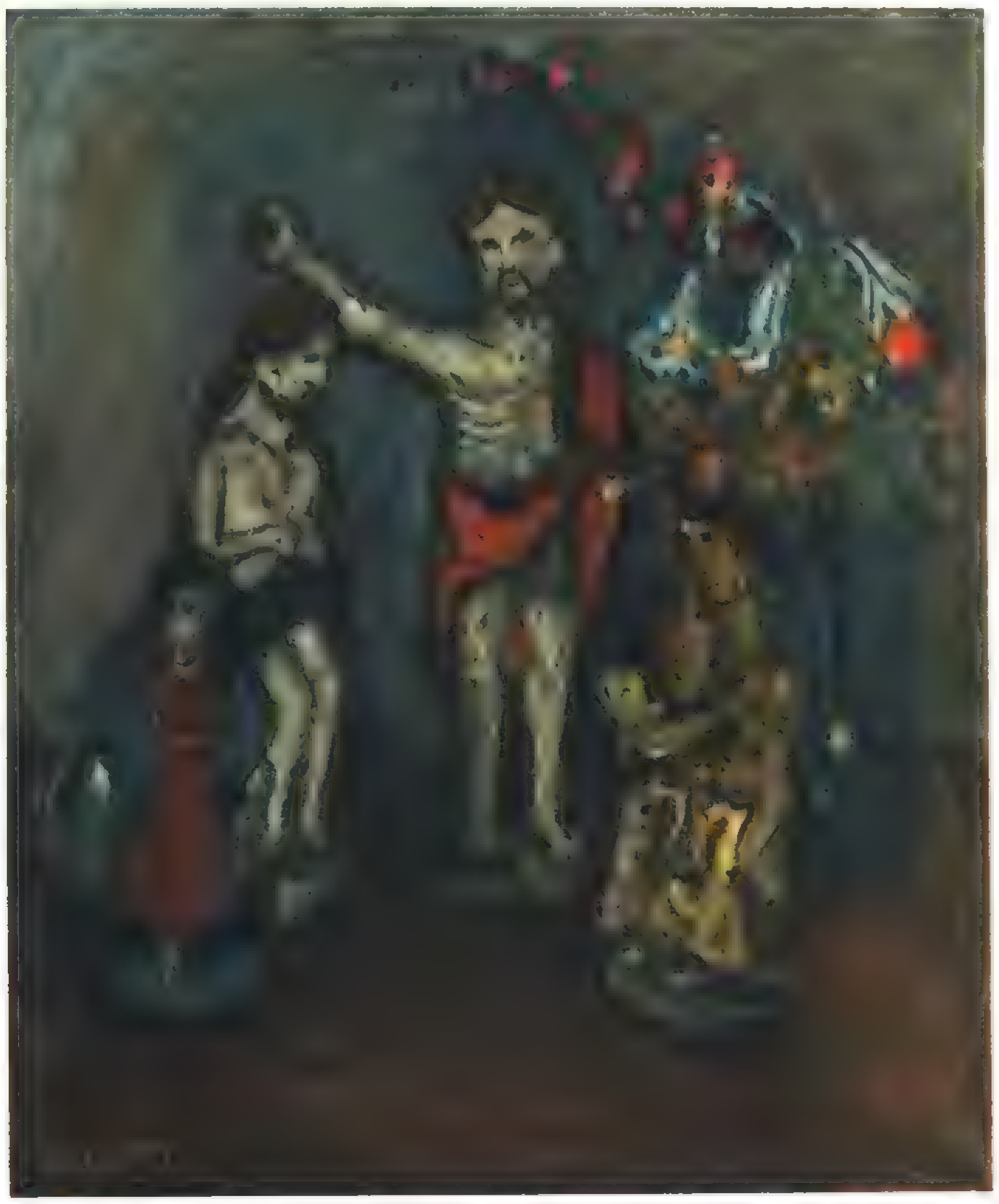
A Group of Paintings

by

ARBIT BLATAS



JOSEPH BULOFF



LITHUANIAN PRIMITIVE FIGURES

These paintings were reproduced in Chicago through the courtesy of the Associated American Artists Gallery, 711 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

Blatas: Artist as Parent

His daughter, Dorothée, is the favorite model of Arbit Blatas who projects his paternal love and intuition upon canvas

by HARRY SALPETER

ARTICLE

Born in pre-First World War Lithuania, foster-fathered by Russia of the revolution, molded in post-Impressionist France and adopted by pre-Pearl Harbor, lend-lease America, Arbit Blatas is a cosmopolitan whose bland, indifferent outward appearance camouflages the variety of national influences in whose crucibles he has been formed. There are eight languages upon the tip of his tongue.

At the moment this is being written, he carries in his wallet his 1-A classification, in which is condensed the possibility that he may learn a little more of the inner details of the second world war than he could of the first. But at the age of thirty-five, he has buried within himself all the memories of famine, pogrom, bombardment and evacuation which both intruded upon and high lighted his boyhood years.

He gives the impression of being umblemished even by his own experiences. Either he conceals his emotion, or he has allowed himself to be drained of it. He is like a man who is blind in all spots but the one vital one, his trade, profession, vocation, his life—the painting of pictures. The violently contrasted landscapes through which he has passed are just so many two-dimensional backdrops of whose movement he has hardly been conscious while absorbed in the greater business of painting pictures, the chore to which even his fatherhood appears to be incidental.

The Russian Revolution starred Blatas' boyhood with unexpected opportunities; the Czar's earlier counter-revolution came pretty close to interfering with his birth, in which case we would be writing of another painter this month, the world not knowing its loss. For in the revolutionary upheavals of 1905, a young Lithuanian student who was to become his mother in 1908, was found guilty of concealing firearms and was sentenced to a life term in Siberia; this was later abbreviated to permit her early release and subsequent marriage and motherhood. Blatas has not heard from his parents since Hitler invaded the Baltic states.

Six-year-old Arbit was modeling sand piles on the North Sea beach of a German summer resort when the first crashing chords of the first world war thunder broke. Mother and son were among the last to cross the Russian-German border, but could not reach Kaunas, their city, which already was being evacuated. They went, instead, to Vilna, where the family was briefly reunited; his father was already in Russian uniform. As the Germans were threatening to envelop Vilna, civilians were hurriedly evacuated to the Ukraine, a land then sheltered from the knowledge of war and buttressed behind plentiful harvests. Poltava became the artist's second childhood home.

Children don't realize the unusual quality of their own childhood until later and Arbit accepted his share of hunger and danger as part of the natural climate into which he had been born, just as a gravedigger's child might learn to play with skulls. For the granary was trampled and war came closer, but Arbit was happiest when he caught cold and had to stay at home, where he could sit in bed and draw. The revolution of 1917 brought the white terror of counter-revolution in its wake. There was a new government weekly and a massacre in the name of each, sparing the brigands the necessity of fighting each other. Even at the age of nine, Blatas was learning to spin a private web of insulation around him, for he recalls that he was very happy on the day Petliura was conducting a pogrom in Poltava, for on that day the artist-to-be had completed, for the first time, the full-size figure of a man.

The nine-year-old's promise might have been nipped in the bud but for the peasant-like appearance and Ukranian accent of his father, who, having rejoined his wife and son in Poltava in 1918, pointed vaguely elsewhere when a band of Petliura's Cossacks riding up to him, asked: "Where are the Jews?" The following year the Communists marched in, solidified their control, and then came in no inevitable sequence, the first of post-war Russia's famines. People lived on potato peelings, roots and bark, after having exhausted their stocks of barterable goods. In a way, Arbit enjoyed the confusion and the commotion, the shorter school days and the early dismissals, for he was spared the need of learning his mathematics. Yet school was his salvation, for they remarked his talent for painting and drawing and put him in an elite class of talented children. These were moved into the governor's palace and given special instruction and a slightly better ration of meat and bread. Arbit was given paints and brushes, free admission to the theatre and opera and other privileges, so that by the time he was twelve or thirteen he had already seen and heard most of the classic plays and operas of Russia.

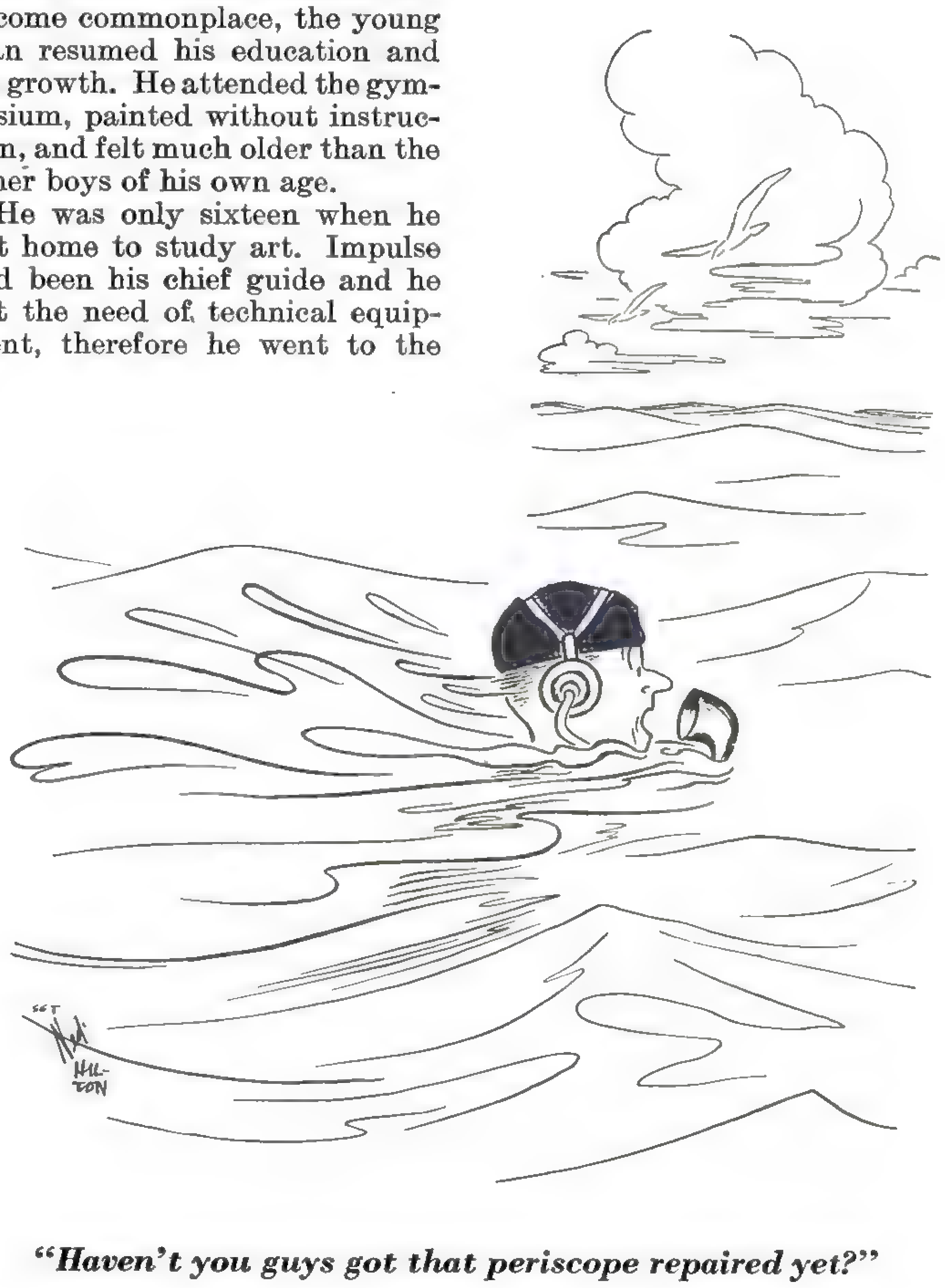
By permission of the Soviets, the Blatas family returned to Lithuania in 1921, riding for nine weeks in freight trains for a distance that had required three days, living on unleavened bread and tea, and wearing a bag of naphtha around their necks as the only protection against the lice of typhus. Arbit saw the wheels crush those unfortunate ones who had found places on the roof of the trains only, and who fell to the tracks. Again and again the train would stop in the middle of the road until the crew could chop enough wood to feed the engine.

At Kaunas, the boy Arbit was equally amazed at the sight of people with comfortable paunches and white bread in the bakeshops. When these related miracles had become commonplace, the young man resumed his education and his growth. He attended the gymnasium, painted without instruction, and felt much older than the other boys of his own age.

He was only sixteen when he left home to study art. Impulse had been his chief guide and he felt the need of technical equipment, therefore he went to the Germans. At the Reichsakademie in Berlin the admitting professor told him that before one may hope to become a good artist, he must first learn to paint the walls and ceiling of a room, an edict which the young man resented. There the teaching emphasized photographic realism and was entirely too dry. He was advised to try his teeth on Paris, and in that city of light he arrived at the mature age of seventeen.

Since no stranger may know more of Blatas' Paris years than the selective and excluding memory of the artist desires to reveal, one is obliged to sum up his life in that metropolis in his own terms, as a period of confusion and disappointment. He was like a weak-legged, weak-armed swimmer thrown into a current too strong for him. He was only seventeen and he had both the advantage and the disadvantage of a young man who has learned to use his elbows before he has gone any dis-

Continued on page 149



"Haven't you guys got that periscope repaired yet?"

War Birds That Swim

The Army air program aims to give every cadet enough water confidence and skill to survive a "wet landing"

by C. L. SAWIN

SPORTS

U. S. Army Air Forces Preflight "Survival Swim" Test

Very Poor	*Cadets unable to swim fifty yards.*
Poor	*Swim fifty yards.* *Tread water one minute.*
Good	*Jump from height of five feet, and swim 100 yards.* *Tread water three minutes.* *Demonstrate side stroke and back stroke.* *Dive from edge of pool, swim 30 feet under water.*
Very Good	*Jump from height of ten feet, and swim 200 yards.* *Tread water six minutes.* *Demonstrate side stroke, back stroke and crawl.* *Start in water, duck under, swim 30 feet under water.*
Excellent	*Jump from height of fifteen feet, swim at least 400 yards.* *Tread water at least twelve minutes.* *Demonstrate side stroke, back stroke, crawl, and breast stroke.* *Start in water, duck under, swim fifty feet under water.*

All men, regardless of their grade, are taught artificial respiration.

STRICTLY a sport before Pearl Harbor, swimming was indulged in by men with the Johnny Weissmuller physique and women endowed with artistic curves slightly covered with brightly colored suits.

Six months after the Japanese sneak attack, the nation's shipyards were working round the clock to build the greatest fleet in the world's history, Uncle Sam's two-ocean Navy. Yet, with these high aspirations being realized, Navy officials knew that the day of the unsinkable battle wagon would never come during this war . . . if ever. Consequently, swimming immediately became a must in the Navy personnel program.

Simultaneously there came a huge expansion in Army Air Force operations. No longer were the conquests of our Army wing commands limited to overland operations, and from now on Army planes will operate more and more over water. Now the Army air crews, who previously only had an opportunity to get their feet wet while taking a bath, stand a good chance of getting a dunking should motor trouble prevail or an enemy bullet find its way into the vitals of their plane.

After three months of research, I finished a training manual for the Army air crews based on actual tests. At Butler University, where the experiments in mass teaching were held, the various air cadets were interviewed and their abilities charted.

Typical of twenty per cent of the American boys entering preflight training is Fred Mares, Jr. Born and raised on a farm in Nebraska, Fred had few opportunities to swim during his boyhood. On those very few occasions he was discouraged from going into the water because he could not swim. Mares stated during swimming class, "My first opportunity to go in a swimming pool came when I was twenty years old. I had left the farm and gone to California to work as a lineman for the telephone company and there was a pool near where we were working. I purchased a pair of trunks and went out for a swim on my day off. I stopped outside and watched those youngsters paddling around. That was a bad thing for me to do because I became so self-conscious of my inability to swim that I was too ashamed to enter the pool."

Mares, now twenty-two years of age, is stationed at Butler University, one of several hundred universities giving preflight training.

This Nebraska youth entered the University pool a rank beginner, having never attempted to swim. The cadet program calls for two hours of swimming each week. Despite embarrassment and lack of experience in the water, Aviation Cadet Mares was able to negotiate seventy-five feet after ten weeks in the new "survival" water program.

The entire program is based on teaching men to survive in ocean water. Centered around mass swimming classes which are necessary in the Army air cadet program, the manual cautions, "It is the responsibility of the instructor not to teach a few men to swim well but to teach all men how to survive."

The importance of the survival course is brought out in the manual's advice to instructors, "A sobering thought to drop to cadets in class who are not giving their individual attention is to remind them that some day in the very near future their lives may depend on how long they can stay afloat."

The new manual covers all important situations that may arise on the air crew man's future water front. The subjects included range from pool hygiene while in training to facing actual emergency conditions on the high seas. The course is climaxed with a lecture which includes how to avoid sunburn and its arch enemy, salt water spray. The readers are warned, "In shark-infested waters make as little noise as possible while swimming." It continues, "It is best to use the old style breast stroke unless you are burdened with an injured or unconscious buddy; in that case use the side stroke."

Speaking of more desperate situations the manual goes on—"Life and death situations have already arisen when enemy submarines have surfaced and machine-gunned survivors. This is also a habit of enemy combat planes that have the luck of dropping you in the drink. Elated with success, they have been known time and time again to dive and spray their victims with hot lead. Remember, a man in the water is a hard target to hit! A man under water is almost impossible to hit. In such circumstances, get out of the raft quickly, swim under water forty or fifty feet, come up, get a breath, duck under and repeat till enemy fire has ceased."

Raft dwellers are cautioned to use as little salt water on the skin as possible. It dries and cracks the skin and works hand in hand with the sun to give victims a serious, if not unbearable, burn.

About five per cent of the cadets entering preflight are excellent swimmers with a great deal of experience obtained in college, summer camp, Y.M.C.A. or Red Cross work. These men are given a quick course in "survival swimming" and enrolled as instructors to assist with the enormous classes.

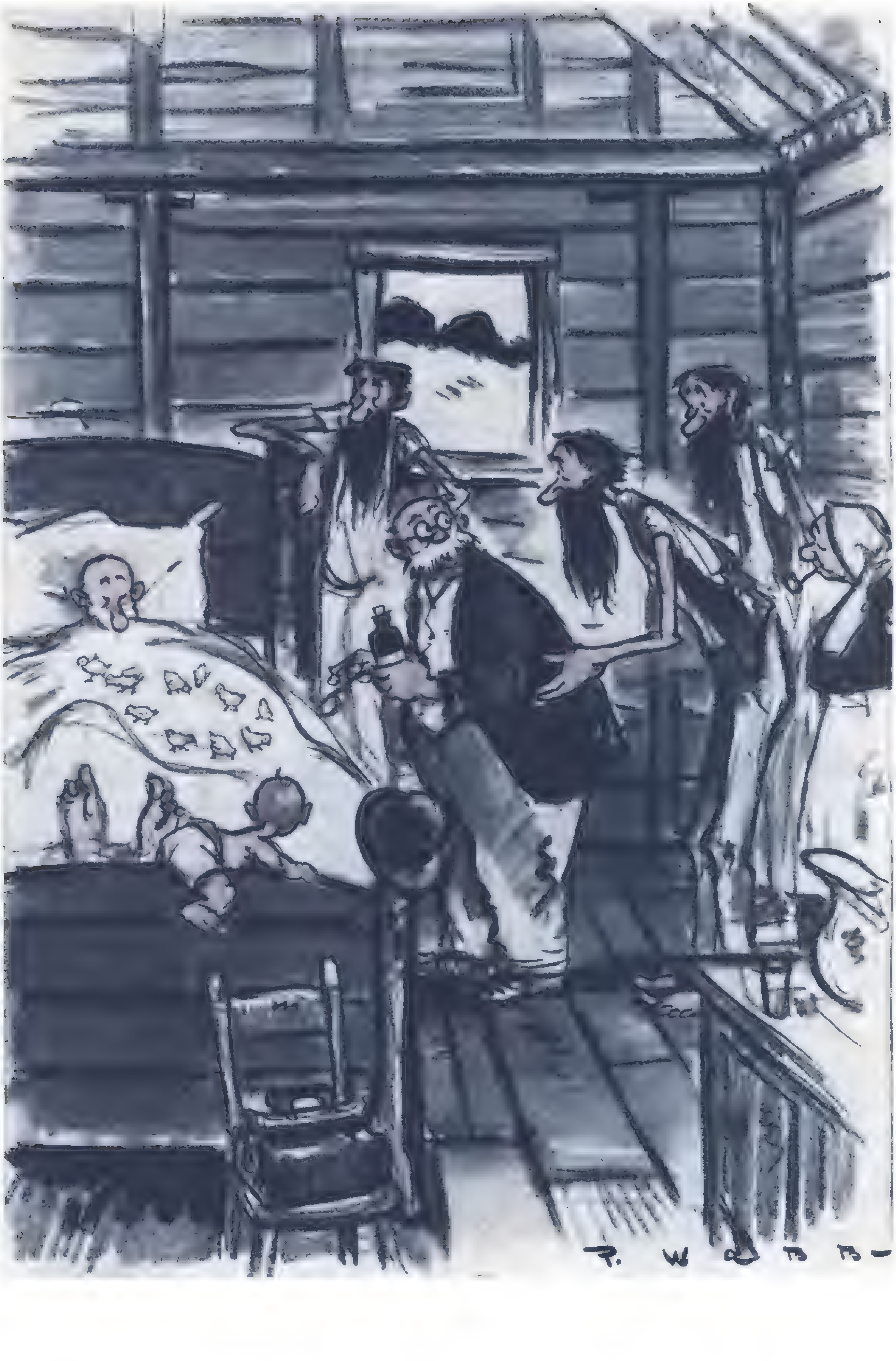
This new program includes a survival test climaxing the twenty-four hour course. Worked out to dovetail with the Army's already established physical fitness test, the rating of very poor, poor, good, very good or excellent is given to each cadet as he leaves the preflight school.

"Graduating day" is a fast procedure. The survival examination is given along the lines of mass production. A cadet instructor is placed in charge of each phase of the test. For instance, one instructor checks the swimming distances of forty men, while another is timing a group treading water, and a third is teaching artificial respiration, taught every cadet regardless of his survival ability. The average cadet can complete

Sgt. Bob Gallivan
WALLA WALLA AAB

"Exciting, wasn't it—right up to the bitter end"

Continued on page 134



"Ef yo're-shore it's the six weeks fever, Doc, we kin set some more eggs around him—them chicks is hatchin' out fine"

The Esquire Sports Poll

Lieutenant Commander Jack Dempsey's list of questions on timely topics of boxing pleases fans and experts

by **HERB GRAFFIS & RALPH CANNON**

▪ SPORTS ▪

LIEUTENANT Commander William Harrison (Jack) Dempsey of the Coast Guard has in operation an impressively effective and strenuous program for conditioning those many thousands who have so successfully handled that service's water transport and patrol and landing jobs of this war.

Controversial or spectacular phases of armed service sports have not figured in the Coast Guard athletic plan. Dempsey has not issued profound communiqués on sports or other physical training for fighters. He simply based his program on the Coast Guard observation that it's a hard service for hard men.

With the quick, positive development of hard men as his objective and a smart and sturdy physical training personnel, consisting mostly of former high school coaches, Jack Dempsey turned out to be the surprise find of the armed services' physical conditioning enterprises. He has none of the physical educator's background of theory and is not able to cite Shakespeare, Aristotle or Bernard Shaw as authority for a poke in the puss in a pinch. But as a smart, rough and tough fighter Jack has graduated *cum laude.*

Furthermore, Dempsey is the leading active sports hero today. A previous Esquire sports poll disclosed that Jack is shaded by only Babe Ruth in national voting as the greatest living sports character, but the Babe, outside of a radio program, is virtually in retirement while Dempsey at 48 is brisk and busy.

Questions Lt. Comdr. Dempsey puts up for Esquire's monthly sports poll as queries that men of the Coast Guard would like to have answered, naturally would be expected to concern boxing primarily. The one question outside the resin province has to do with school sports.

The U. S. Naval Receiving Barracks at Shoemaker, California, was the military bloc on this poll. This station is a stopover place for men coming from "boot" camp and headed for sea duty, as well as a receiving station for men coming off sea duty. Fifteen recreational fields are available to the men stationed there, and twenty new bowling alleys were completed in February. **Lieutenant Vincent Farrell,** Physical Fitness Officer, says that these recreational features are essential for "morale and *esprit du corps.*"

THE QUESTIONS

(These questions were proposed by Lieutenant Commander Jack Dempsey, United States Coast Guard)

I.

Do you think Joe Louis will fight after the war? .... *Yes* ☑ *No* ☐ *90.02%*

If so, do you think his long lay-off in the service will affect his ability? .... *Yes* ☑ *No* ☐ *75.16%*

II.

Do you think the armed services will produce as many good boxers as they did in World War I? .... *Yes* ☑ *No* ☐ *84.16%*

III.

Would you be in favor of a series of elimination tournaments to determine a National Serviceman Boxing Champion? .... *Yes* ☑ *No* ☐ *70.20%*

IV.

Do you think there will be more "contact" sports in the schools and colleges after the war? .... *Yes* ☑ *No* ☐ *80.30%*

V.

Who would win the next fight between Louis and Conn, in your opinion? .... *Louis 79.81%*

QUESTION I.

Do you think Joe Louis will fight after the war?

The Public	**Yes 84.61%**
Sportscasters	**Yes 94.11%**
Sports Writers	**Yes 91.20%**

If so, do you think his long lay-off in the service will affect his ability?

The Public	**Yes 62.82%**
Sportscasters	**Yes 64.51%**
Sports Writers	**Yes 84.93%**

Perhaps the voters' belief that the war was getting into its later stages accounts for the conviction that Louis will fight after the last round of World War II is fought. Louis will be 30 years old May 13 and as heavyweights' records go has fighting mileage ahead of him.

Sportscasters and writers figure the promotion angle in being more certain than the public that Louis will have post-war fights. The sportscasters by a 94.11% vote are sure that Joe will fight even if Mike Jacobs has to carry him into the ring.

Note that the sports writers are much stronger than any other group in believing that the lay-off will affect Joe's ability. Many of them who have seen Joe in Army camp exhibitions are of the opinion that the Bomber has got into the habit of just going through the motions.

"Timing and reflexes go fast after so long a lay-off," insisted **King Harmon,** KUTA, Salt Lake City. "Dempsey proved this when he couldn't tag Tom Gibbons at Shelby, Montana, after a long lay-off." **Shirley Povich,** Washington *Post,* considered "Army training no substitute for roadwork, bag punching and expert fight training."

"Yes," wrote **Marion H. Miller,** Kansas City, "I think Joe will fight although he told me definitely he would not. I was one of the judges when Louis won the A. A. U. light heavyweight championship at St. Louis, and although he is a slow thinker he has something most other fighters do not have—i.e., the ability to move quickly and automatically. His reflexes are unusually fast, with a potential K. O. in either hand. However, he can be hit, as has been proven."

"I had occasion to interview Louis quite recently while he was touring a nearby Army camp," reported **Fred K. Leo,** WMBD, Peoria. "He'll certainly defend his title once, unless the war lasts another four or five years, if his own enthusiasm counts for anything. The lay-off can't help but slow him down." **Bill Woodside,** Paris, Texas, *News,* also saw Louis lately and related: "Having recently seen Louis in an exhibition at Camp Maxey, I don't believe he can ever regain all his old speed and power after the war. He's overweight and the numerous sparring exhibitions certainly aren't keeping Joe's punching sharp."

"I think that Louis will fight again," said **Jack C. Berrigan,** Williamsport, Pennsylvania, *Sun,* "but he will not hold onto his title for long. Sullivan won the title when he was 23 and lost it when he was 33. Corbett lost the title at 30. Fitzsimmons lost the title when he was 37, although he never gained the crown until he was 34. Jeffries retired undefeated at 30 and when at 35 he tried to come out of retirement to fight Johnson he was a poor excuse for a champion. Willard lost the title at 31. Dempsey lost the title at 31. Tunney retired at 30."

"I have seen Joe Louis fight seven times and have visited his training camp regularly at Greenwood Lake, N. Y.," declared **Wesley F. Gill,** Newburgh, New York, *Beacon News.* "I found him to be a swell fellow. Personally I would like to see him quit for good in order to remain undefeated." **Dale Stafford,** Detroit *Free Press,* added: "Louis, who got his start in the Detroit *Free Press'* Golden Gloves, was a specialized athlete devoted entirely to boxing. No matter in how good condition he keeps, he can not leave his career for a long time without losing ability."

QUESTION II.

Do you think the armed services will produce as many good boxers as they did in World War I?

The Public	**Yes 81.11%**
Sportscasters	**Yes 85.07%**
Sports Writers	**Yes 85.32%**

Notwithstanding the extent of other competitive sports training in the armed services, boxing's popularity is high at camps and stations. Military authorities give two reasons for the fight boom. One is that this war, being one of movement instead of having the trench warfare accent of World War I, calls for boxing's development of personal combat methods and temperament. The other reason advanced is that the location of many camps near small towns wherein there are few, if any, recreational attractions for uniformed men, has necessitated first class boxing shows.

Both reasons have figured in the discovery of some unexpectedly good fistic talent. "Many tough kids coming out of service looking for jobs will turn to the ring," said **Joseph P. Val,** New York *World-Telegram.*

H. V. Porter, Chicago, Secretary of the Illinois High School Athletic Association, voted "no" on his questionnaire because this time there is "less time for inter-camp and inter-company bouts with 90% of the soldiers studying for technical service which takes up nearly all of their time." **Eddie Raymond,** De Kalb, Illinois, *Chronicle*, figured the other way around because "disregard for body punishment is ground into the men in service and it will take a good puncher to down them." **John M. Croft,** WJPA, Washington, Pennsylvania, voted in the affirmative "because guys like Lieutenant Commander Jack Dempsey are directing and inspiring boxing activity." **Bill Kinney,** *The Argus*, Rock Island, related: "A friend of mine, a high school coach, is training boxers in North Africa. He says he has seen many good boys in his sector alone."

"This war is producing fighting men out of men who never had a belligerent thought before," said **Kenneth G. Scott,** Naval Receiving Barracks, Shoemaker, California.

QUESTION III.

Would you be in favor of a series of elimination tournaments to determine a National Serviceman Boxing Champion?

The Public	**Yes 77.90%**
Sportscasters	**Yes 70.58%**
Sports Writers	**Yes 66.48%**

Sports writers and sportscasters are not as hot as the public on the affirmative of this question. The U. S. Naval Receiving Barracks at Shoemaker, California, voted 74.19% "yes" on this question. **Congressman Samuel A. Weiss** of Pennsylvania thought it an "excellent idea!"

"Such a tournament," wrote **Ron Rawson,** KMOX, St. Louis, "would entertain the men as well as the participants, would give new interest to the lagging attitude the home front now has toward boxing, and would give added impetus to the physical fitness program among the men." **Bob Byrne,** Anderson, Indiana, *Herald*, suggested an "Army tournament for all weights and also a Navy event; then the champs could meet somewhere, possibly Madison Square Garden, with the receipts going to the War Emergency Fund."

"Battle zones are too widespread," declared **Richard J. Wiora,** WOC, Davenport, voting "no." **A. H. Pritzlaff,** Director of Physical Education in Chicago public schools, thought it would be an "excellent morale-builder and an excellent means of keeping up relationships between the home front and the battle front." **Ollie Crawford,** WBAB, Atlantic City, feared "It would, in some measure delay the most important job of beating the Axis." **A. Paul Menton,** Baltimore *Evening Sun*, reviewed that "The Army is opposed to such athletics and I can see no point in arousing resentment for sports as long as this is the Army policy."

"Boxing is the best troop entertainment I know of," stated **Hal Middlesworth,** Oklahoma City *Daily Oklahoman*, "and the pride each outfit would develop in its man would be a great morale tonic." **Captain Roy E. Davis,** Chicago, Chairman, American Olympic Boxing Committee, explained that "This was suggested to the War Department with a guarantee of 50,000 dollars' profit, but it was turned down."

QUESTION IV.

Do you think there will be more "contact" sports in the schools and colleges after the war?

The Public	**Yes 84.52%**
Sportscasters	**Yes 76.56%**
Sports Writers	**Yes 79.67%**

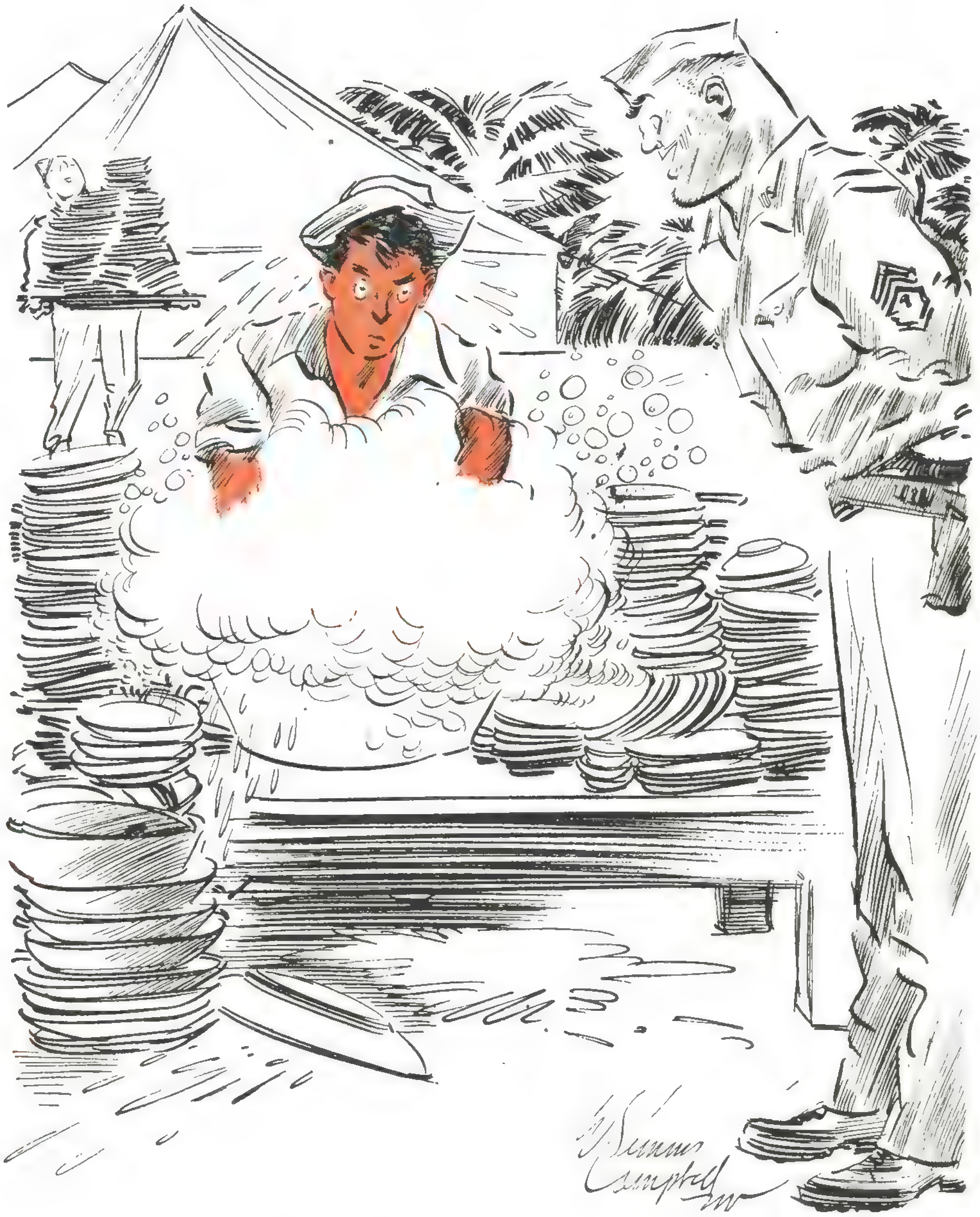
In the voting of the various groups you probably see reflected the writers' and radiomen's expert knowledge of the influences, unfavorable to sports, prevailing in many schools and colleges. Numerous executives of schools and colleges consider sports a distraction from the orbits in which they shine. To these men the Army's action in emergency curtailment of organized competitive sports programs for college students in Army training established a precedent. They'd like to make the policy permanent.

The general public doesn't realize that. The public, according to the overwhelming "yes" vote on this question, seems to have the idea that the educators must have learned that the schools flunked in not preparing students to withstand the impact of physical debate. The sports writers and sportscasters have, they believe, a more realistic view of the situation that will prevail at many schools and colleges when the war's over and people may be inclined to get soft.

How many millions and how many man-hours it's cost the nation to give its young men intensive tutoring in keeping alive during wartime never can be estimated. Much of that cost can be charged up in red against the opponents of reasonable programs of physical training in schools.

"Robert Maynard Hutchins, president of the University of Chicago, and other anti-contact sportmen have been proven wrong," declared **Bob Kelley,** WGAR, Cleveland. "Chess and billiards do not make a nation physically strong." **Carl Wal-**

Continued on page 124



"Just how do you always manage to keep your hands so soft and white?"

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Doing an about-face that amazes himself, Uncle George waxes enthusiastic over an opera, a play and a new civic enterprise

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

• THEATRE •

Anyone looking for his money's worth in the theatre need search no farther than Billy Rose's *Carmen Jones*. You may, having for so long been trained in skepticism by this department, speculate how it comes about that Billy, whose previous exercises in the art world have for the most part been confined to swimming exhibitions and the species of night club entertainment which consists in displaying a quartette of bespangled fat women as the Four Freedoms, happens to be the impresario of such a grand modern version of the famous opera. But, perhaps you shouldn't overlook the fact that some years ago in *Jumbo* he provided the town with a stunningly beautiful paraphrase of the circus, even if the town didn't have enough sense to accept it. The fact remains that the big little fellow has in this paraphrase of the Bizet favorite achieved a really fine show from any angle, including the critical, that you choose to look at it.

Billy, whatever he lays his hand to, doesn't go in for half measures. If he puts on an Aquacade show, it's no minnow but a whale. If he opens a night club, it's with a show almost big enough for a theatre stage and a band big enough for Ringling Brothers and enough girls to scare Bluebeard. So with this *Carmen Jones*. The help he has gathered around him makes the average producer look like a piker: Oscar Hammerstein for the libretto, Robert Russell Bennett for the musical arrangements, Hassard Short for the staging, Raoul de Bois for the costumes, Eugene Loring for the choreography, Robert Shaw for the choral direction, John Henry Hammond, Jr., to scout the country from coast to coast for acting and singing talent, enough people on the stage to elect even Alf Landon president, an orchestra large enough to drown out the loudest possible drunk in Row Z, and almost everything else desirable, save alone possibly his beautiful wife, Eleanor Holm, to blow kisses to the audience.

Hammerstein's libretto, which transfers the original Spanish scene of the opera to Dixie and Chicago and converts the cigarette girl Carmen into a Negro worker in a parachute factory, José into an American Negro soldier and Escamillo the champion bull-fighter into Husky Miller, a Negro champion prize-fighter, is sheer delight. Adhering to the basic story contrived by Meilhac and Halévy out of the Prosper Mérimée romance, he has recast it in the darky mold with all kinds of cunning, and the result is sufficient to make one feel like going out and taking a sock at the several fogies who have objected to his tampering with a classic. Bennett's new arrangements of the score are similarly extraordinarily skillful. While the voices may not always be up to the Metropolitan standard, the rest of the occasion should make that institution feel gingerly at its few remaining laurels. All in all, a real show. Herewith, a rose for Rose.

Another exhibit worth everything they charge for it is John Van Druten's new comedy, *The Voice of the Turtle*. It isn't often that anything so entirely cajoling in the way of light dramatic writing heaves into sight. Laying hold of the basically not unfamiliar theme of a young soldier's amorous adventure with a girl during his last few days before packing off for the battle front and employing only three actors to interpret his story, the playwright has brought to his job so much close observation, wit and delicate understanding that what in orthodox hands would have been just another one of those things becomes one of the most satisfactory comedies seen hereabout in some time.

To tell the mere handling of the plot would be to make you doubtfully scratch your nose. It all lies in the writing, since the turns of that plot are pretty conventional: the meeting of the boy and the girl, the mutual attraction that brings them together in the inevitable bedroom scene, the distrust of serious love on the part of both, and the eventual blooming of it despite them. As Van Druten has treated the tale, however, it becomes literally as fresh as a daisy and with all a daisy's happy lack of sentimental tuberose scent, yet with all a daisy's soft, brave coloring.

dave gerard

"This is the tenth club we've taken him to, Sam—can't we approach him now on selling us some merchandise?"

The direction, by the author himself, is, further, something to marvel at. In antecedent plays of three or four characters the director has generally resembled nothing quite so much as a checkers player suffering from the delusion that he was playing ping-pong. The stage activity has struck out idiotically in all directions, the while nothing much has actually gone on with the few characters on view save the obvious slow and laborious moves. In Van Druten's case there is not the slightest audience consciousness that it is only three—and more often only two—actors it is looking at. So adroitly has he composed the action that the whole thing seems as real as life, and as naturally fluid. At some such long deceased turkey as Rose Simon Kohn's *Pillar to Post* or Nunnally Johnson's *The World's Full of Girls*, the stage was so full of actors that Moss Hart is rumored to have cherished the idea of composing a patriotic spectacle called *The Democratic Party* around the first lot and another and even bigger one called *Left-Winged Victory*, dealing with the Russian Army, around the second. Yet, though the stage in both instances was thus chock-a-block, you had the sense that there wasn't an actor, or character, anywhere on it. Or at least, except for Virginia Gilmore and maybe another in the second exhibit, that there wasn't one who could nibble at your attention for more than a minute. Van Druten's trio doesn't let go hold of you for a split second. It is composed dramatically of real people and, in the hands of direction, real actors. Their names: Elliott Nugent, Margaret Sullavan and Audrey Christie.

Another worthy new enterprise (can this really be Nathan doing this department this month?) is the New York City Center of Music and Drama, founded on behalf of the populace by a number of artistically-spirited citizens, in what used to be known as the Mecca Temple. The announced purpose of the enterprise is to bring to the masses at low prices the best in music and drama. The enterprise got off on the wrong foot. (It's Nathan doing the department all right!) As the opening dramatic bill Mayor La Guardia's choice was a revival of Rachel Crothers' 1937 gimcrack, *Susan and God*. If you don't remember *Susan and God*, I may remind you that it is the comedy in which the line, "I'm going to write a best seller—*Sleep Alone and Like It*," is offered as tops in humor. I prod your memory with other of its humorous morsels such as "You look the way we're supposed to look when we come back from Paris—but nobody ever does" and "Susan says she can see way down inside of us," with the retort, "Sounds a little obstetrical."

Launching a municipal theatre with such a play seemed a little like launching a battleship with a bottle of pop. Nor did the otherwise excellent comedienne Gertrude Lawrence, who occupied her old role, contribute materially to artistic comfort with a performance that consisted for the most part in regarding the role as being "it" in a game of tag and in chasing it frantically up and down and around the stage.

The second production at the theatre, Sidney Kingsley's *The Patriots*, however, made amends. Mayor La Guardia and the directorate should have waited and opened up shop with it. It represents the kind of drama appropriate to the dedication of such an institution. Moreover, the present acting company is in the aggregate superior to the original. The simplified production is not only also superior but considerably more attractive to the eye.

The third planned production, which was abandoned after a short road tryout, was a labor revue in the general manner of *Pins and Needles* called *Marching with Johnny*. Some of its features were reported to be fair enough, but on the whole it didn't sufficiently impress the hinterland audiences to be kept going. Among other things, those audiences speculated just why it is that the working girls recruited for shows like the aforesaid *Pins and Needles* and this one should always be so unprepossessing. New York, as anyone knows who looks about him in the shops and on the highways, is full of working girls who are easy on the eyes. Yet let such a revue be put on and the entrepreneurs apparently go out of their way to dig up only the more frightening false faces amongst them.

To fill in the gap left by the demise of the labor show, a revival of Thornton Wilder's *Our Town* was rushed into production. That also wasn't such a good idea. The theatre is not only too large for such intimate plays but someone around the place had better soon begin thinking up something more important in the way of drama if the City Center of Music and Drama is to amount to anything and not to become just a negligible sidestreet, cut-rate showhouse.

Returning to the Broadway scene, we conclude this month's disquisition with a few remarks on Rose Franken's *Doctors Disagree*. As one who entertains a considerable respect for Miss F.'s talents, I find it rather surprising that she allowed herself to bend over so low as to dig the script out of the bottom of her trunk. Originally written as a serial for a women's magazine (that should be a sufficient clue to its nature), the play is not only desperately trite in subject matter but so filled with shameless hokum that it is hard to reconcile it with a playwright who in the past has acquitted herself in a reputable manner. Aside from a few attractive passages of dialogue and a few good bits of character observation, the script has the air of something that used periodically to show up on the local stage a quarter of a century ago.

Dealing with a female surgeon who demonstrates her right to a place in a man's world (version 102 of the frayed theme), the author overlooks nothing in the way of bygone devices in her perspirational effort to milk the emotions. If it isn't a dying child that brings an estranged wife and husband together it is a little dog that has injured its leg. If it isn't a toy dog that the convalescent child cries for and hugs beamingly to its gurgling bosom it is a wisecracking old-maid servant, and if it isn't a wisecracking old-maid servant it is a wisecracking young nurse. And if it isn't a mother tearfully beseeching aid for her mortally ill offspring it is jokes about sweetbreads and stage business with cigarette lighters that don't work. Much of the dialogue, further, is of the "You're too young to understand" sort. And in addition and incidentally, even were the play infinitely better than it is, it isn't easy to persuade an audience to accept as charmingly sentimental a love story in which the principals carry on with a conversational obbligato about cancers and gall bladders. ⌗

Sportdom's Scapegoat Talks Back

Defending horse racing against barrages from prudes, jealous baseball partisans, misinformed goofs and synthetic patriots

by RIP NEWBORN

SPORTS

One of the phenomena of recent times on the American scene, particularly during the last year, has been the unprecedented growth in popularity of sportdom's "black sheep," horse racing—this despite the fact that the public press has maintained a continual barrage of attacks on the sport.

Magazine writers, newspaper columnists, sports editors, editorial and other writers have almost unanimously fired literary broadsides at horse racing and its patrons. Denunciation of horse racing has no closed season, it goes on the year round.

In the face of all attacks, racing is flourishing more than any other sport in America. The upswing in racing, which began during the depression years when various states legalized the sport as a revenue-raising measure, has been spectacularly accelerated by the current wartime superfluity of greenbacks. Doctors, lawyers, clerks, housewives, laborers, actors, merchants—millions of people from all walks of life—have been flocking to the country's race courses. Everywhere records for attendance and betting have been smashed. Each year has brought new crowds of patrons to the tracks until now the so-called Sport of Kings has an attendance that is exceeded only by basketball and baseball.

But although this large cross section of the populace has ignored the attacks on racing and continued its patronage, nowhere has anyone risen to attempt, in the press, a comprehensive defense of racing. Anti-racing agitation has so occupied the field that anything written about racing apparently must be against it.

Here and there, an occasional voice has been lifted in a lukewarm, ineffectual defense on a particular charge. But America's turf fans are entitled to have their side of the story presented in a full, detailed rebuttal. They are entitled to a hearing in which they can dissect fallacious arguments and study the motives and identities of those who have hitherto done all the talking. It is the purpose of this writer, who is racing editor and handicapper on one of the Mid-West's larger newspapers, to attempt herewith such a defense.

Before proceeding, this writer considers it pertinent to point out that racing is the greatest existing world-wide sport. Even in wartime, the ponies are running in England. During the tense days before El Alamein the bangtails were racing in Egypt almost within earshot of the rumbling cannon at the front. When an American submarine commander ventured close to Japanese shores and peered through his periscope last year he saw—of all things!—a horse race in progress. When the British marched through Sfax in Tunisia they found a charming little, rickety race track. Horse racing is a sport the popularity of which is evidenced by the presence of race courses in the United States, Canada, Mexico, Argentina, Chile, Cuba, France, Germany, England, Italy, Hungary, Egypt, Tunisia, India, Nigeria, Japan, New Zealand, Australia and other lands. And the sport is still growing.

It has been estimated that there are about 10,000,000 Americans who make rare, occasional or regular trips to the races. In addition, another 3,000,000 people have at some time or other made a bet on a horse and have maintained a more or less remote interest in the game. In this latter group are folks in cities like Rochester, Syracuse, Youngstown, Nashville, Atlanta, Fort Worth, Indianapolis, Milwaukee, Denver, Minneapolis, etc., which lack proximity to established running tracks. When one considers the rural population's interest in harness racing, particularly through the county fairs, the total number of people holding a friendly interest in racing reaches an impressive total.

The printed blasts against racing and racegoers have reached a new high since we entered the war. The new strategy is to invoke patriotism and to charge that racing hampers the war effort.

But there is one paramount fact which should be pointed out. It is that wartime racing is being attacked by the very same persons who attacked it during peacetime. The same old guardians of the public morals are now masquerading behind a new cloak and waving the flag.

In general, critics of racing belong in one or more of these classifications: (1) those having only a superficial knowledge of the sport but condemning it because of what they have read and heard prejudicial to it; (2) those who assert that their bias against the sport is solely because it involves betting; (3) baseball partisans who are envious of the turf's growing prosperity. All these may reject this classification but their arguments identify them.

The first group has the firmly implanted belief that racing is "a crooked racket." This belief reflects a failure to examine the subject impartially.

Of course there are thieves in the turf game. Of course there has been connivery, although such things have a frequency that is about 1/100 of 1 per cent of what the public has been led to believe. Racing people will admit that there are, and have been, unscrupulous individuals who, from time to time, give the sport a black eye. Such a condition is inevitable when big money can be made, despite the eternal vigilance and honest effort of racing stewards toward weeding out the undesirable elements.

But would anyone contend that the entire institution of banking is a crooked racket because a number of bankers have been convicted of misdeeds? Did the editorial columnists clamor for shutdown of the stock markets because crooked deals were exposed from time to time? Has the grocery business been condemned as a crooked racket because a number of grocers have been caught cheating? Did the press call for abolition of baseball when the Black Sox scandal was exposed in 1920?

Naturally not! Nowhere is the entire structure condemned for the misdeeds of a few—except in racing. When an undesirable business operator is uncovered, the attitude is that the business is not to blame. Rather there is a relief that the culprit has been weeded out. Racing is entitled to the same consideration.

It is to the credit of turfdom that virtually all its reforms and purifications have come from within. The photo finish, the saliva test, the totalisator, the patrol judges and other means of protection against malpractices were initiated by the racing fathers in their constant endeavor to maintain public confidence. Questionable rides by jockeys have met with fines and suspensions. Horsemen proved to be undesirable characters have been denied licenses, refused stall space for their horses, or ruled off the turf for life. While business enterprises in the outside world had to have corrupt practices within their ranks cleaned up by courts of law, and while baseball had to call in a federal judge to become its czar, racing has been busily cleaning its

Continued on page 168

OLD TIME SONGS

A bicycle built for two good reasons

Daisy, over whom the boys in the backroom are all half-crazy, needs no introduction to veteran harmonizers. You have often sung her charms to Scotch, beer, and other ambrosia, putting more than a mere fellow-feeling into the rising crescendo. But have you ever sung *Daisy Bell* to a Colby and a Counihan?

In line with Esquire's nostalgia for old songs and young songbirds, photographer Sidney Ravitz has dished up this inspiration.

And it's a dish! Anita Colby came from Washington, D. C., a decade ago to become probably the most famous model extant. Harry Conover—no fool—noticed Anita in an elevator shortly after her early appearance in New York. He was then a model himself, but with Miss Colby as his first working proposition, he opened his own business. Since then both Conover and Colby have been big-time folk, are still good friends. Miss Colby's beautiful face has been on so many magazine covers, it must have been almost an anti-climax to appear in *Cover Girl* and to play in the picture, *herself*. The other lovely is her sister, Francine Counihan, also a successful model and big-time glamour girl.

From the tender nineties comes this beloved waltz song *Bicycle Built for Two*, originally called *Daisy Bell*. English Harry Dacre, wrote the words and lyrics in America, had to wait until Kate Lawrence intoduced it in London where it became a hit overnight. When *Bicycle* blazed its way from English music halls to American vaudeville, Dacre came back to this country and, not trusting transportation facilities in the New World wilderness, he brought his bicycle along and cheerfully paid a stiff import duty.

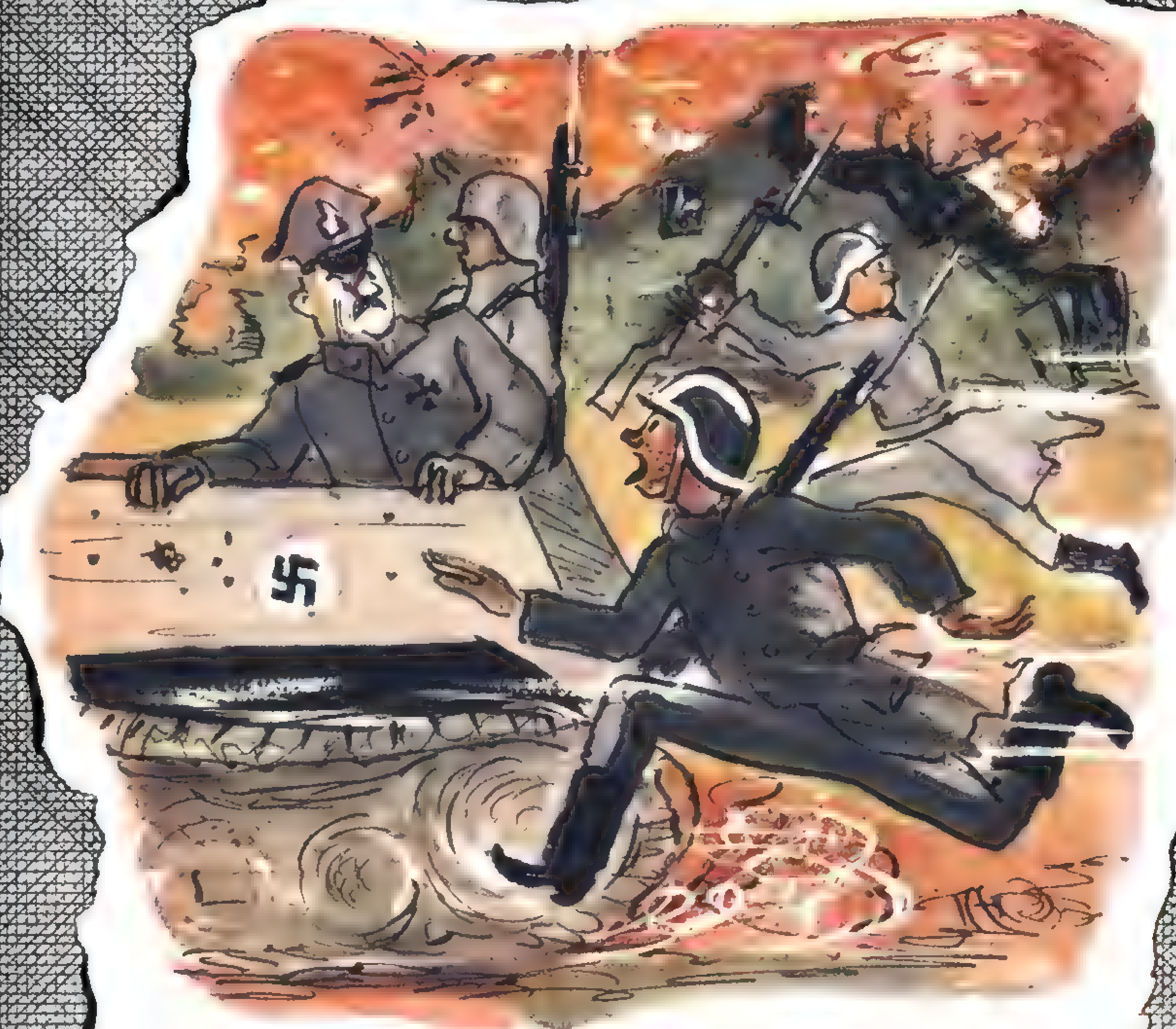
Beginning the vogue for waltz songs, *Bicycle Built for Two* immortalizes the poor but honest lover who wants to lead Daisy to the altar, via the horseless carriage. Going into the plea with, "Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer do," he declares, "I'm half-crazy, all for the love of you . . . It won't be a stylish marriage . . . I can't afford a carriage . . . But you'll look sweet upon the seat—of a bi-cy-cle built for two-oo-o."

PHOTOGRAPH BY SIDNEY RAVITZ: DESIGN BY STAPLES-SMITH

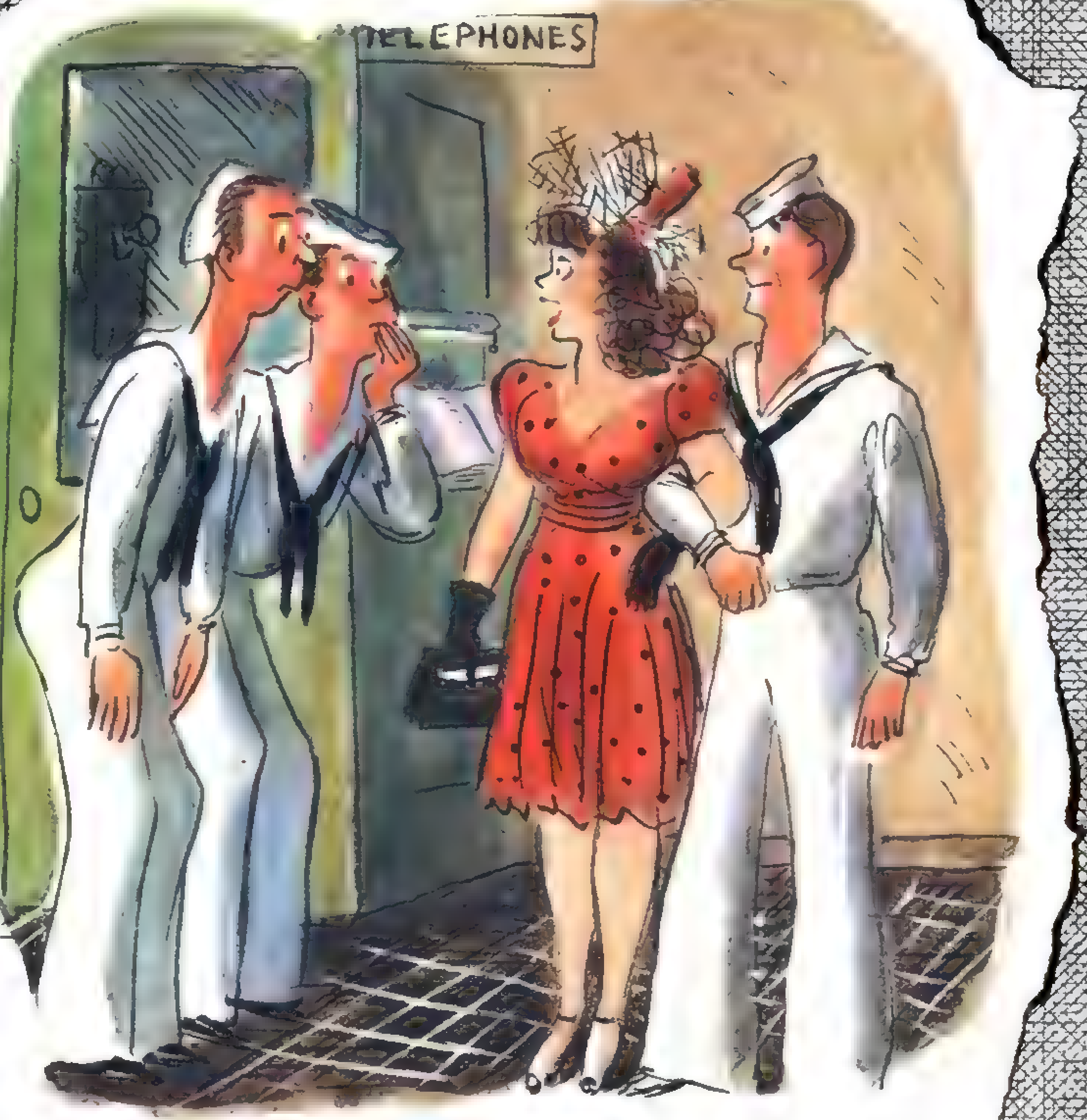
BICYCLE BUILT for TWO

One World Is Enough

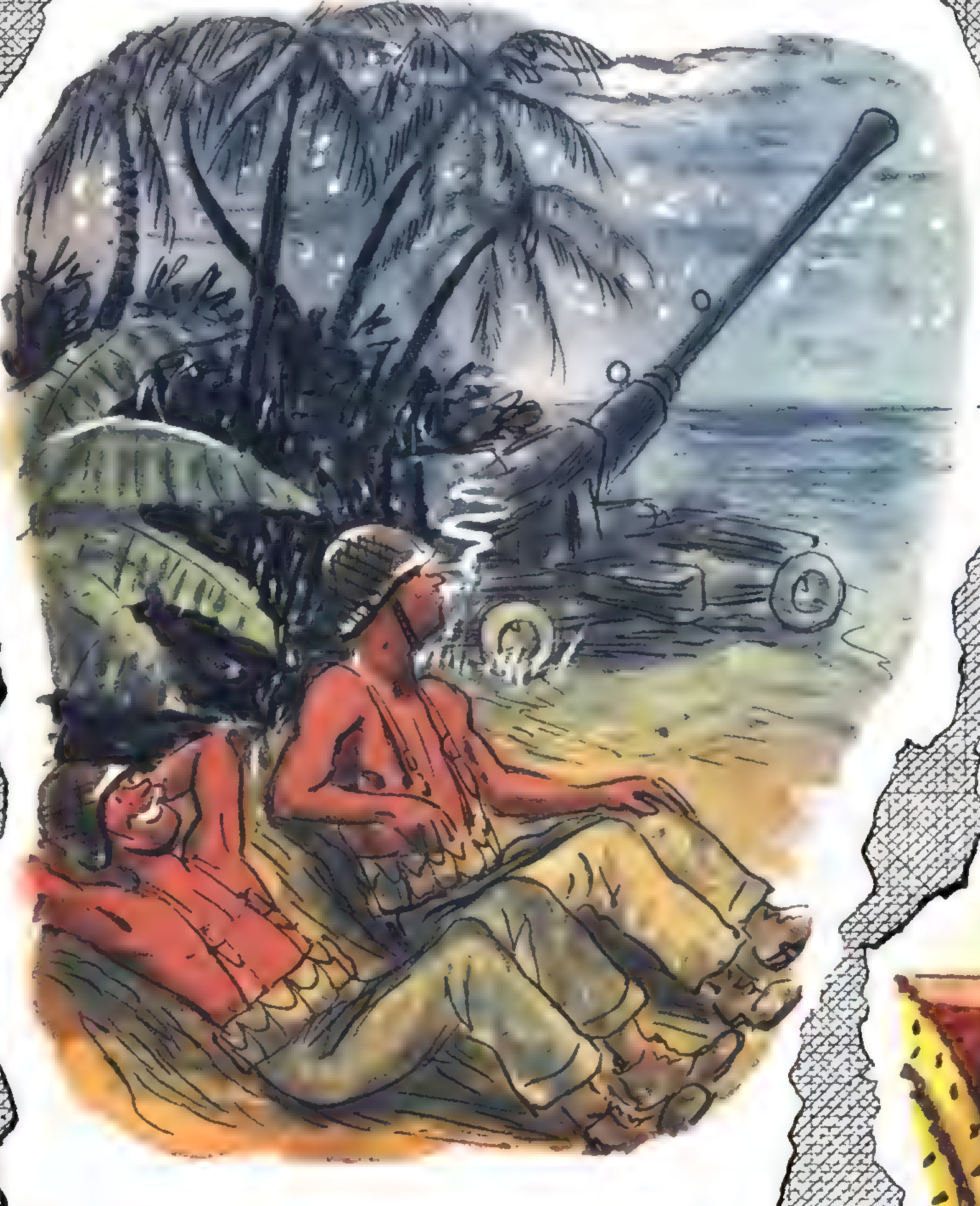
by HOWARD BAER



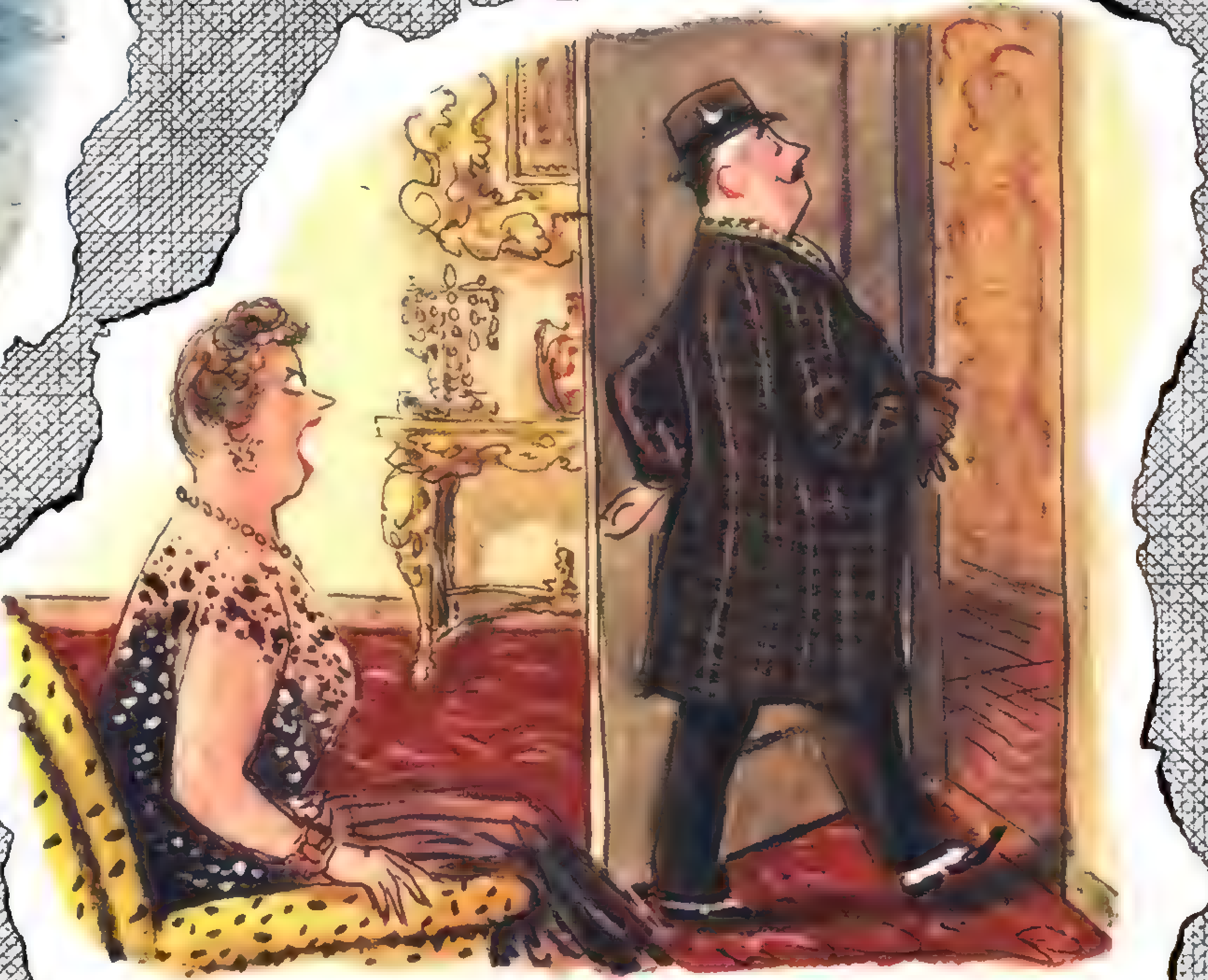
"Some day I'm coming back here to see all these places we've passed through!"



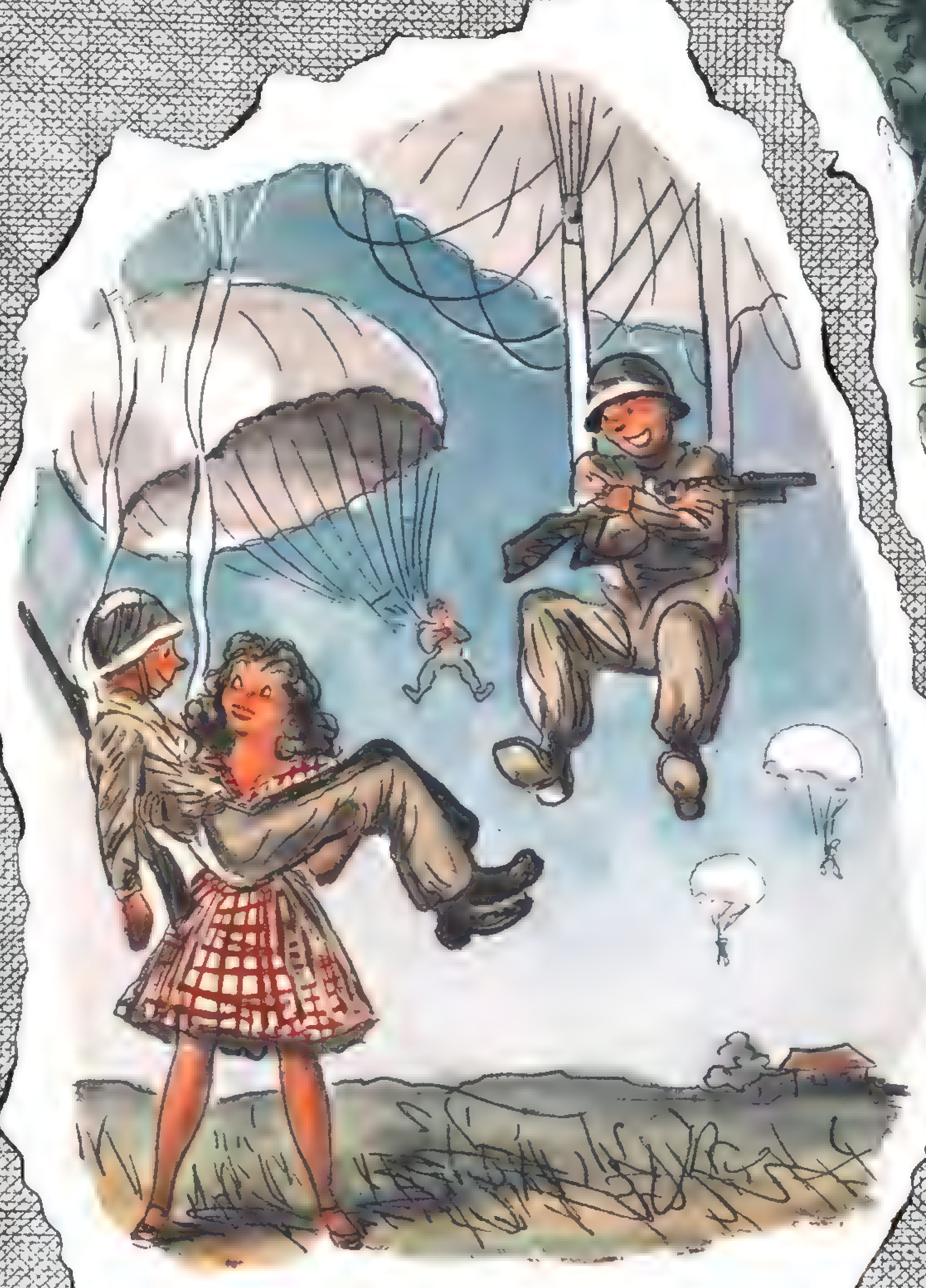
"You told me to bring a friend!"



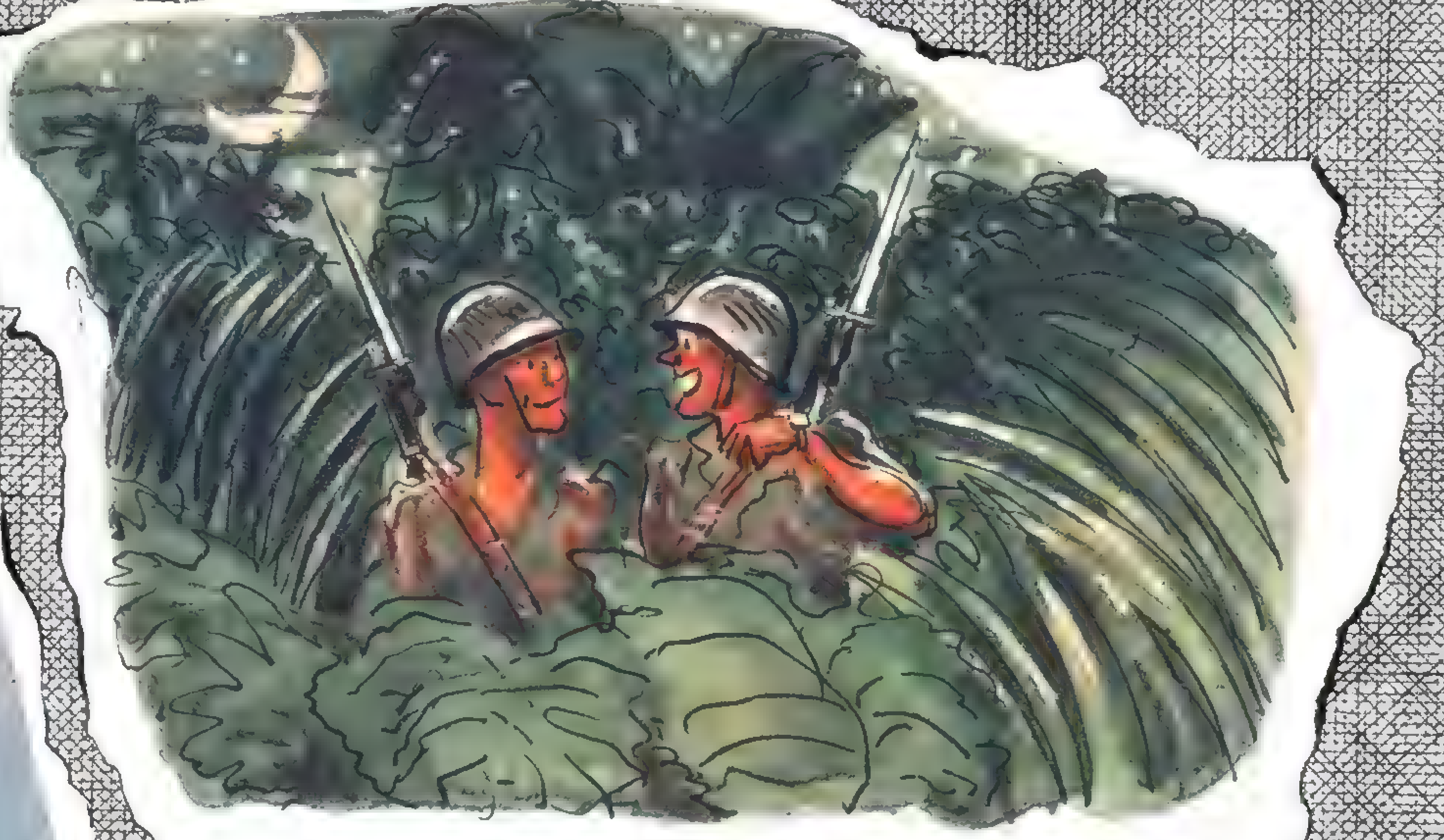
"Tonight is so beautiful I ain't even mad at my draft board"



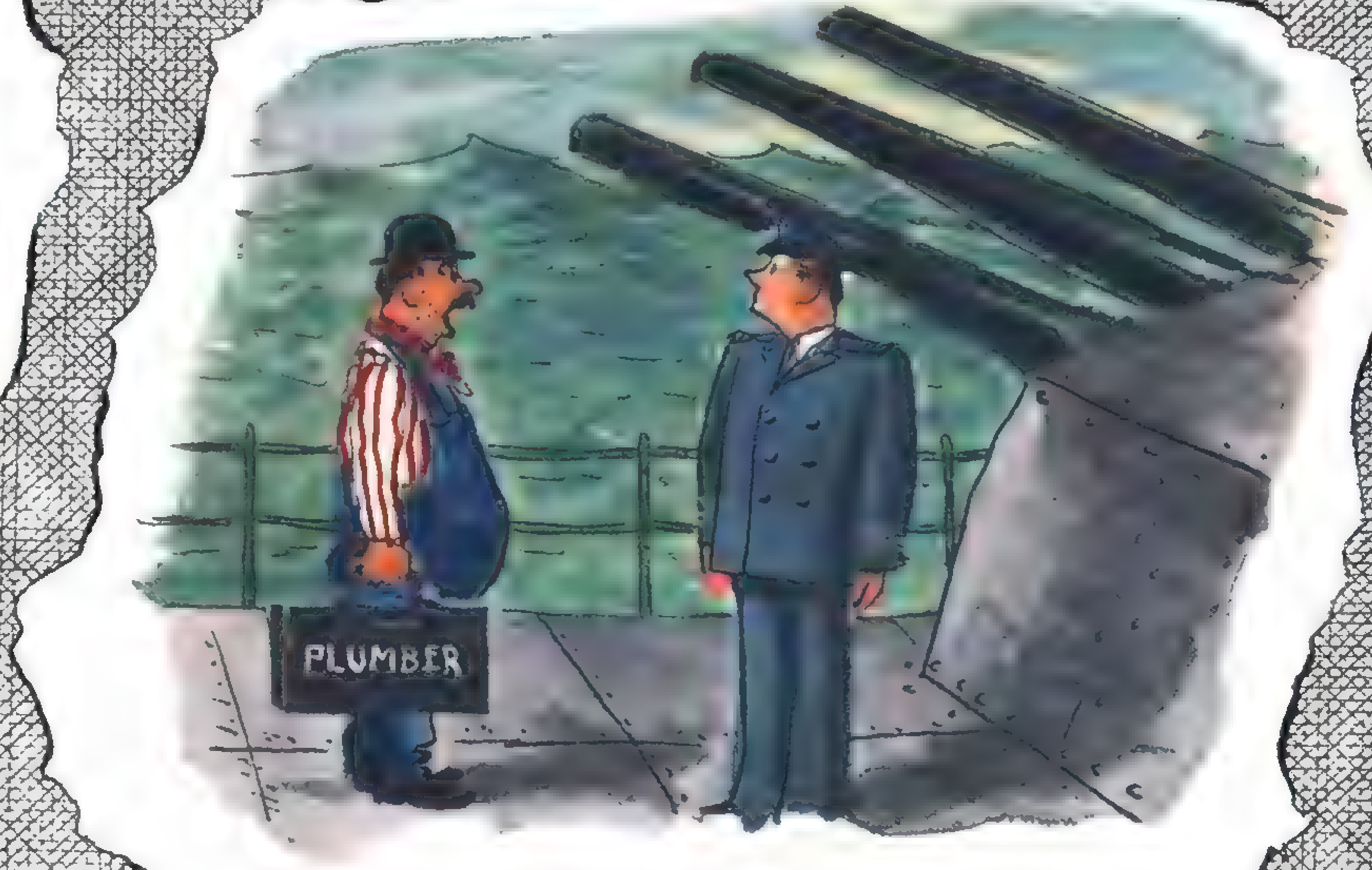
"You dog—I hope your government contract is renegotiated"



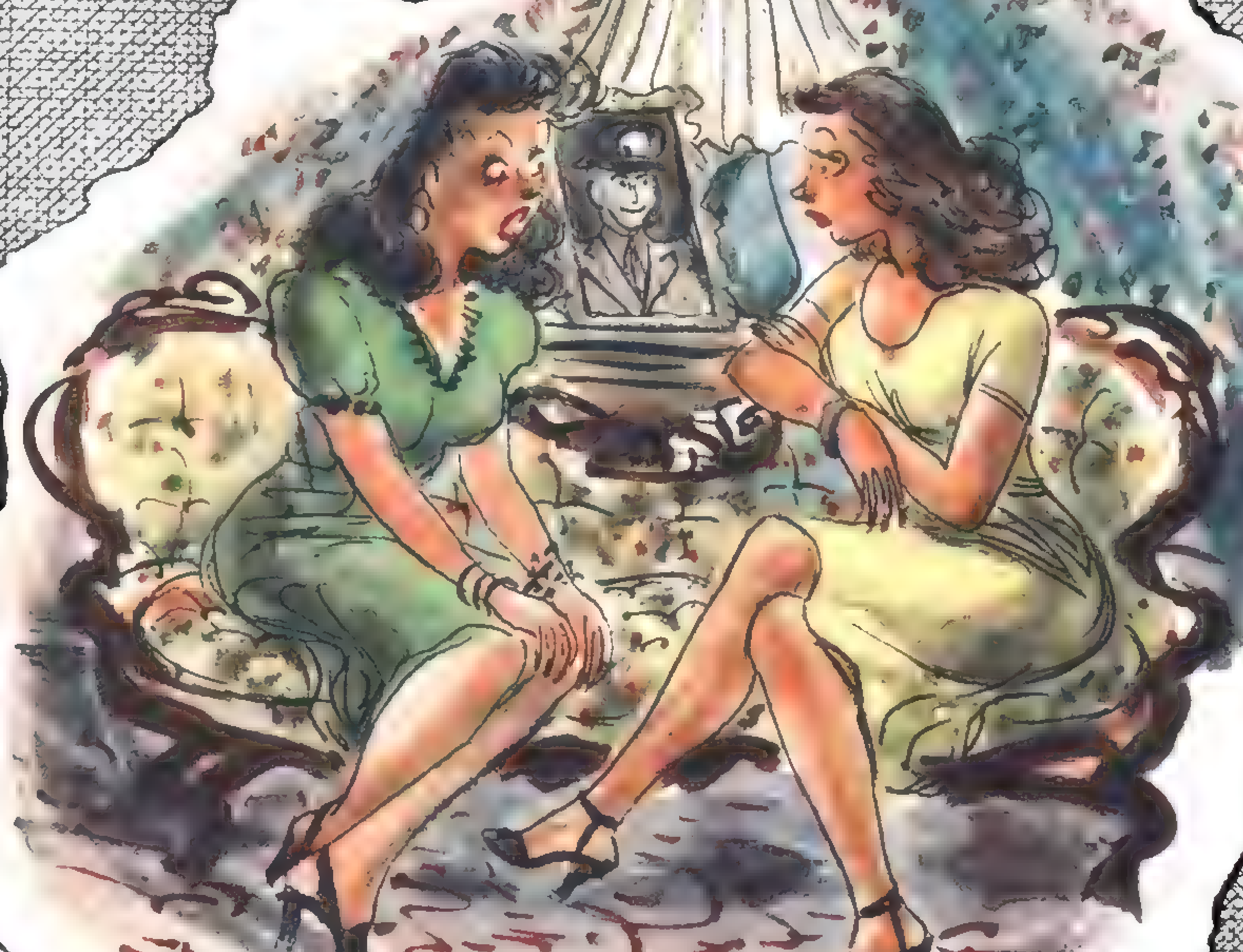
"Lucky Julius!"



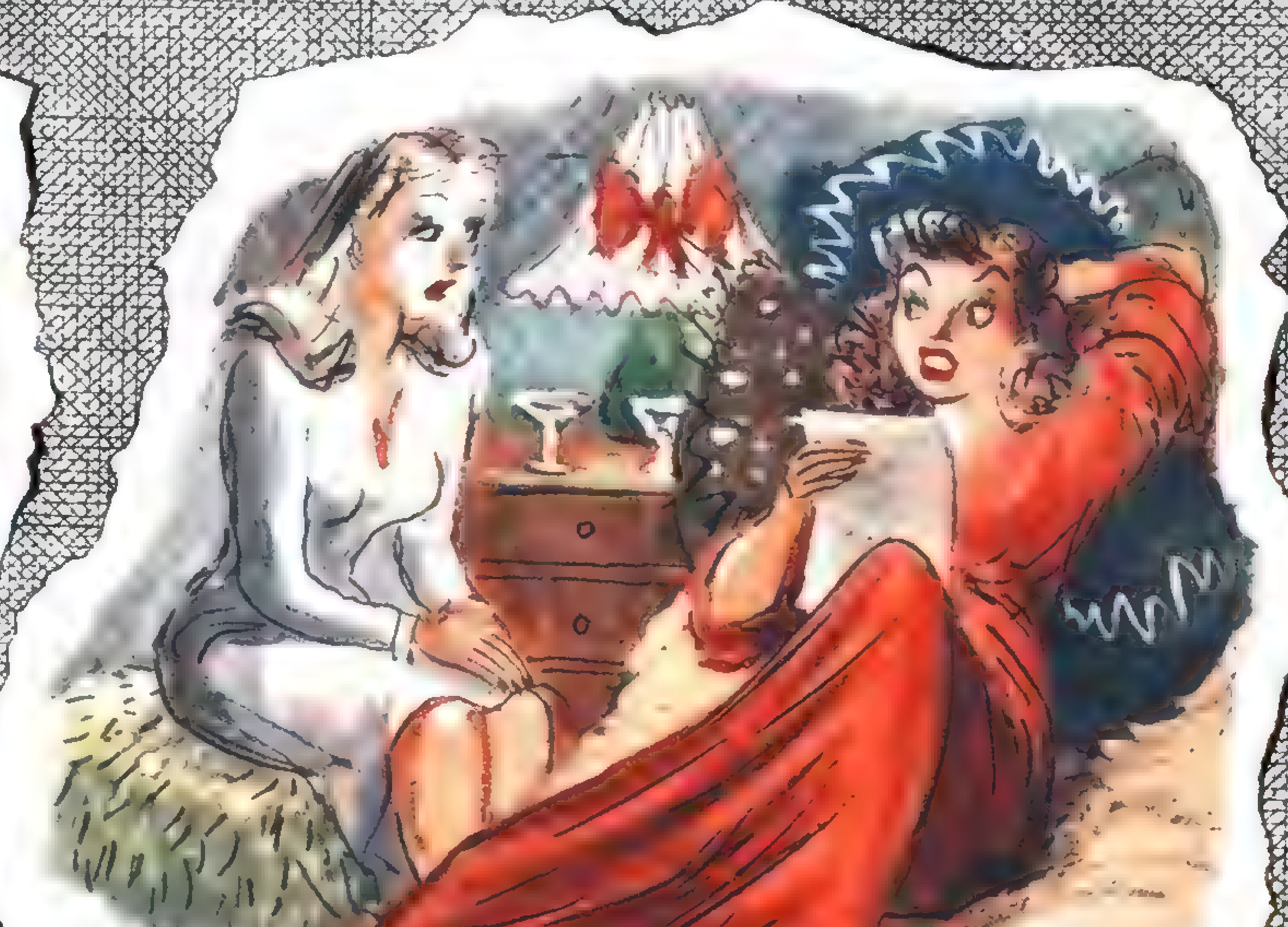
"12 o'clock—gee, if I was home Mabel would be slapping me just about now"



"Somebody called about a leak in the basement"



"Think of the girls who waited for their men in the 100 Years' War"



"The War Department wants to know how come five Flying Forts are named after me"

Identification of United States and British Naval Officers' Sleeve Insignia
ADMIRAL
VICE ADMIRAL
REAR ADMIRAL
COMMODORE
CAPTAIN
COMMANDER
LT. COMMANDER
LIEUTENANT
LT. (JUNIOR GRADE)
ENSIGN
United States Navy
Admiral of the Fleet
ADMIRAL
VICE ADMIRAL
Rear Admiral or Commodore 1st Class
Commodore, 2nd Class
CAPTAIN
COMMANDER
LT. COMMANDER
LIEUTENANT
Sub-Lieutenant Warrant Officer
British Royal Navy

Our Vines Have Sun-Kissed Grapes

Having sipped his way through California this winetaster cannot choose between the Golden Gate and the City of Angels

by LAWTON MACKALL

• POTABLES •

“Looks like rain,” I remarked with Eastern effrontery.

The Native Son in whose car and custody I was, was lenient.

“It does, doesn't it?” he said. “But it's what we call high fog. It comes in from the Pacific over all these valleys around the Bay. Here in Sonoma we get it a bit thicker than they do further inland. It gives the vineyards and orchards their morning shot of moisture and is gone before noon.”

True enough! By the time we emerged from the next winery on our route—a hefty-masonried old hillside edifice, housing arrays of imposing redwood tanks and oaken jumbos in its windowless darkness—a denuded California sun made us blink, and we were happy to partake of some moisture in the little tasting sanctum of the winemaker.

“This is the 1937 Cabernet, and this is the Carignan of the same year,” he emceed, presenting them in snifter glasses almost the size of pineapples, with an invitation to swirl them around and get the aroma.

The swirling was swell. The claret type proved distinctly fragrant, and the heavier-bodied, deeper red Carignan, made from a grape breed that speaks up in some of America's best Burgundies, fairly sang. I sipped, enthralled.

“We're not really giving these wines a chance,” said their maker. “After all, they're *table* wines, designed to go with *food*, and here we're tasting them without even a cracker on the side. Let's see if I can't scare up something.”

Presently there were sandwiches—large and bulging with white meat—fetched by a comely blonde daughter. As she set down the platter she announced, “This is Michael.”

How my lot at that moment would have been envied by the terminology boys who insist a wine isn't a wine unless it's named for a grape, pronounceable or unpronounceable. They'd have given their eyetusks, or store hardware, or whatever it is they gnash at “California Claret,” “Ohio Chablis” and similar “type” handles, to be in our boots. For *we* were having *varietal wines* with *personal poultry*.

This pluperfect picture was jolted, however, by Michael. *His* varietal name, the winemaker informed me chucklingly, was Jersey Giant; which meant that, unless we could pretend he had hatched out of a grape, he'd have to be designated “Giant Chanticleer Michael—Sonoma Valley, Jersey, *Oef Blanc*” (or *Oef Beige* if Jersey Giant hens lay 'em darker), which would cause a hasty switch to tuna fish, involving change of red wine to white. Or, better still, California Giant Crab Legs. (Are they good at the Palace in San Francisco, and at the Fisherman's Grotto on that city's Fisherman's Wharf!)

But Michael was always a problem rooster. As the winery's sixteen-pound mascot he was outsize for any coop and had to room in a dog house. With that ego of his he could have gone far in the “eminent connoisseur” game if he only hadn't been so bumptious, hadn't picked a locomotive to have an argument with.

I sympathized with Michael as I munched him. For I, too, found myself overmatched. Into one frail stomach and one limited brain I was trying to cram all the wonders of the State of California.

These wonders would be just dandy if they were staggered a bit. As they are now, when you're in Napa Valley sumptuously châteauing and snooping into cask catacombs, the Yosemite is calling; and when you're in the Yosemite, cabined like Uncle Tom the Redwoodsman, Livermore's revered vineyards are luring the liver and lights out of you; and when you're in Livermore it's fabulously fecund Lodi that's crooking the finger at you. And so it goes, from Gargantuan vatted Asti in the North clear down to Cucamonga's stupendous vine-rowed sand trap for flavor. Beauty has got you cornered. Old Sol has got you covered. “Stop!” you gasp. “Not another sight! Not another drop! Or anyhow make it a short one, please.”

Aggravating this struggle and boggle, there's the California root trick. The visitor arriving at, say, the good looking garden town of San José, set in luxuriant fruitlands, finds his hotel agreeable with its patio restaurant, etc., and decides he will pause a couple of days among the orchards. When he starts to move on, he discovers that sly California climate has put over a fast one—he's grown roots. To break away takes shovels and a derrick at the very least. (Those redwoods up North along the Russian River were strangers that just dropped in.)

Remember Mark Twain's *Jumping Frog of Calaveras County*? How that nimble reptile was bogged down with buckshot till he couldn't budge? Well, that's the way you get treated in California when you cash a check, only it is with silver dollars that transform your trouser pockets into bulging paniers that a burro would groan under. Now you are supposed to be all set to go stepping. Don't despair, don't surrender to that sagged-out feeling. Pebble Beach, haven of the encumbered, offers hope. There on that crescent shore, not far from the rocks where seals wriggle endless rhumbas, you can skim your silver cartwheels across the bay toward Carmel. Or if you can spare the time, plunk them down at the desk of Del Monte Lodge and work them out in bed, board, golf, and bougainvillea. Loafing places don't come choicer than this one.

But no Californian loafs readily. Energy and enthusiasm are too rampant to permit it. Besides, there's salad to go at.

That's the keynote of our high-powered paradise of the Pacific Coast—*salad!* The broad Salinas Valley, which has christened itself “Salad Bowl of the Nation,” is a solid carpet of greenstuff destined to meet dressing. So when a native sits down to lunch or dinner, the assault upon salad is immediate and automatic, leaving the situation in swell shape for wine, which dislikes oil and vinegar. How we Easterners put up with French dressing on the brink of dessert and in the midst of delicate messages of the grape, Californians can't figure.

Indeed, they can't figure the sense in hanging onto *any* tradition, no matter how Old World, unless it has practical utility today. When unseasonably hot weather at vintage time affects fermenting room temperature, they don't slosh water around the floor, Continental style; they refrigerate. So Château Yquem experience proves that the Sauvignon Blanc grape, though okay in blends, is n.g. on its own? A Livermore vintner puts it on its own and wins a grand prize. Another concern, in the same valley, builds a “deep down Champagne cellar” above ground by insulation and air conditioning. So the making of wines is a game of chance with 95 per cent of the production unsoundies for sale quick and cheap before they turn

Continued on page 178

R'S CANTEEN
DANCE
GEORGE WOLFE

“I'll take the unexpurgated edition!”

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Commending Ward Morehouse for a true portrait of George M. Cohan and Kay Boyle for a spy story in good English

by BENNETT CERF

▪ BOOKS ▪

If you would like to preserve your illusions about George M. Cohan, the Prince of the American Theatre, I'd advise you to pass up Ward Morehouse's fascinating and carefully documented biography. In many ways it is the most unusual book about a legendary figure in theatrical history I ever have seen. I don't believe the author himself realized what a devastating portrait he was drawing. Morehouse, like the reader, evidently began his task in a roseate glow of hero worship, but the halo began to crumble as the evidence piled up. There were a lot of wonderful things about George M. Cohan; as he grew older, unfortunately, the meaner side of his nature came to the fore. He lost touch with the theatre that had done so well by him. He turned on the actors and associates who had worshipped him. He resolutely refused to understand important new playwrights and theatrical trends. Their language was "objectionable," their preoccupation with the thornier side of life "lamentable." The glamorous and exciting part of Cohan's career ended in 1919, when the actors struck for their rights, and Cohan flabbergasted them by spear-heading the opposition. Up to that time he was indeed "The Yankee Doodle Kid"; from then on he began more and more to resemble the very model of a modern postmaster general.

George Michael Cohan was born in Providence, Rhode Island, on July 3, 1878: "His father Jerry," says Morehouse, "with a keen sense of the future publicity of an Independence Day birth, did a little understandable adjusting of the birth record." George's real name was "Keohane," and his ancestry was Irish through and through. The name "Cohan" (accent always on the last syllable) caused some amusing mix-ups in his later life. "George gets 'em coming and going," grumbled an envious competitor. "The Jews think he's Jewish and the Irish *know* he's Irish!" In a little hostel in Ireland Cohan once asked for his breakfast in bed. "Go tell that Jewish gentleman," said the irked proprietor to a bellboy, "that in this place, if he wants his breakfast he can come right down to the dinin' room an' get it!" "There's a mistake somewhere," said a man at the desk. "That man's name isn't Cohen—it's Co-han. His grandfather was born right here in County Cork." "The divil!" said the proprietor. "Why didn't you say so in the first place? Boy, tell the poor lad he'll 'ave his breakfast in bed just as soon as we can fetch it to 'im!"

George was a fresh, cocky kid from the very beginning. His first love, which he never got over, was baseball; his pet aversion the violin lessons his parents made him take. After he had become a great success he took his father one day to a modish and expensive restaurant. A violinist played a fancy solo. "See, George," said his father jokingly, "if you had paid more attention to your violin lessons, it might be you who was playing here now." "So it might," agreed George readily, "but then you wouldn't be eating here!"

George and his sister Josephine soon were incorporated into their parents' act; "The Four Cohans" became a standard headliner on the Keith and Proctor circuits; gradually young George took over from his father the task of supplying new material for the act. In 1899 he married a dashing young actress named Ethel Levey; in 1901, his first full-length play, *The Governor's Son*, opened in New York at the Savoy Theatre on 34th Street. (That theatre is still standing. It is opposite R. H. Macy's, and has long been a second-run motion-picture house.)

In 1904 Cohan got the luckiest break of his career. He met Sam Harris, and formed with him the producing firm of Cohan and Harris, destined to sponsor a series of the most fabulous successes ever seen on Broadway. Their first whopping hit was *Little Johnny Jones*, written by George, featuring the Four Cohans in the cast. The song hit was *Give My Regards to Broadway*. Cohan had only the vaguest notion of the plot for his play when he started to promote the cash to back it; he made up the details while he sat at a luncheon table with a prospective backer! (Years later, Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur employed the same tactics with Sam Goldwyn. In urgent need of ten thousand dollars, they rushed into Goldwyn's office, outlined a colossal melodrama to him and pocketed his check. Months later, when Goldwyn demanded a finished script, neither Hecht nor MacArthur could remember a single detail of the plot they had improvised for him!)

At any rate, *Little Johnny Jones* knocked 'em off their seats—everywhere but in George's native town, that is! The Providence critic was so severe that Cohan swore he would never play there again. And he didn't—not for six years. Cohan himself knew that he wouldn't live up to the threats and promises he made in the course of his frequent outbursts. His partner Harris caught him one day firing an actor, so enraged that he could scarcely talk. After the actor had effected his escape, Cohan turned to Harris and said, "Remind me, Sam, never to hire that such and such again—unless we absolutely need him!"

After *Johnny Jones*, Cohan enjoyed twelve years of almost uninterrupted glory. *Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway*, *The Talk of New York*, *Get Rich-Quick Wallingford*, *The Little Millionaire*, *Seven Keys to Baldpate*, followed one another in dizzying succession. George M. Cohan was the most popular figure in the American theatre. His mere appearance on a stage anywhere from Boston to Seattle was the signal for such an outburst as only a Frank Sinatra can achieve today. His proverbial generosity made him a veritable god in the eyes of young actors and actresses. One sick, down-and-out trouper sold advertising space in a book to promote funds to finance a cure in a Western sanitarium. "How much is half a page?" asked Cohan. "Fifty dollars," said the actor hopefully. Cohan wrote out a check, drawled, "Take care of yourself, kid." The check was for

$10,000! On January 31, 1914, after the final performance of *Broadway Jones* in Detroit, Cohan presented fifty per cent of all of his varied interests to his mother and father. The day after America went to war in 1917, George Cohan sat down at his desk in Great Neck, Long Island, and on two sheets of paper dashed off a song that was destined to become the greatest hit of his career. *Over There* was written in little over one hour; "all I wrote was a bugle call," said Cohan later. But it sold almost two million copies, eventually won him a Congressional medal. They're still looking for a song that can match it in the war that's going on today.

Over There marked the peak of George M. Cohan's career; from then on the sour notes began to mar the rhapsody. Cohan fought the actors' strike in 1919 tooth and nail; the scars that were left from that ill-advised fight never healed. He broke with Sam Harris; wrote and produced a succession of mediocre plays on his own. He scored acting triumphs in *Ah, Wilderness* and *I'd Rather Be Right* but his heart wasn't in his work. He quarreled with his associates, shunned the Broadway he had loved. "They don't seem to want my plays any more," he said once. "You have to give them filth these days or it's no good." In his eyes, Eugene O'Neill's chief claim to fame was that he was the son of "that grand old trouper, James O'Neill!" He knew in his heart that the parade was passing him by, became infuriated when a critic called his work "corny." "Anything," he wrote, "that hasn't to do with West 52nd Street night life is 'corny' to those smart-alecks in their ready-made dinner suits. Gosh, how I hate that word!"

Ward Morehouse loved George M. Cohan very deeply; I have nothing but admiration for his having resisted the temptation to sugar-coat his biography (as was done in the recent motion picture of his life), and dared to set down the damning facts with the laudatory ones. His book should—but probably won't—serve as a model for future life stories of American idols.

* * *

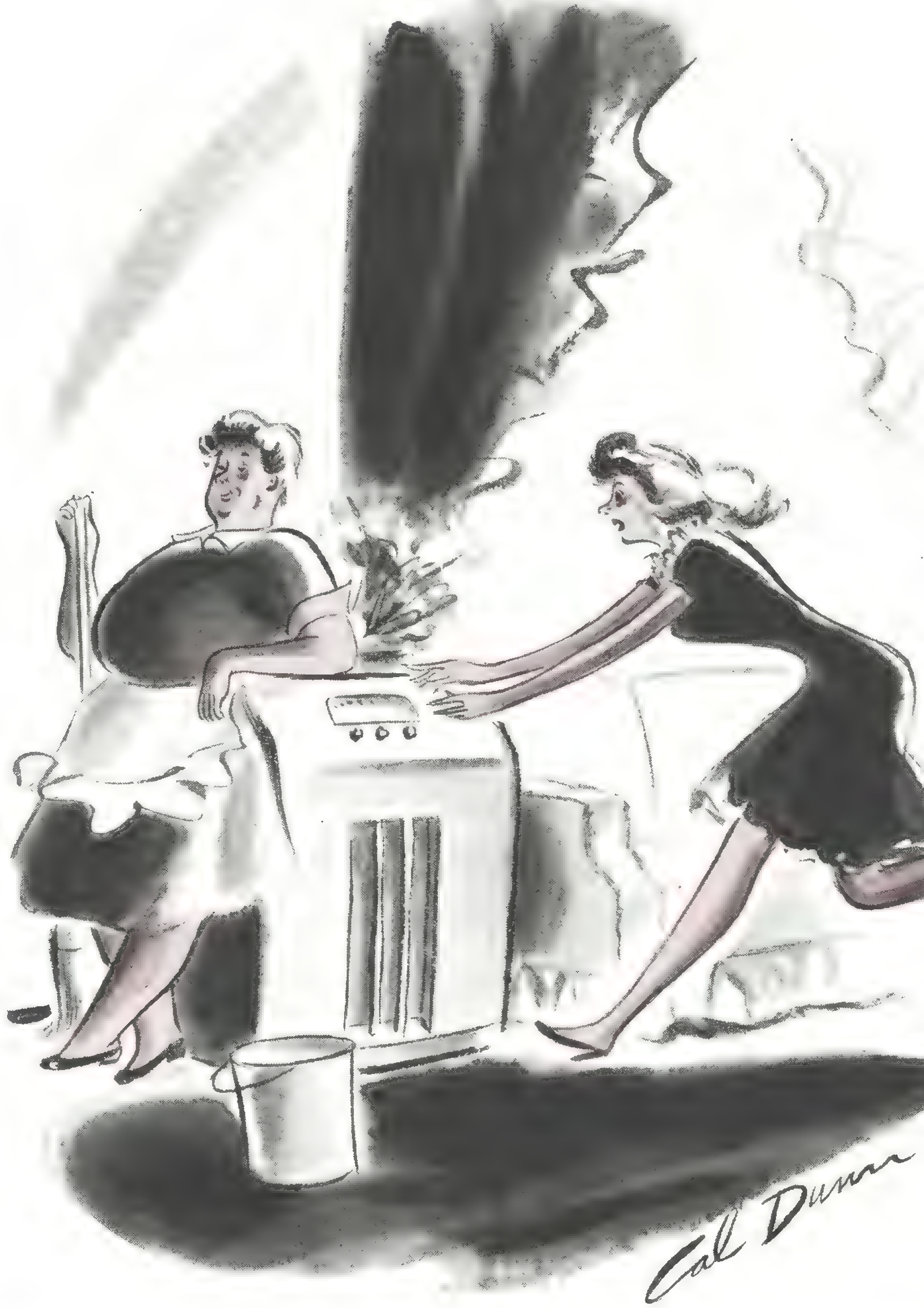
George Cohan probably couldn't help his prejudices against organized labor, plain speaking, and social changes of every kind. They were instinctive. His ancestors came from an Irish village where such feelings were ingrained so strongly in the inhabitants that neither their children, nor their children's children, could ever shake them off. E. Arnot Robertson describes such a village with consummate skill in *The Signpost*, the best novel that the Book-of-the-Month Club has sent its members in a long, long time. It is a story of the Ireland of today and tells why the Irish people clung so hard to their neutrality in Britain's darkest hour. Annihilation by the Nazis seemed preferable in their eyes to the rendering of an ounce of assistance to their old enemies, the English. The villagers starved slowly in their parishes, reminisced, were charming and picturesque—and wallowed in their time-honored superstitions and misconceptions. Miss Robertson dedicates her book to "the good friends I am about to lose in Eire." Some Irish people there will be, however, who recognize the truth of the picture she paints, know how badly a fresh, healing wind is needed to blow away the musty, generations-old cobwebs from Ireland's emerald fields!

* * *

While frantic song writers are striving vainly to produce a war song that vaguely approximates the effectiveness of *Over There*, the novelists have been having their own troubles in fashioning fiction of quality that stems from the present conflict. At the last year's end, only Eric Knight's *This Above All* and James Aldridge's *Signed with Their Honor* had merited even serious consideration: now come two others to make a real bid for lasting recognition. John Hersey, whose *Into the Valley* gave such a penetrating description of the early fighting on Guadalcanal, has written *A Bell for Adano*, a novel about the American invasion of Italy that highlights the unfortunate truth that dangerous Fascists are not confined to Axis countries alone. Howard Hunt, in *Limit of Darkness*, covers action on the other side of the globe. His story describes twenty-four hours in the lives of a group of American fliers who are charged with reclaiming New Britain from the Japs. These two books tingle with suspense and drama. They were written, obviously, by skilled, trained authors who risked their necks to get their material. Both of them will be remembered long after the unending stream of quickies from the fighting fronts, ghostwritten by hacks in publishers' editorial departments, have faded, via the drugstore remainder route, into well-merited oblivion.

A superior spy story, timely as

Continued on page 176



"Ladies, would you like to earn $90 to $100 a week? The Bloopo Manufacturing Company has immediate openings for 300 ladies. No experience necessary. Learn the interesting, new trade of . . ."

Goldbricking With Esquire

Conducted by **BRUCE PATTERSON**

Two soldiers crossing the ocean on a ship were talking.

Corporal: "What were you in civilian life, Private?"

Pvt: "I used to be a magician."

Corporal: "What was your specialty?"

Pvt: "Making things disappear."

Cpl: "Let's see you do a trick."

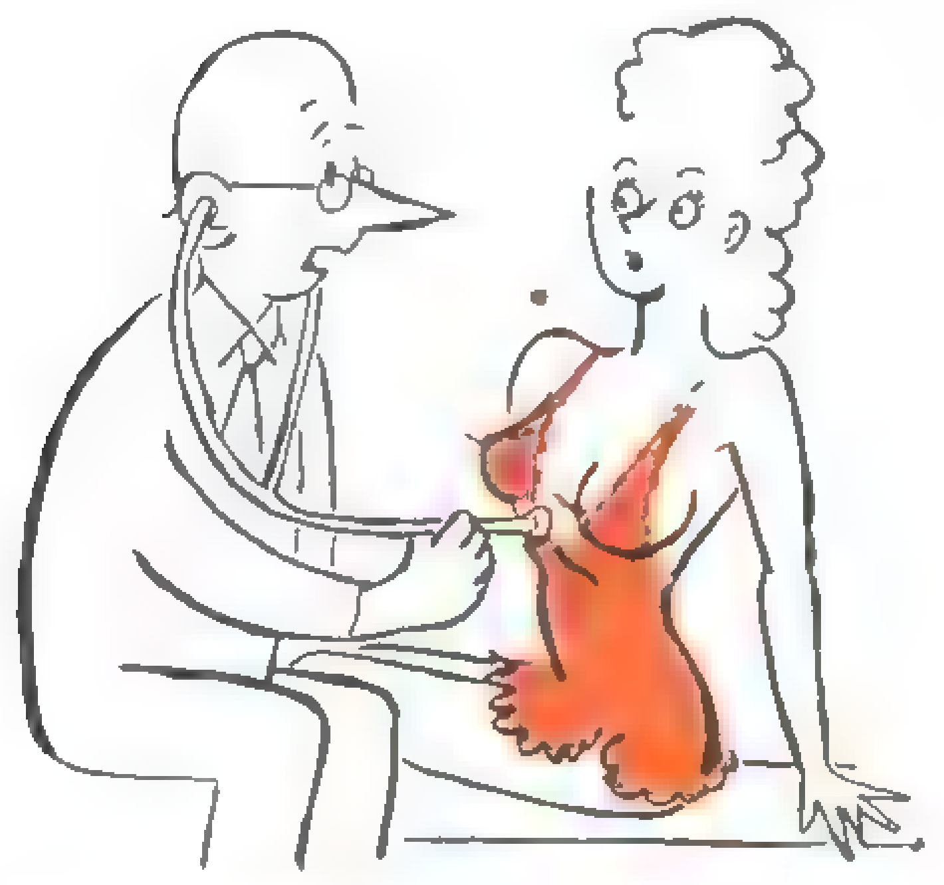
Just at that moment an enemy torpedo struck the ship and in a few moments the two soldiers found themselves clinging to a life raft. The ship apparently had gone to Davey Jones's locker. Shaking the water out of his eyes the corporal said: "By God, you're the best magician I've ever seen."

—*The Bealiner*,
Camp Beale, Calif.

"Why was it George Washington never told a lie, Pa?"

"Probably because no one ever asked him when the war would end."

—*The Communiqué*,
Camp Livingston, La.



"Either you are an astonishing case or there is a fly in the tube of my stethoscope"

A list of freak accidents tells of a soldier who was welded into his sleeping bag by a bolt of lightning striking the zipper. That's a new type of sad sack. We know a couple of G.I.'s who'd love to have that kind of accident.

—*Caribou Horn*,
Seattle, Washington

First Mother: "Has your son learned anything in the Army?"

Second Mother: "Yes, he can now open a bottle of beer with a half dollar."

—*Gowen Beacon*,
Boise, Idaho

"Why do you go out with that awful frump?"

"She's different from other girls."

"Is she?"

"Yes. She's the only girl that'll go out with me."

—*Camp Wallace Trainer*,
Camp Wallace, Texas

"Did you ever see a pistol packin' mama with a rear gunner?"

"Sure, a squaw with a papoose."

—*The Skeeter*,
Melville, R.I.

Reports from inside Germany say morale is beginning to crack. However, we believe the news is colored. No doubt the Brown Shirts are feeling blue now that they see the rosy past turning into a red present and a black future.

—*Maxey Times*,
Camp Maxey, Texas

The colonel's wife at Paine Field, Washington, sent a note to a captain on the post. "Colonel and Mrs. Browne request the pleasure of Captain Greene's company at dinner on May 15," the invitation read. Shortly she received a courteous reply. It went like this:

"With the exception of five men on leave and three men on sick list, Captain Greene's company will take great pleasure in accepting your invitation."

—*The Armodier*,
Camp Chaffee, Fort Smith, Ark.

You make with a swab
And not with a mop,
Topside, not upstairs
To get to the top.
You stand on the deck,
Though it's green with grass,
And it's chow, not food
You get with your pass.
Boat is to ship
As hill is to mountain;
And you drink from a scuttle butt,
Not from a fountain.
The gentleman's lounge
Is known as the head,
You sleep in your sack
And not in your bed.
You stow your gear,
Not 'put things away'
And say, 'Squared away'
Instead of 'O.K.'
It's port and it's starboard,
Not left and right:
A rope is a line
And a loop is a bight.
You square your hat
When you make it round.
You hit the deck,
At the bugle's sound.
But our favorite phrase
That phrase of dreams
Comes, payday, then
THE EAGLE SCREAMS.

—*The Bainbridge Mainsheet*,
U.S. Naval Training Station,
Bainbridge, Maryland

The sentry rattled off general and special orders perfectly. The OD looked pleased and said: "Fine, everything's fine."

"Not only that," added the guard with a wink, "I got some Scotch, Sir. Wanna drink?"

"Corporal of the guard," yelled the infuriated O.D.

"Shhhhh!!" shushed the rookie, "there won't be enough for three."

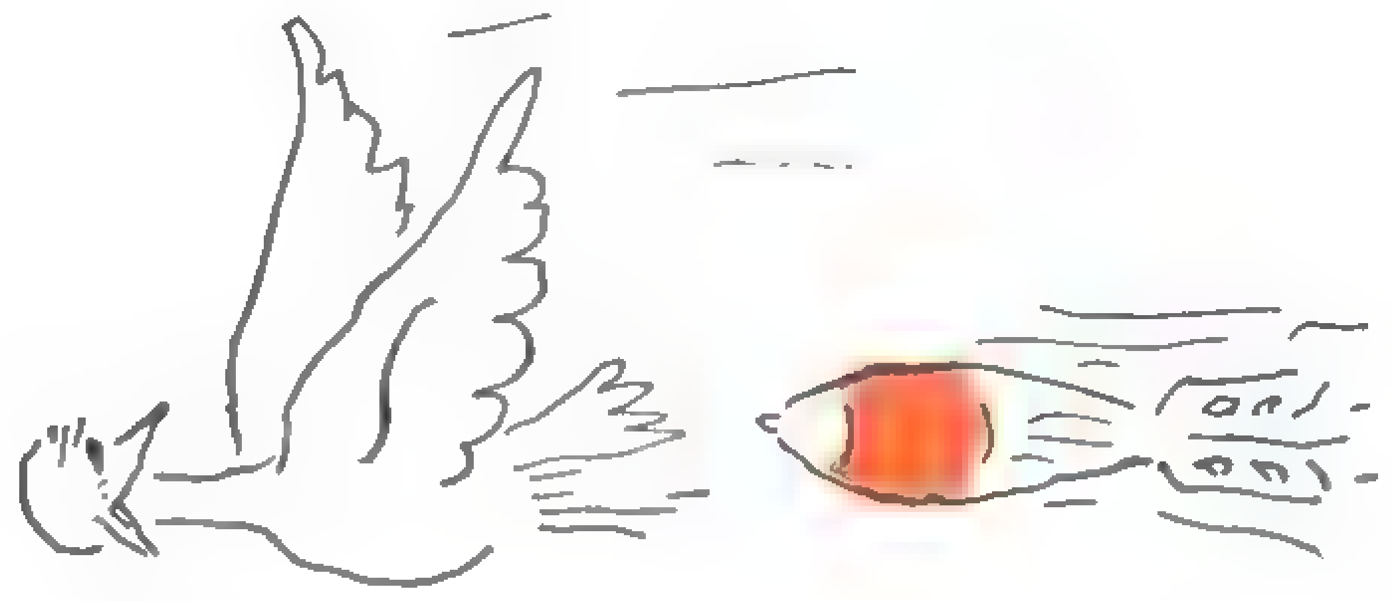
—*The Bealiner*,
Camp Beale, Calif.

She: Do you love me with all your heart and soul?

He: Uh huh.

She: Do you think I'm the most beautiful girl in all the world?

He: Yeah.



"Migawd, something else to watch out for"

She: Do you think my lips are like rose petals, my eyes like limpid pools, my hair like silk?

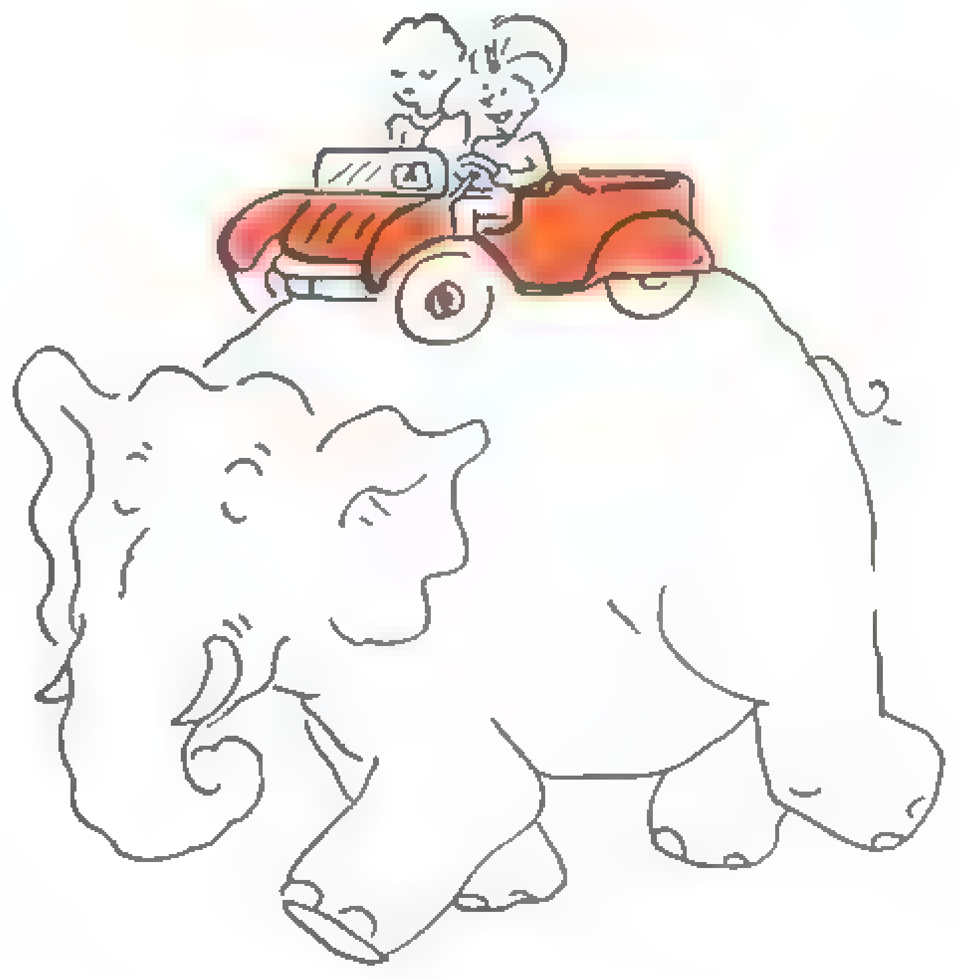
He: Yep.

She: Oh, you say the most beautiful things.

—*Bombardier*,
Pocatello Army Air Base,
Pocatello, Idaho

A pinch of salt may be improved by dropping it in a stein of beer.

—*Maxey Times*,
Camp Maxey, Texas



"My 'A' card cut down my dates something terrific until I thought of using my car as a howdah"

'Tis a funny world we live in.
Its wonders never cease.
All "civilized" people are at war,
And savages are at peace.

—*Beacon*,
U.S.N. Receiving Station,
Terminal Island,
San Pedro, Calif.

A doctor was trying to check an epidemic in a village. Visiting a family, he asked: "Are you taking precautions to prevent the spread of contagion?"

"Yes, Doctor," replied the head of the family. "We even bought a sanitary cup and we all drink from it."

—*Marine Corps Chevron*,
San Diego, Calif.

Lt. Col. Robert Morrissey of Tecumseh, Neb., told this one: Morrissey and other members of a flight of American fighters in the Southwest Pacific shot down six Zeros and a bomber without a loss. Then a Zero got on Morrissey's tail. Capt. A. T. House dove at the Zero, although he was out of ammunition. He dipped the wing of his ship and scooped the Jap pilot out of his seat.

—*Twingine Times*,
A.A.F. Pilot School,
Freeman Field, Seymour, Ind.

A British soldier visiting here was introduced to corn on the cob at a local mess. He studied it a minute, then gingerly picked it up. "Hold it in both hands and eat it like you play a harmonica," an American sergeant explained.

The Briton looked puzzled.

"And what," he asked, "is a harmonica?"

—*The Runway*,
Hq. U.S. Army Air Base,
c/o Postmaster, New Orleans, La.

Did you hear about the dogface who backed his jeep into a buzz saw? Now his outfit has two motorcycles.

—*The Bealiner*,
Camp Beale, Calif.

A timid soul was speaking to the parachute officer the other day and asked: "How can you hang from that silk thing? Isn't the suspense terrible?"

"Not at all," was the reply. "It's when the suspense isn't there that it's terrible."

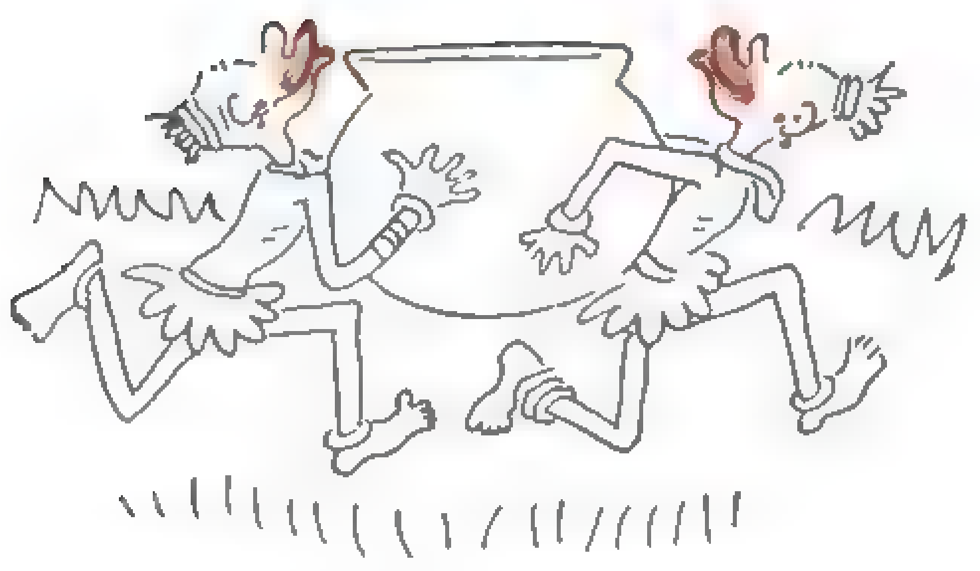
—*The Clipper*,
Homestead Army Air Field,
Homestead, Fla.

"I love you, darling. I adore you."

"Are you going to marry me?"

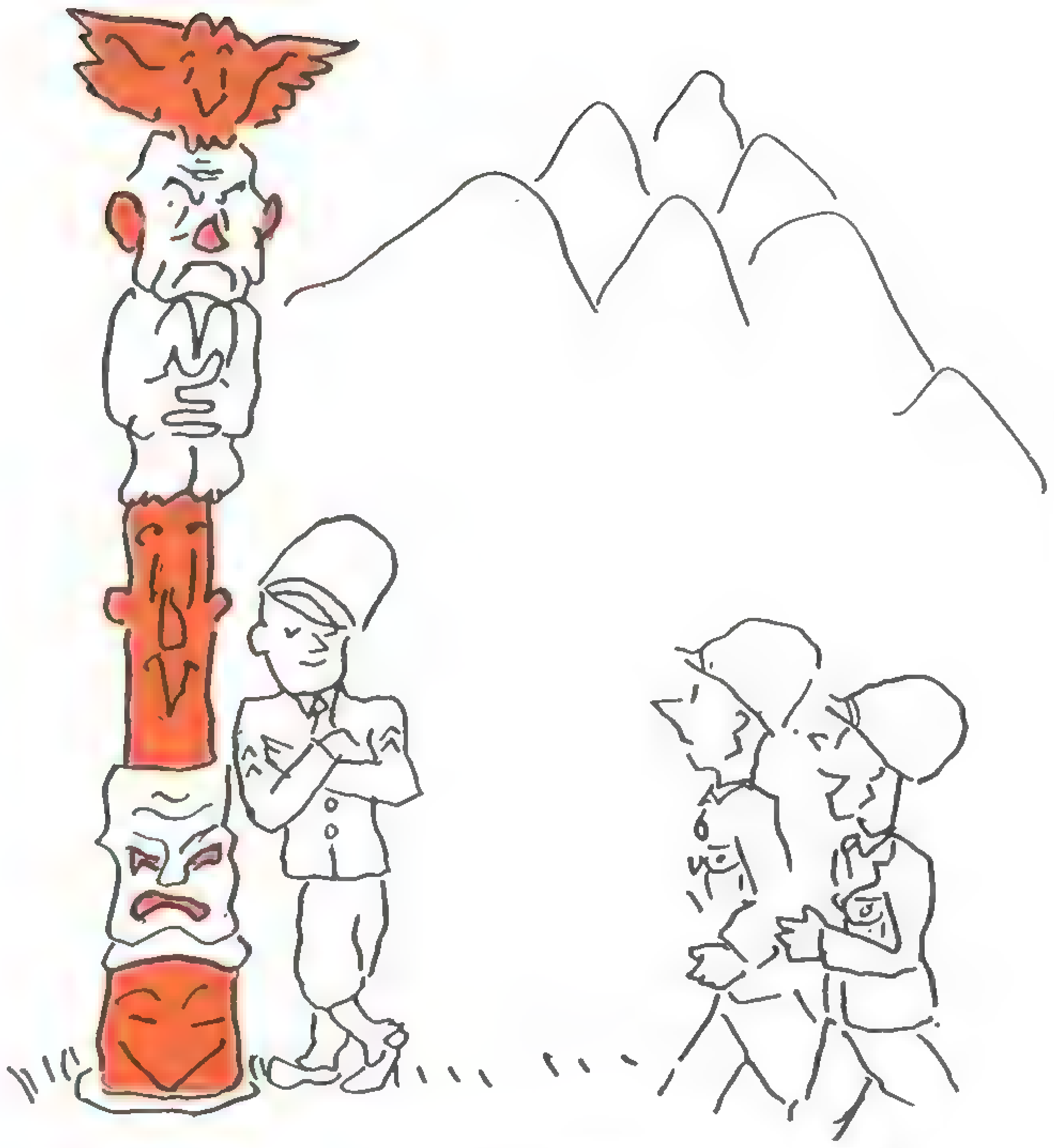
"Don't change the subject."

—*Western Signal Corps Message*,
Camp Kohler, Calif.



Success Story—A certain chief we know says he started from scratch. Now he itches all over.

—*Prop-Wash*,
U.S. Naval Air Station,
Whidbey Island, Wash.



"He always meets his girls at this spot—compared to the totem pole the corporal looks good"

How to Give Your Girl a Surprise Party.

Rush up to her, put your arms around her, draw her close and when she says, "Stop!" don't kiss her.

—*The Bull Horn*,
N.A.T.T.C. Norman, Okla.

COOKIE

You will find him in the jungle,
where the sniper's bullets sing,
Where the dampness rots your
leather, and malaria is king,
Where the water stinks to heaven,
and the heat is like an ache,
He'll be settin' up his pots and
pans to make a layer cake.
In the Arctic night of Iceland where
the wind's a two edged knife,
And the crunch of boots on powdered snow's the only sign of life,
And Aurora lights the blackness
with her eerie-colored rays—
He'll be fixing eggs and onions by
the cookstove's cheery blaze.
Yes, the cook who feeds the Army
from Rabaul to Casablanc'
Should be praised along with him
who mans a bomber or a tank;
For when the goin's thickest and
we're on the foeman's heels,
You can always hear the clinkins'
of the commissary heels.
Sure we cuss him somethin' awful
but he knows it's all G.I.,
And our cusses change to chuckles
as we taste his apple pie;
A packet of 'K' ration may be
nourishing, it's true—
But I'd trade a dozen cases for a
mess-kit of his stew.
So let's remember Cookie as he
rolls up to the line;
The battle doesn't bother him—
it's almost dinner time;
Grimy, weary, hungry soldiers
will be wantin' meat and bread,
And they'll never say the kitchen
let them get too far ahead.
When the long road has been
traveled and the Axis might is
dead,
And the cobblestones of Coblenz
ring again with Yankee tread,
When the shattered streets of
Tokyo see our colors high and
wide—
There'll be Cookie calmly fixin'
up a mess of Southern Fried.

—*Ft. Custer News*,
Ft. Custer, Michigan

CPO: "You've been training for six weeks now—what have you learned?"

Recruit: "I've learned why sailors aren't afraid to die."

—*The Bull Horn*,
N.A.T.T.C. Norman, Okla.

Mess Sergeant: "Stop singing at your work."

KP: "I wasn't working."

—*The Bombardier*,
Army Air Base, Pocatello, Idaho

The psychiatrist was testing the intelligence of a hopeful Section 8 candidate:

"What would happen if I cut off your ear?"

Bucker: "I couldn't hear."

Doc: "And if I cut off your other ear?"

Bucker: "I couldn't see."

Doc: "Why?"

Bucker: "Because my hat would fall over my eyes."

—*Ft. MacArthur Alert*,
Fort MacArthur,
San Pedro, Calif.

Doctor: "The best thing for you to do is to give up drinking and smoking, get up early every morning and go to bed early every night."

Soldier Patient: "What's second best?"

—*Union Vedette*,
Fort Douglas, Utah

Second (to his boxer between rounds): "Well, pal, you're licked."

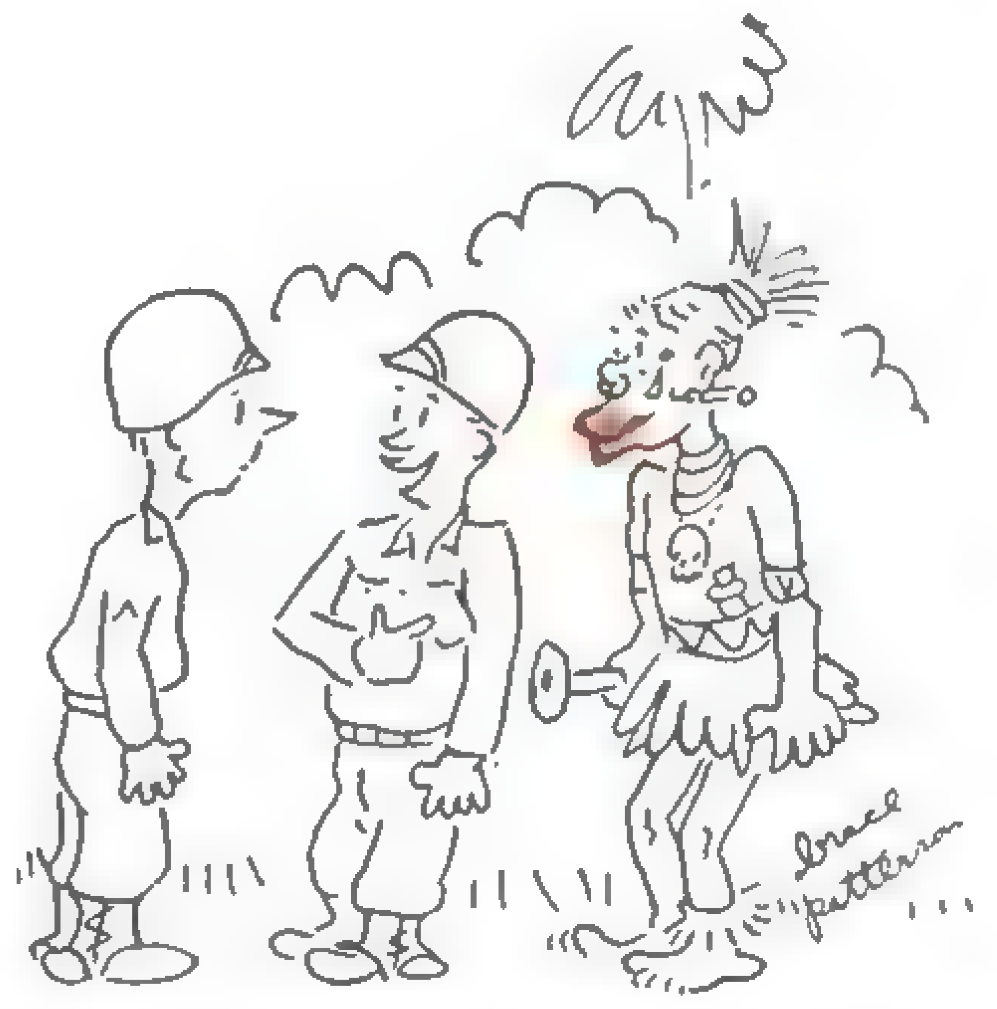
Boxer (gazing dizzily around): "Yeah, I should have got him in the first round when he was alone."

—*Prop-Wash*,
U.S. Naval Air Station,
Whidbey Island, Wash.

Doctor: "What you need is a nice long rest at the seashore where you can get the ocean breeze."

Patient: "That's funny. The Navy just gave me a medical discharge after being rescued from a raft at sea for thirty days."

—*The Bull Horn*,
N.A.T.T.C., Norman, Okla.



"I'm going to take him back to the States with me—to be my valet and scare my mother-in-law away from my place"

"When were you born?" the squadron clerk asked the rookie.

No reply.

"I say, Soldier," the clerk repeated, "when's your birthday?"

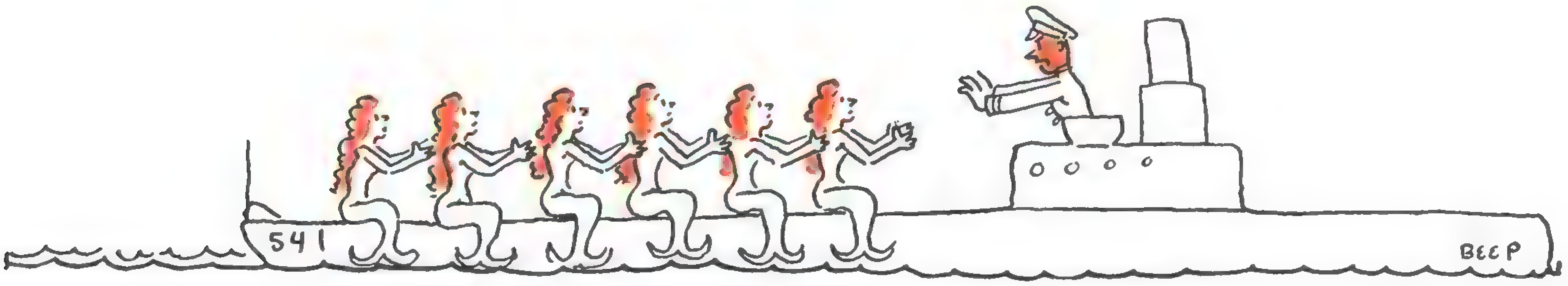
"What do you care?" replied the recruit sullenly. "You ain't going to give me anything."

—*The Rangefinder*,
Camp Callan, San Diego, Calif.

Mother: "I told you if a sailor asked you for a kiss to say 'no'."

Daughter: "But, Mother, they don't ask."

—*The Bull Horn*,
N.A.T.T.C., Norman, Okla.



Man the Kitchenette

Stating the case for goat's milk and offering recipes for such Greek dishes as *pilaff, avgolemono* and dessert rice

by ILES BRODY

• EDIBLES •

"WASTE not—want not!" Geo. Gordon, Lord Byron, painted this sane slogan in bold letters on the kitchen wall of his ancient Newstead Abbey. The renowned poet may have meant every one of those four important words, for, in spite of certain extravagances, his eating habits were frugal and he often observed prolonged vegetable diets. But he could not stand seeing others starving and spent his money helping people and causes.

He gave many thousands of pounds to the Greeks when that brave nation decided to fight off the long-lasting Turkish yoke a hundred and twenty years ago, and he also took part in the fight and sacrificed his life on the altar of liberty, as you well know. And while he was supplying the Greeks with money, more freely than you can imagine, he spent forty *drachmas* (around eight cents) a day on his own food! A couple of weeks before he died even this expenditure was cut and he starved right there at the portal to delicious Oriental food. Of course, the word "delicious" may be disputed; Greek food is not exactly suited to too dogmatic American palates. Its character is Turkish, and a taste for it has to be cultivated. But once you grow fond of it, you can't ever forsake it.

While the Greeks liberated themselves from the Turks, they still followed their food habits. It often happens that when a nation severs itself from another after a lengthy domination, it becomes independent politically, but cannot fight off the gastronomical yoke.

We are on the eve of a new liberation of Greece, and that is why I dare to write about their food. They may be starving now, poor souls, at the time of this writing, but you have no idea how quickly a European country gets on its feet so far as its stomach is concerned, even after the most disastrous devastation! I know, for I lived in Europe before, during and after the last war, in a small, defeated country. By the summer of 1919 we ate as though nothing had happened. Long-lasting privation instills in man tremendous energy for seeking comfort and pleasure.

No matter to what extent the Greeks recover, they will never eat beefsteaks, simply because there are practically no cattle in Greece. Sheep and goats are the edible animals of the Greeks, and these mammals also provide them with milk and its products. Fussy foreigners, before the present war, who could not get used to this lacteal fare, had their canned cow's milk and butter imported from Holland.

To combat your prejudice against goat's milk, I'll tell you a story. While a friend of mine, Martin Schallenberger, was attending Annapolis Naval Academy, he was summoned to appear before a medical board. He was asked a thousand questions—what sports he liked, what were his daily habits, how many hours he used to sleep as a civilian, what were his favorite foods, etc. Under the barrage of questions Martin began to worry that they were getting ready to expel him. Finally he was asked to relate the circumstances of his life from infancy. Frightened, he told the board that he spent his earliest years in Greece where his father had been a member of the U. S. diplomatic corps and that he had been fed on goat's milk. At this point, the dentist on the board jumped to his feet. "That's it! That's it! Now we have it!" He exclaimed.

It seems that they were trying to determine the reason why Martin and a classmate of his were the only two boys at the Academy who had never had cavities in their perfect teeth, and it was found that both of them had been weaned on goat's milk!

I could write pages and pages on goat's milk, butter and cheese, but since this piece is going to be on Greek food in general and my space is so limited, I'll just tell you that goat milk's composition and flavor is closest to that of human mother's milk; that it contains a higher proportion of solids than cow's milk, it is more digestible, and it is free from tuberculosis germs; that in olden times it was thought infallible in curing pleurisy, bladder trouble and neuralgia; that the best *yogourt* is made of it; and that goat's milk naturally influences Greek cuisine to a considerable extent. There is a Greek proverb, "No goat ever starved to death," based on the well-known fact that these animals can get along on amazingly little food. Probably this is the reason that in other, richer European countries than Greece they called the goat "the cow of the proletariat."

Despite the modest fare of the goat, its flesh is delicious. I have eaten young goat's head at the Colony Restaurant in New York, roasted and split in two—a great culinary experience. The brain, the marrow, the meats and the cartilage offered various interesting consistencies and flavors. And there was no evidence of the truth of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* description: "Stinketh as a goat." They say that kid's breast on the spit is even better than its head, but I never tasted that. Often, back in Europe, I ate baby lamb's breast on the spit, done to a turn, and then cut with a sharp knife into little dice, gristle and all, and salted and generously peppered. Awfully good. And lamb being one of the Greeks' favorite meats, I shall tell you more about it. But first, let me give you the recipe for a delicious Greek soup, called *avgolemono*.

For six helpings take five cups of broth and cook together with one quarter cup of rice, well washed, until rice is done. Reduce flame. Beat the yolks and whites of two eggs separately, then mix, and very gradually, always stirring, add the juice of one lemon. Add this mixture to broth, and continue cooking for a few more minutes. If you make this soup from chicken broth, you may add very finely sliced gizzards to it when you start to cook it. It is also delicious with tender lamb, diced.

Potatoes in Greece are as rare as cattle. There is, however, plenty of rice and that explains the popularity of *pilaff*. This Oriental rice dish has as many varieties of preparation as of spelling—it is sometimes spelled pilau, pilaw, pilav, etc. Sometimes it is cooked with fowl, chicken giblets, lamb, or kid. But the proper and original way to eat it is not with

JUDO SCHOOL
INSTRUCTOR
TRUCTOR
INSTRUCTOR
-ALI-

meat, but simply with sour milk, although the ancient Greeks anointed their *pilaff* with the brine of the anchovy, which was said to be an unsavory, acrid preparation. But here is the way to make *pilaff:*

Salt and pepper a cupful of tomato juice and a cupful of stock and boil together. Then add a cupful of rice, and cook without a lid. Agitate the pan occasionally. The liquid has to be completely absorbed by the rice, and when this has been done, add a lump of butter; to melt the latter, shake the pan vigorously.

Now you may add and mix your meat, which should have been cooked separately, and if you own a form, fashion the *pilaff* into a pyramid, for that is the appropriate way for it to be brought to the table.

Sometimes rice is mixed with eggs in Greece, famous for very good egg dishes. Here is one from a great authority on Greek (and French) food, Mr. Gus Couloufacos, owner of the Champs Elysées and the Divan Parisien restaurants in New York:

Boil a cup of rice in a little stock or water. Add an onion and some parsley chopped very fine, a few nuts also chopped, and a small amount of butter. Whip the whites of two eggs very well, add to the rice, mix, and pour the rice into a buttered form, and steam in this mold for an hour and a half. Serve it with hot tomato sauce and fresh grated horse-radish. For four generous helpings.

I stress meatless cooking not merely because it is our duty nowadays, but also because as a rule Greeks, along with most other European people, only had meat adorn their tables on Sundays. I am, of course, not talking of the privileged classes. These fine people ate the same style food in the unbelievably beautiful city of Athens as they ate everywhere else—namely French. And there were plenty of wealthy people in Greece, for they were industrious and had splendid commercial minds and, naturally, they liked to live well. But even the poor ate well in this spicy country where the wild herbs so suitable for flavoring were free and where the finest honey, the best wines, the lushest fish could be had almost for the asking.

Don't form your opinion about Greek cuisine by going into a Greek short order house for flapjacks in this country. Not that these modest Greek restaurants are not good; often they are. But you'd have more conception of real Greek food if you walked the marble streets of Athens lined with orange trees, filled your nostrils with the heavenly scent of orange blossoms, and then with your appetite properly whetted, entered a small eating place where you'd first of all get an *ouzo*, the *eau de vie* of the country. You'd then eat the best *langouste* you've ever tasted with quite a different flavor than our lobsters have. You'd enjoy equally the *dolmades* —chopped meat enveloped in vine leaves—and the *baklava*, Oriental and better edition of strudel. And the Turkish coffee would definitely floor you by its flavor and strength. The day when we can all have this and peace, too, is not far off...

Until that time I give you two more recipes for Greek dishes. I have already given you three, and altogether in this piece there are more than you should have at one time. Remember the story about England's King Henry II and the monks and prior of St. Swithin monastery? They appeared before him, complaining with many tears and doleful lamentations that the Bishop of Winchester had cut off three courses from their dinner. "How many has he left you?" asked the king. "Ten only," replied the prior. The king gasped. "I never have more than three," he said, "and I shall order your bishop to reduce you to the same number of courses!"

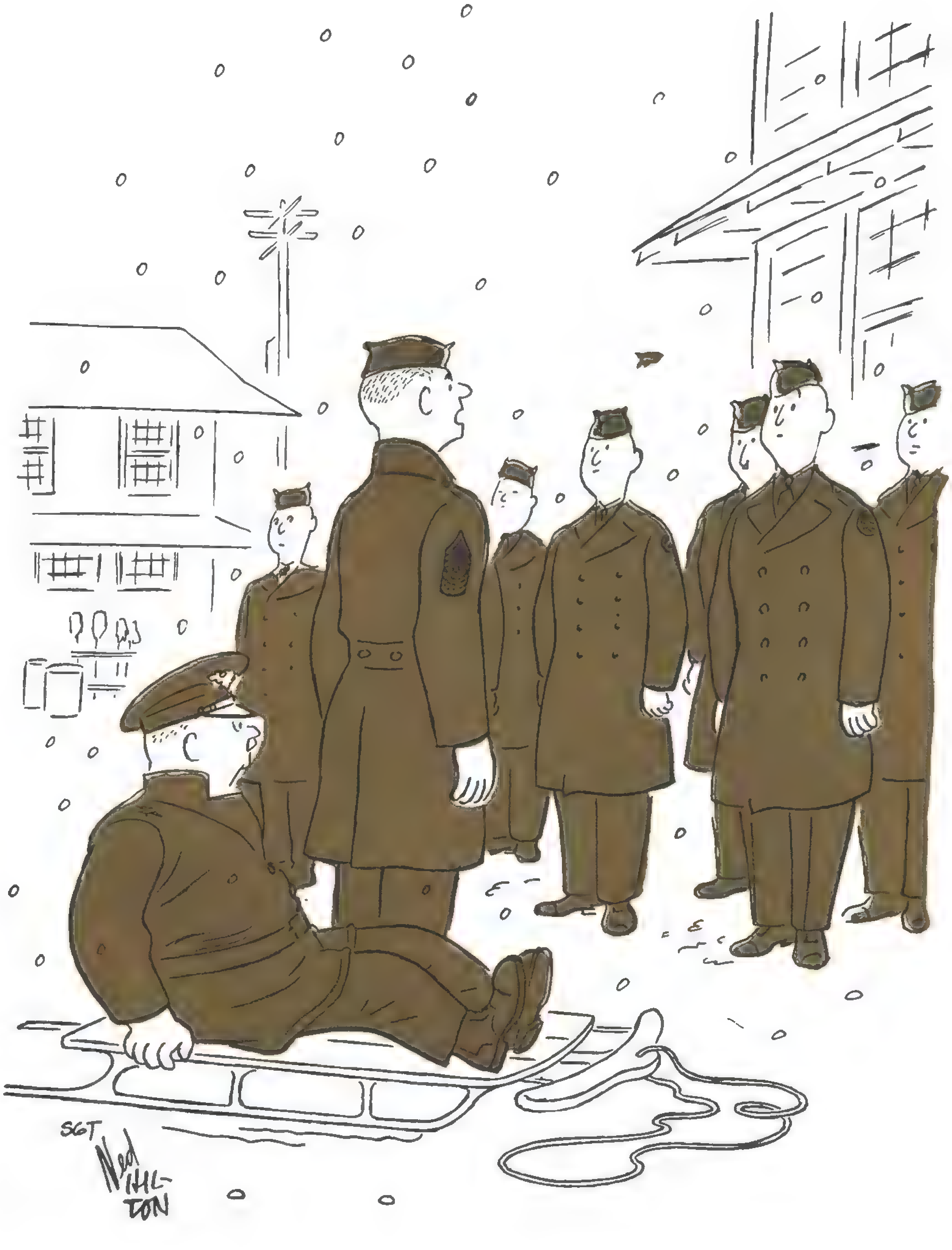
I try to be more tolerant than Henry and below you'll find the two promised recipes. But if you are interested in Greek food further, there is an excellent Greek cookery book compiled by Allan Ross Macdougall, who, although he didn't approve of me or a sauce I published here long ago with the consent of the Hotel Lafayette in New York, certainly did do a good job on the book. You may get this Greek cook book from the Near East Foundation, 17 West 46th Street, New York. You'll be also interested to know that three periodicals on the goat and its milk are published in the United States.

Here is a Turkish *hors d'oeuvre* said to have been brought from the East by Anatole France, the late great French novelist:

Slice oranges crossways, peel the slices, and remove the pips and the white in the middle of the oranges. Put the slices in the bottom of a dish and cover the oranges with chopped onion, placing on the bed of oranges and onion, stoned black olives. Season with salt, pepper, red pepper, and olive oil.

And this is the way they prepare dessert rice in Greece:

Put half a measuring cupful of rice in a pint of cold milk, together with a vanilla pod and six lumps of sugar, and cook this in a double saucepan for three and a half hours, or until the rice absorbs the milk. Pour into a dish, let it cool, and serve with a little milk or cream. ⌗



"The colonel, here, would like two volunteers!"

The White Shark's Dilemma

Continued from page 77

and then instantly disappeared.

A three-foot she sea turtle, paddling slowly shoreward to deposit her rubbery eggs, sensed the surging death above. Fear gripped her. She knew instinctively that even her horn-like shell offered no protection against his crushing jaws and powerful digestive acids. Pulling tightly into her armor she sank, stone like.

Two porpoises, ordinarily implacable enemies of all sharks, slapped the water resoundingly with their tails as they hurried to give this monster ample sea room.

Once Carcharodon would have hunted them down, or tried to, but now he ignored them. Helpless to hunt the food for which his system screamed, he pushed on toward the shallows. And his progress slowed as each mile fell astern.

Before his approach the water had been teeming with marine life. But as he forged ahead a great quarter mile circle around him went suddenly and completely dead. From then on the circle progressed with him, deserted, devoid of all life.

Overhead even the sea gulls, searching keen-eyed for fragments floating to the surface from the unending carnage down below, seemed to scream a warning.

Night came again. A night in which he wasted no precious strength in futile under-water acrobatics. When he tried to rest, automatically moving just enough to keep from sinking, the deadly weight dragged his head down and he awoke, headed for the depths and desperately fought to level off again. Other sharks, attracted by his weakness, approached much closer than they had ever dared before. One, a great striped tiger, huge for his kind yet still hardly one third Carcharodon's length, stayed in the vicinity for hours, circling hungrily. Finally made bold by his great relative's obvious distress, he rushed and struck.

Carcharodon was slow as he turned to meet the charge. His crashing jaws missed. The tiger's target was the gill slots, but his teeth only grooved the corner of Carcharodon's mouth. Spinning back, lightning fast, he struck again. Wicked teeth closed solidly, this time on the chain.

Whirling away madly, broken toothed, the tiger drove upward, burst half out of the water then fled away, furrowing the surface.

With daylight Carcharodon's strength was almost spent. He had not eaten in nearly forty-eight hours. His great motor needed refueling. His course had become erratic, serpentine. Massive jaws opened and closed more wearily. Fear and weakness overshadowed his gnawing hunger. Only the basic urge to rub out the hook against something solid drove him forward.

After a torturing hour the muffled clang of a bell buoy came to him faintly as light taps which he felt rather than heard. He sank to the bottom, now only forty feet below, and for five minutes lay rolling sluggishly like a water soaked log. Then, as memory slowly functioned, he tensed.

Ahead, monotonously clanging, lay the east buoy. Five miles west of it was a lighthouse on a foundation of red granite rocks.

Carcharodon turned toward it. There was purpose and a new found strength in his movements. Not a fraction of his former immeasurable horsepower but enough that the water, disturbed by the chain dragging behind him, gurgled and boiled in his wake.

Hugging the bottom he drove toward the lighthouse. When within a quarter mile, he swerved to approach against the current. Almost at once his senses, still acute, picked up the taint of dead fish, motor oil, old paint, rust flakes and the myriad sounds of loose gear shifting back and forth on a small boat rolling at the end of a line fast to the rusted iron ladder which climbed the lighthouse side.

The hook and crippling drag were too vivid a reminder of man's deadliness. He turned aside, abandoning the opportunity to rub the protruding hook shank against friendly rocks and circling widely, took up a new course for the Sabine jetties, fifteen miles away.

An hour and a half later the five-mile buoy was on his starboard beam. In three quarters of an hour he was abreast of the ends of the two jetties which stretch nearly five miles into the Gulf.

For some time he had been increasingly conscious of the terrific current caused by two rivers, the Sabine and Neches, as they tore out between the restraining jetties. He turned into the great, shallow, wedge-shaped mud flat which extends from the west jetty.

One mile from the jetty an old wreck thrust rotting ribs into the air. Circling it wearily, in water so shallow that his anal fins grooved the soft bottom, he searched for a quiet spot where he might lie and gather the last remnants of ebbing strength to fight through the current to the rocks.

The trailing rope end dragged over a sting-ray, bedded comfortably in the ooze. Terror stricken, the flat monstrosity lashed up with its terrible barbed stinger, bedded it firmly in the rope knot and streaked away through the wreckage. He carried the heavy rope for fifty feet before his venomous dagger pulled free. The rope settled sluggishly into the ghostly hold.

Carcharodon lay quietly for an hour. A measure of strength flowed slowly through his body. Occasionally his slotted-pupil, yellow, animal eyes would blink in a startlingly unfish-like pathetic gaze.

Fifty yards away, Pristis Perrotteti, the twelve-foot sawfish, half shark, half ray, eased his way along the bottom in a lethargic search for small dead fish or other tidbits acceptable to his scavenger tastes. His two-and-a-half-foot broad, multi-toothed saw, an inappropriate weapon for one so inoffensive, swung in mock menace from side to side.

Carcharodon scented his distant relative's dull-witted approach. He became alert. Here was the perfect prey offering a bellyfull of meat at a minimum of exertion. He waited, summoning his strength, hook, rope and chain forgotten in the madness of starvation.

Pristis moved stupidly closer. He was only ten feet away when Carcharodon erupted into action. Yellow water swirled and mud flew into the air.

Pristis whirled clumsily and dug off at his best speed. For five seconds or a little longer he pulled away from the hampered shark.

Down in the black bowels of the wreck the rope slithered through the maze of water-preserved timbers and dragged smoothly over a great beam. Bolted to the beam was a heavy iron brace six inches wide and half an inch thick. A two-foot end had rusted loose and sprung away from the beam, forming a sharp "V." The rope slid into this "V" and paid out smoothly up to the knot at the end. It wedged fast.

The shock of three tons of speeding fish brought up short by a well-fastened rope moved the heavy timber two feet and shook the entire wreck. Carcharodon spun half around, recovered and whirled back to the chase.

Poor, clumsy Pristis had no chance. For the shock had finished the job of straightening out the hook, the job that was started by the terrific struggle at the freighter. No longer a hook, it was now only a length of soft steel with a pointed end and a barb entirely unequal to holding the enormous shark. True, the barb grooved his lower jawbone and ripped away some meat and teeth but Carcharodon tore free.

Had he headed in to shore Pristis would have been safe, for, despite his twelve-foot length, he could swim in a foot of water. Instead he turned toward deep water at the jetty end. In less than one-half mile he had lost the grim race against death. Carcharodon's terrible jaws slashed just once and the sawfish thrashed, tailless.

In a lookout house built high over the west jetty two ship pilots were playing cards. One glanced out over the Gulf. Instantly he seized his binoculars and shouted, "Look! Joe! Looka there!"

The other snatched up his own glasses. Beneath them, a half mile away, the water leaped high in turmoil. For a long moment a great, sickle-shaped tail and tremendous dorsal fin showed plainly, then disappeared.

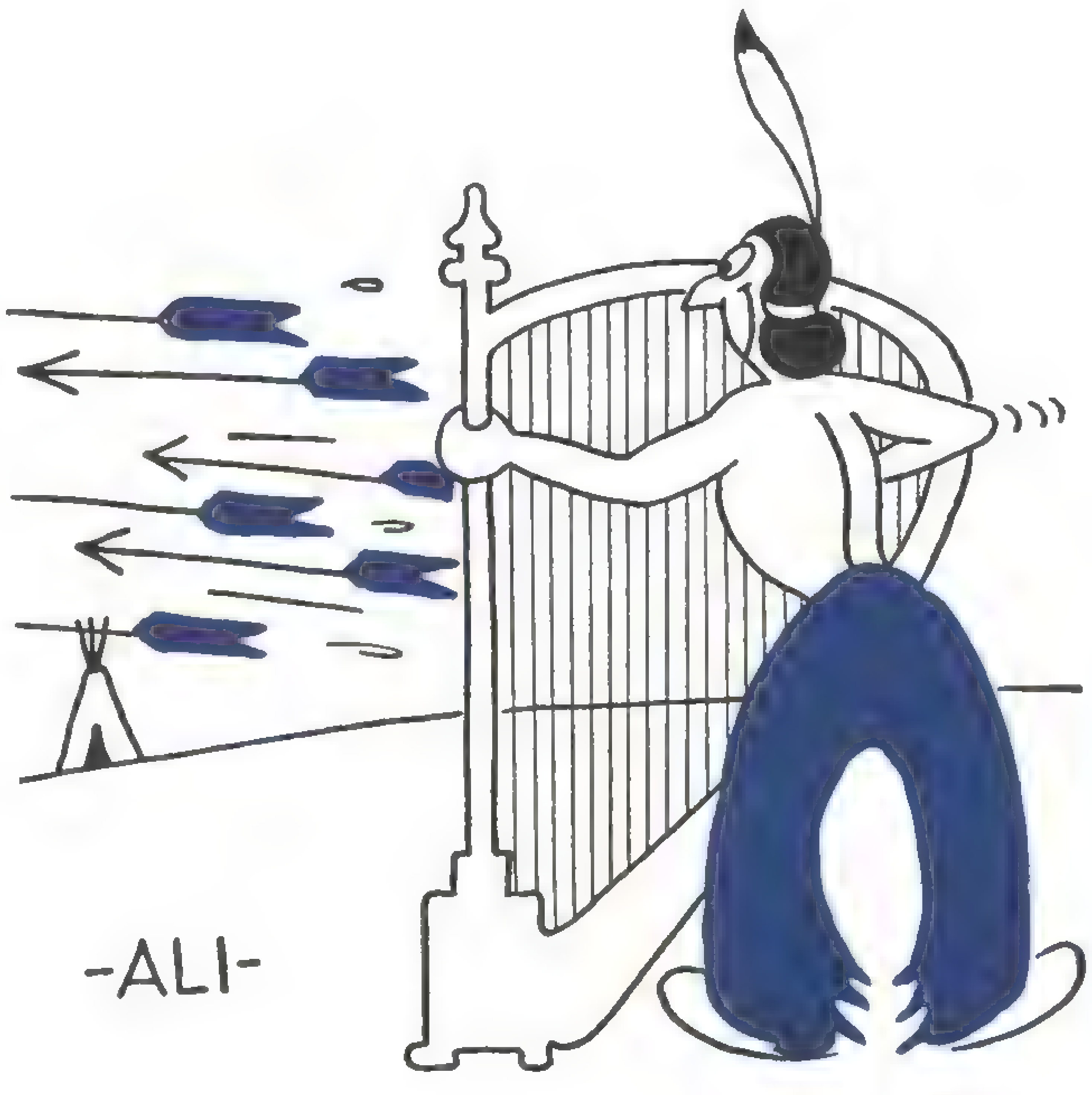
Carcharodon had dined.

Of the twelve-foot sawfish only the great saw with a fragment of skull attached remained. It settled slowly to the bottom.

In the lookout house both men turned from the window and stared at one another. From their vantage spot they had seen many big sharks but never one so unbelievably huge.

Carcharodon moved slowly back to his bed in the lee of the wreck. All through the afternoon and evening he lay quietly on the soft bottom like a gigantic hog wallowing in the mud under a fence. And as he rested, digestive juices, powerful enough to remove paint from a deck, made short work of the sawfish meat and cartilaginous bones.

When the moon had painted a broad wedge of silver across the quiet gulf he bestirred himself and started confidently for the familiar depths well out beyond the one-hundred fathom curve. #



These Arrow Ties are absolutely no mirage

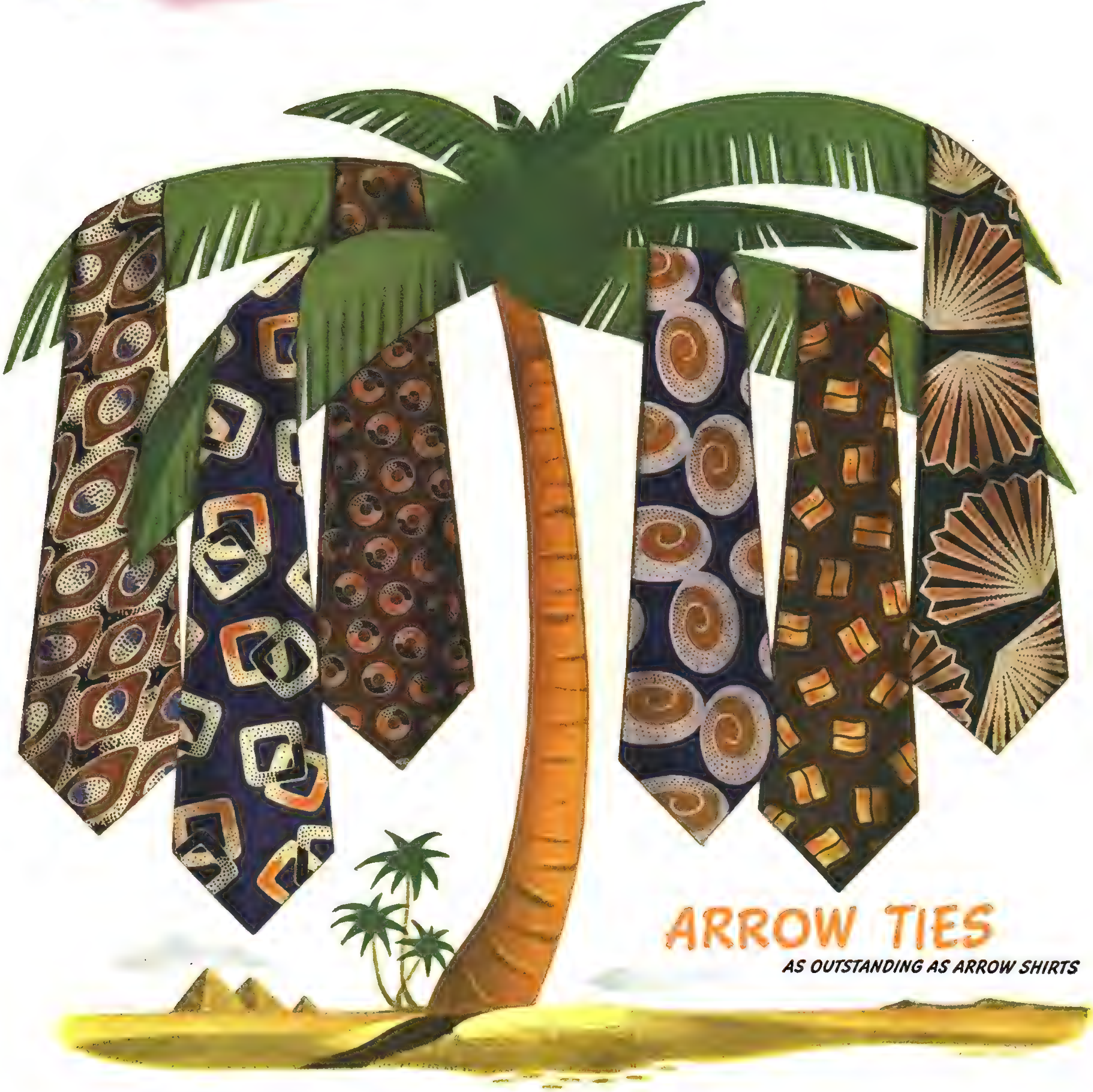
ARROW DESERT SANDS

IT'S NO TRICK of the eyes. These gladsome Arrow Desert Sands Ties are honest-to-goodness *real!*

There's a handsome variety of patterns—stripes, swirls, squares, circles, figures large and small—all in pleasing color combinations.

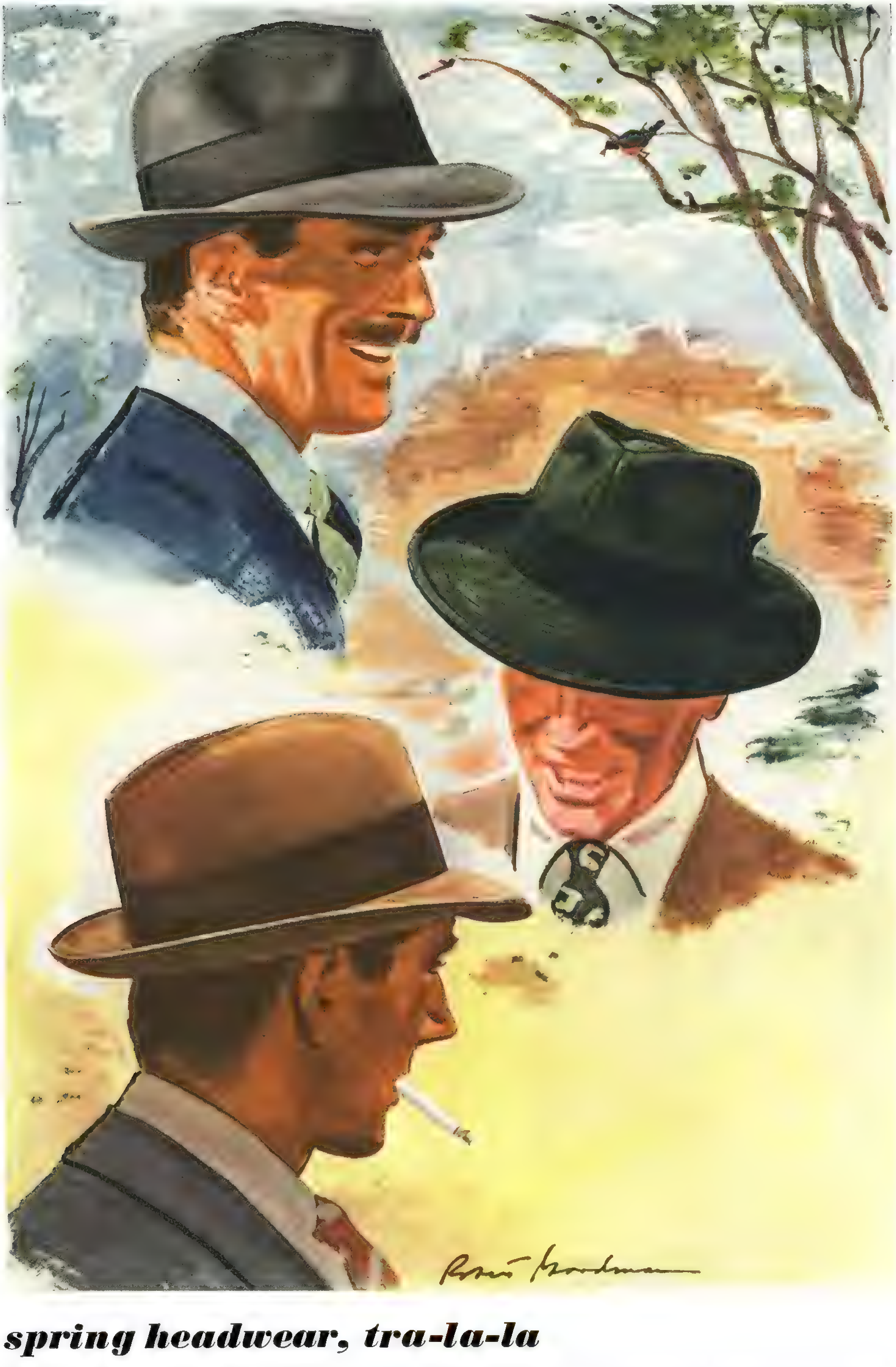
The fabric is poplin—smart and with a penchant for long life. Needless to say, like all Arrow Ties, Desert Sands knot perfectly, drape well, and . . . look fine with Arrow Shirts.

Your Arrow dealer has them now. Step into his store and look them over. You'll like them. $1. Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.



ARROW TIES

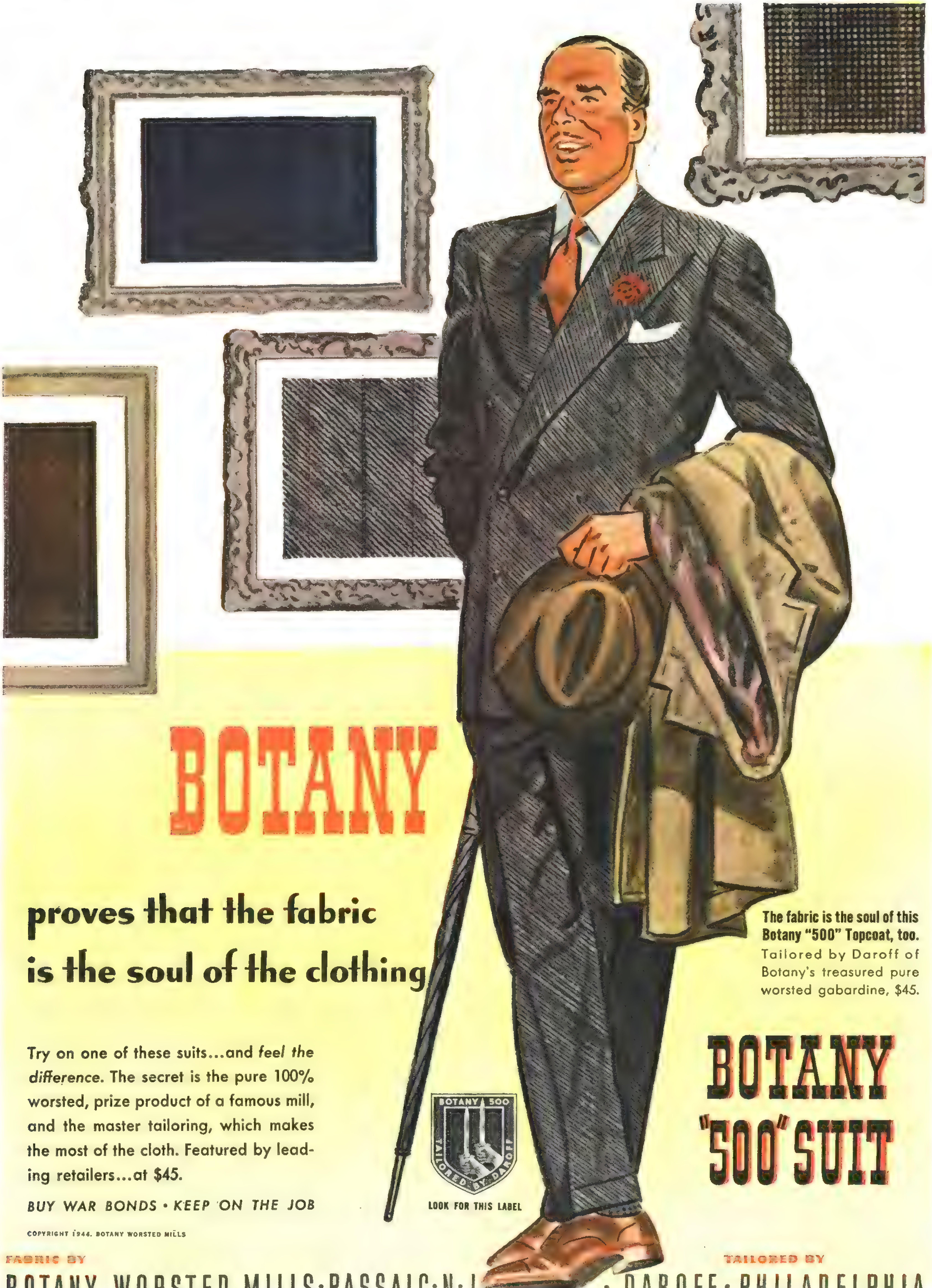
AS OUTSTANDING AS ARROW SHIRTS



spring headwear, tra-la-la

When a woman feels either very blue or very blithe, she can do justice to the occasion by going out and buying a new hat. Men have moods too, but they're supposed to ignore them. If by some chance, however, spring '44 puts you in an uncontrollable state of elation, we suggest that you buy yourself one of these brand new lids. At the top is a pinched crown grey felt hat with welt edge brim of moderate proportions; this shade is about perfect for wear with blue or grey clothing. The green hat is a stitched felt of roughish texture (a natural complement for sports clothes), the crown being constructed of four pieces of felt in a semi-pork pie shape with indentations at the sides. The soft brown hat, creased in the center without side indentations, is in the currently most accepted proportion. The raw edge brim is quite narrow. This color goes well with brown, grey and even blue suits.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)



BOTANY

proves that the fabric is the soul of the clothing

Try on one of these suits...and *feel the difference*. The secret is the pure 100% worsted, prize product of a famous mill, and the master tailoring, which makes the most of the cloth. Featured by leading retailers...at $45.

BUY WAR BONDS • KEEP ON THE JOB

COPYRIGHT 1944. BOTANY WORSTED MILLS

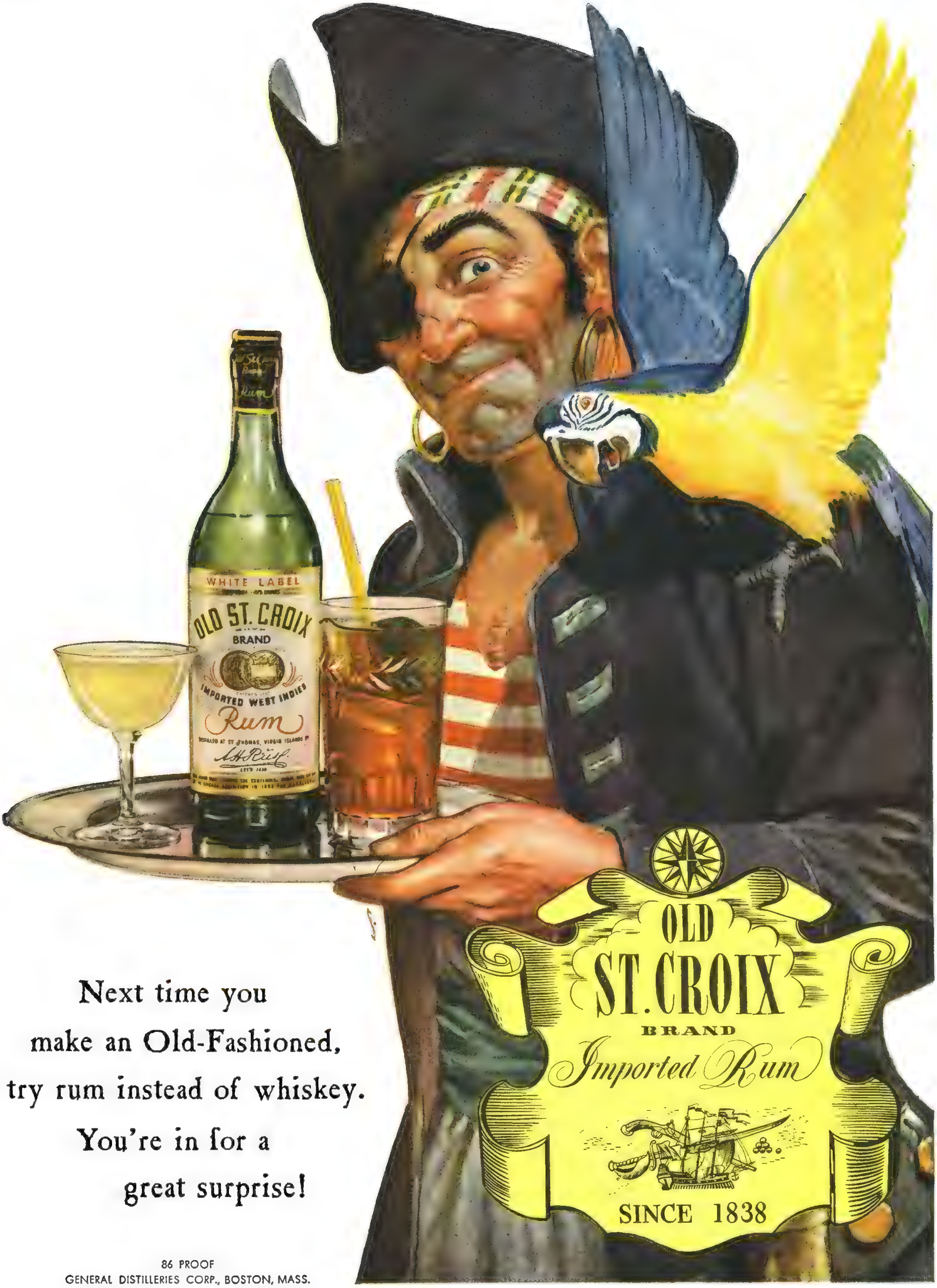
LOOK FOR THIS LABEL

The fabric is the soul of this Botany "500" Topcoat, too. Tailored by Daroff of Botany's treasured pure worsted gabardine, $45.

BOTANY "500" SUIT

FABRIC BY
BOTANY WORSTED MILLS · PASSAIC · N · J

TAILORED BY
· DAROFF · PHILADELPHIA


WHITE LABEL
OLD ST. CROIX
BRAND
IMPORTED WEST INDIES
Rum
DISTILLED AT ST. THOMAS, VIRGIN ISLANDS
A.H. Riise
OLD
ST. CROIX
BRAND
Imported Rum
SINCE 1838

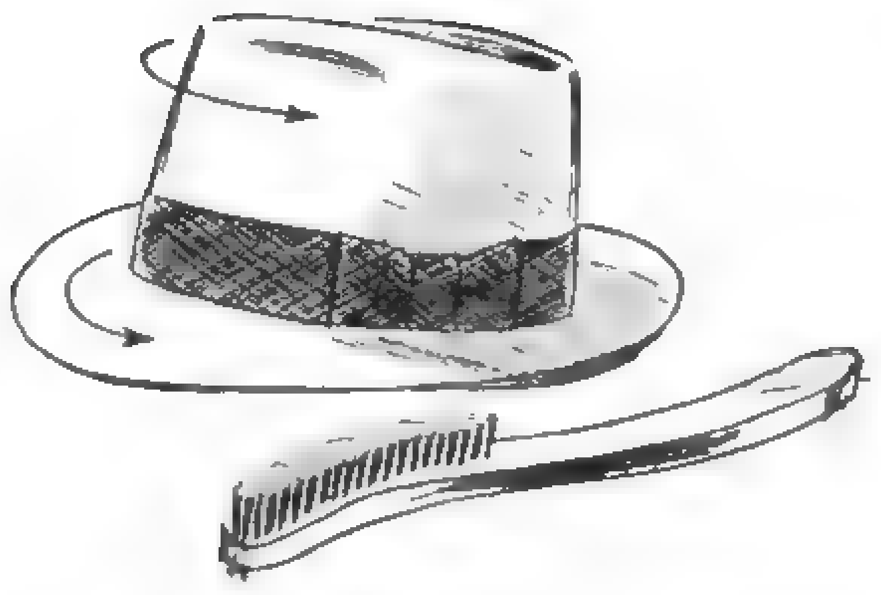
Next time you
make an Old-Fashioned,
try rum instead of whiskey.
You're in for a
great surprise!

86 PROOF
GENERAL DISTILLERIES CORP., BOSTON, MASS.

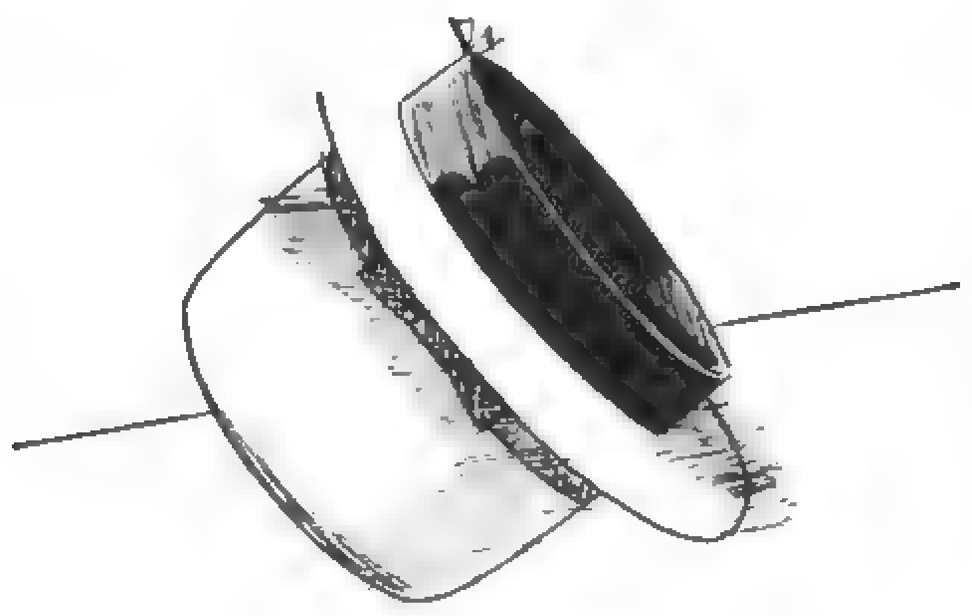
Cherish Your Hats

Felts deserve daily brushing, and storage in boxes during the summer lengthens service

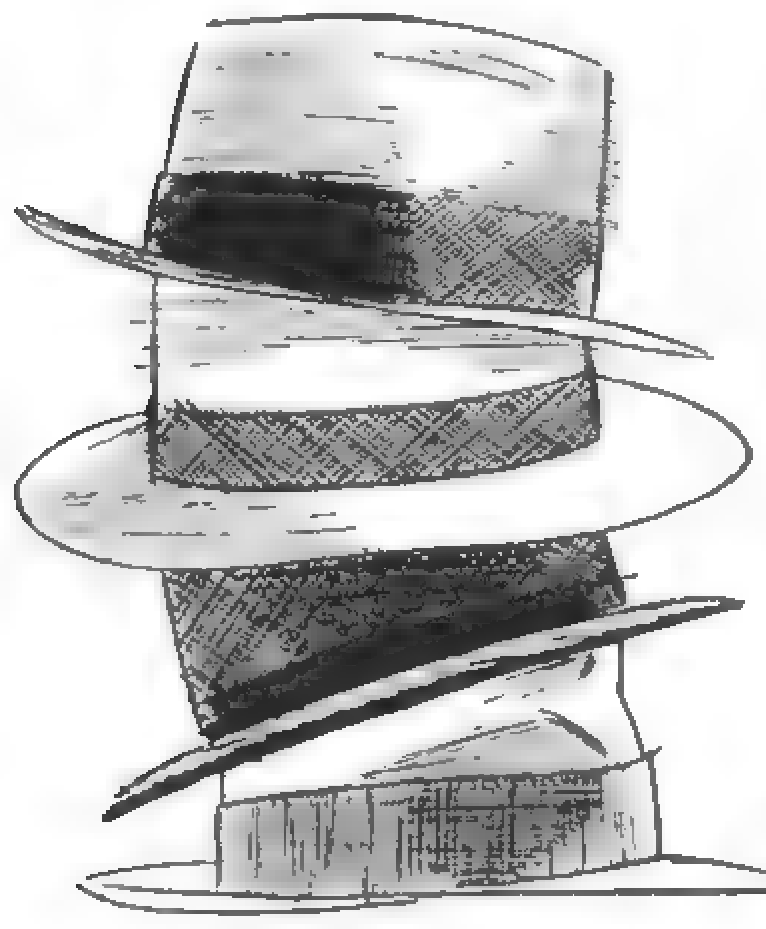
by O. E. SCHOEFFLER
▪ WEARABLES ▪



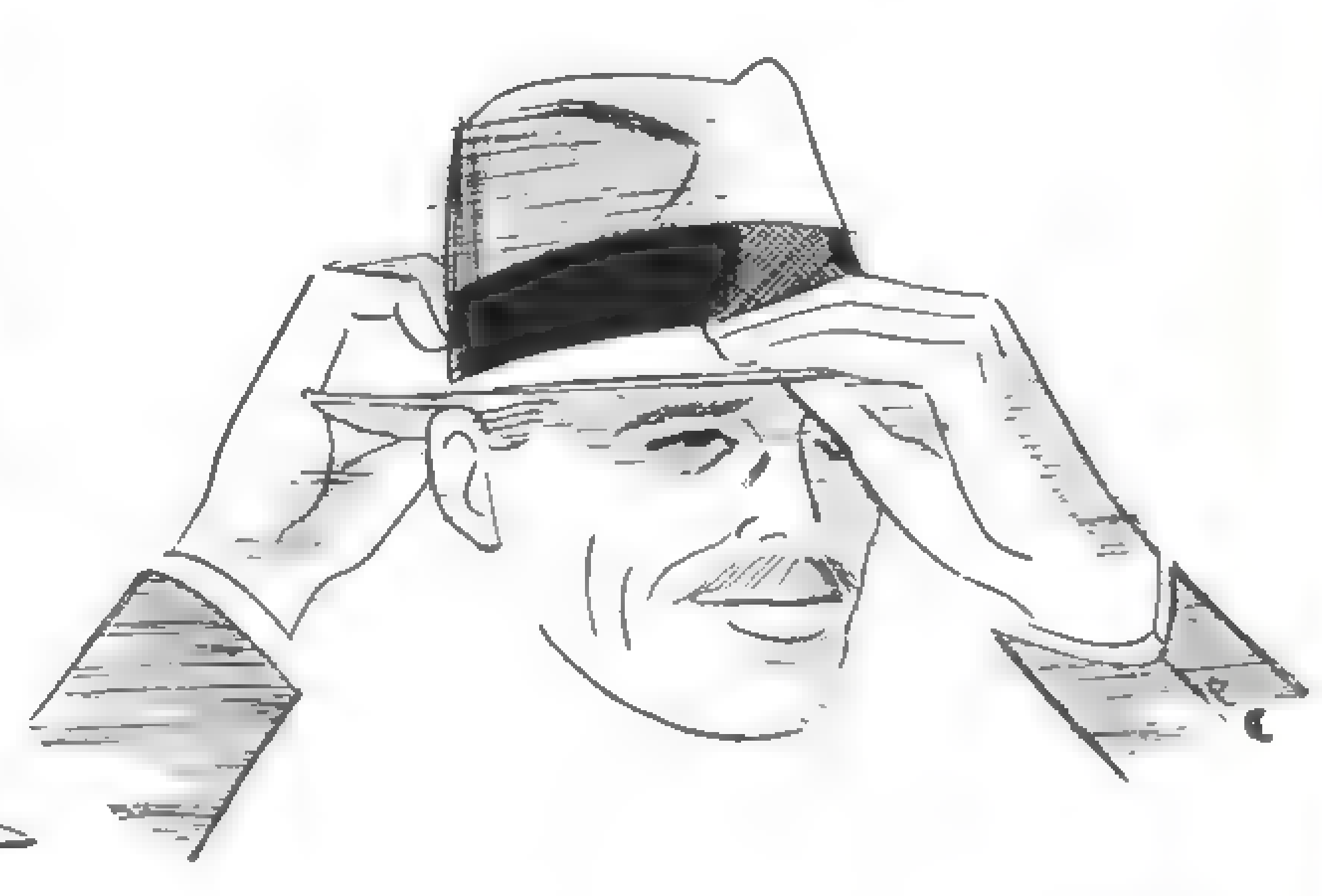
Hat is kept clean by brushing it with the nap, using a soft bristle hat brush or other brush.



After being caught in the rain, turn brim up all around, round out crown, pull out sweat band.



Don't let checkroom girl pile hats on top of yours. Oil from leather band may stain your hat.



To put a hat on the head properly hold brim firmly in front and back. Keeps hat in shape.

THIS forecaster hereby predicts that, beginning now, you'll observe a gradual and general smartening up in regard to male grooming. Fellows in their impressionable twenties and thirties, now in the Army, Navy and Marines, are learning the necessity of keeping trim. When this grooming is done with a careful eye to promotion, it is called "bucking" in Army parlance. Naturally, no man in his right mind will pass up a chance for those bars and stripes—with all the extra pay and privileges involved—for want of good grooming. When the war has been won and all these lads come back to civilian life, the habit of dressing well and keeping up a reasonably tidy appearance will be deeply ingrained, and the trend will have its effect upon non-legionnaires as well.

As for wartime civilians, we all realize the need of taking proper care of wearables now. And since skilled workers in hat factories are fewer in number these days, attention to hats has become expedient. It's a form of passive patriotism.

Daily brushings should be routine. If you examine a felt hat through a microscope, you see a lot of tiny fur fibers with claws on the sides that are the best little dust catchers in the world. If you are fortunate enough to have—or to be able to find—one of those curve-handled brushes made specifically for hats, you're in clover. It's no trick at all to remove the dust particles by brushing with the nap. If not, an ordinary brush or whisk broom will do.

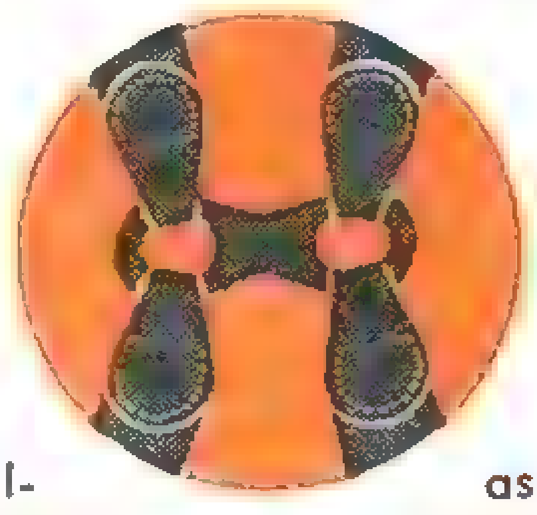
If you're caught in the rain and your hat is sodden, wait until it has dried entirely before you attempt to brush it. Don't try to speed up the drying by putting your hat on a radiator or hot-air register, because strong heat is sure to shrink it. This admonition may seem superfluous and probably applies not to the reader, but to the witless clunk next door. If your hat is a snap brim model, it's a good idea to turn up the brim all around while it dries. This precaution keeps the brim in shape.

It's a good idea, now and then, to turn back the sweatband and allow the moisture to evaporate. Minor stains and spots can be removed with a good liquid cleaner if you're handy. Otherwise, have the hat cleaned and blocked by a reliable cleaner, not a cut-rate. That old mossbucket, that you get what you pay for, is all too true.

Cloth hats are catching on of late. Like tweed caps, they should be brushed, preferably with a whisk broom.

In the late spring, brush your felt hats thoroughly and store them in regular hat boxes. In the fall, do the same with your straws.

When you put on a hat, hold it by the brim in front and in back. Tell the checkroom chick not to put another hat on top of yours. A piece of change will drive the point home. #



YOU'LL GO FOR
WHAT GOES ON

Behind your Back

The Patented PARIS "FREE-SWING" *Leather-Link Rotary Action Back*

No strain—no pull—no bind in Paris "Free-Swing" Suspenders and they "Can't skid off your shoulders." For the big thing in suspenders is the patented "Free-Swing" leather-link rotary action back that adjusts to every body motion to keep you supremely comfortable always. It's an exclusive Paris feature—worth a lot more, yet costs you nothing extra. $1 and $1.50 at your dealer's.

To safeguard your American right of "Freedom of Choice" ask for what you buy by brand name. Trade marks are a double protection. They enable you to reject as well as to select. When you say "I want Paris—and not a substitute," you exercise your right to choose what you use. Protect this privilege. Trust the trade marks which have stood the test of time.

By the makers of Paris Garters and Belts • "The Support of a Nation"

PARIS
FREE-SWING SUSPENDERS
Can't skid off your shoulders

Marlboro
America's Luxury Cigarette
IVORY TIPPED
MARLBORO
CIGARETTES
Philip Morris
THE MILDNESS OF AMERICA'S BEST
THE RICHNESS OF THE ORIENT
PHILIP MORRIS & Co. LTD. INC.
MADE IN U.S.A.

PRECIOUS MOMENT! His lovely letter to read . . . her MARLBORO Cigarette to smoke. Only rich, delightful MARLBOROS* offer such luxury . . . such distinction . . . such pleasure...yet mere *pennies* more! The cigarette of successful men . . . *and* of lovely women.

FOR VICTORY BUY UNITED STATES WAR SAVINGS BONDS STAMPS

*IVORY TIPS, PLAIN ENDS, BEAUTY TIPS (red).

The Sporting Scene

Standpatter doubts that the homecoming servicemen will cause a revolution in sports

by **HERB GRAFFIS**

▪SPORTS▪

541
bruce patterson

THERE are solemn students who contemplate the importation of numerous alien sports as the result of American lads bringing home souvenirs from the fronts on which they now are located.

These scholars have hazy and happy visions of the brotherhood of man being cemented by all of us playing each other's games. It can't be said that their hope has much basis on past performance. Furious free-for-alls often follow international contests at soccer which is the most widely played of all games. Two weeks after the beginning of the war in Spain the Nazis provided an additional preview of their sinister plans as the Eleventh Olympiad opened at Berlin with fifty-three nations competing. As an ironical touch the Nazis released 3,000 doves during the overture. That is something brotherly-lovers ruefully remember.

The Olympic bell rang. Around its rim was engraved in German, "I summon the youth of the world." The Nazis weren't kidding then.

However, on second guess, what could you expect? As Emil Ludwig has pointed out, "The language of the Germans does not even have a word for 'fair', just as they have no word for 'gentleman'." The Germans also had to adopt the word "sport" from the Old English lexicon.

And after pained reminiscences of the 1936 Nazi-conducted Olympics, we recall that the 1940 Olympics were scheduled to be held in Japan. Brotherly love in international sports, as well as other love, must surely be blind.

But with hope everlasting, a number of our compatriots expect the airplane to spur a vast expansion of friendly international sports competition, including competition in new events in which we could contest as other nations have contested in the uniquely American sports of baseball and basketball on Olympic programs. This will have to be delayed until mankind calls off its current sport of tossing men up for grabs.

Bocce is one of the games that might be added to the post-war program. Theoretically bocce should qualify as a game American soldiers and sailors may learn if, as and when they get a chance to play during the warfare in and around Italy. Practically all the bocce they'll learn is in the basements or backyards of Italian saloons and restaurants in the United States. Bocce is a cross between bowling and curling, originally played in Italy with round cheeses and a jug of Ginzo vintage as the implements of the pastime. With cheese requiring a multitude of points, American players have substituted wooden balls. Anyway, the vino is the big idea. If wooden balls are hard to get a bocce enthusiast does not worry, but concentrates on the juice of the grape. The contest is completed by the contenders singing *Funiculi Funicula, Ol' Man River, Vesti la Giubba, Oh! What a Beautiful Morning*, and similar vocal renditions, all of which in melody and nobility of sentiment are far superior to the *Horst Wessel*, Nazi hymn to a pander which was sung at the opening of the Eleventh Olympiad.

Bocce, although an importation from the excitable Latins, has a prize arrangement ideal for avoiding those unpleasant controversies that frequently follow sports events. In bocce the winner gets sixty per cent and the loser forty per cent of the main prize which consists of bicarbonate of soda and aspirin.

At one time there were indications of an American boom in another Italian game called la morra which is played by contestants guessing the number of fingers opponents held out from fists clenched behind their backs. American troops in Italy and Sicily have seen quite a little of this game. In certain towns in Sicily, la morra is even more popular than the attempted efforts to peddle feelthy postcards, so some American gladiators maintain.

But Signor Riccardo, the Chicago restaurateur, cautions our lads against going too strong for this game. In the ante-bellum days Il Signor was very hot for la morra and heartily subscribed to the talk of some fellows who told him la morra was going so good in this country they were thinking of hiring him at a salary, very much of an embonpoint character, to be the la morra czar and have All-Star la morra games and a la morra World's Series. They were going to do all this for Il Signor because he was so good at la morra, they said.

After fattening up Signor Riccardo with bait money, they brought in a guy who they said was the world's best la morra player, next to Il Signor . . . and maybe even better. The even better part Il Signor doubted. It was only when Signor Riccardo was sadly musing over his cancelled check did it occur to him that his la morra adversary was a wily malformed *pidocchio* with six fingers per hand. To us a *pidocchio* is a louse; and that is very mild considering Il Signor's fluency.

There is another Italian finger guessing game called la passatella which is played by a group of six or seven starting out by buying wine and appointing a boss and an assistant boss. The boss rules how much of a drink an unsuccessful guesser should take, or no drink at all if the boss happens to have a mean streak in him. If the unsuccessful guesser does not abide by the instructions he must buy another bottle of wine. The assistant boss conducts the game in case the boss gets stiff, should the assistant boss not already be that way. The game ends with all players brawling or sleeping off the extra innings under the table.

During times of well-earned but brief recreation the Yanks have had on Italian territory they thought they saw possibilities in la passatella. However, 99 per cent of the wine they were able to get as essential equipment for the game was of a quality that soon caused them to lose interest in la passatella.

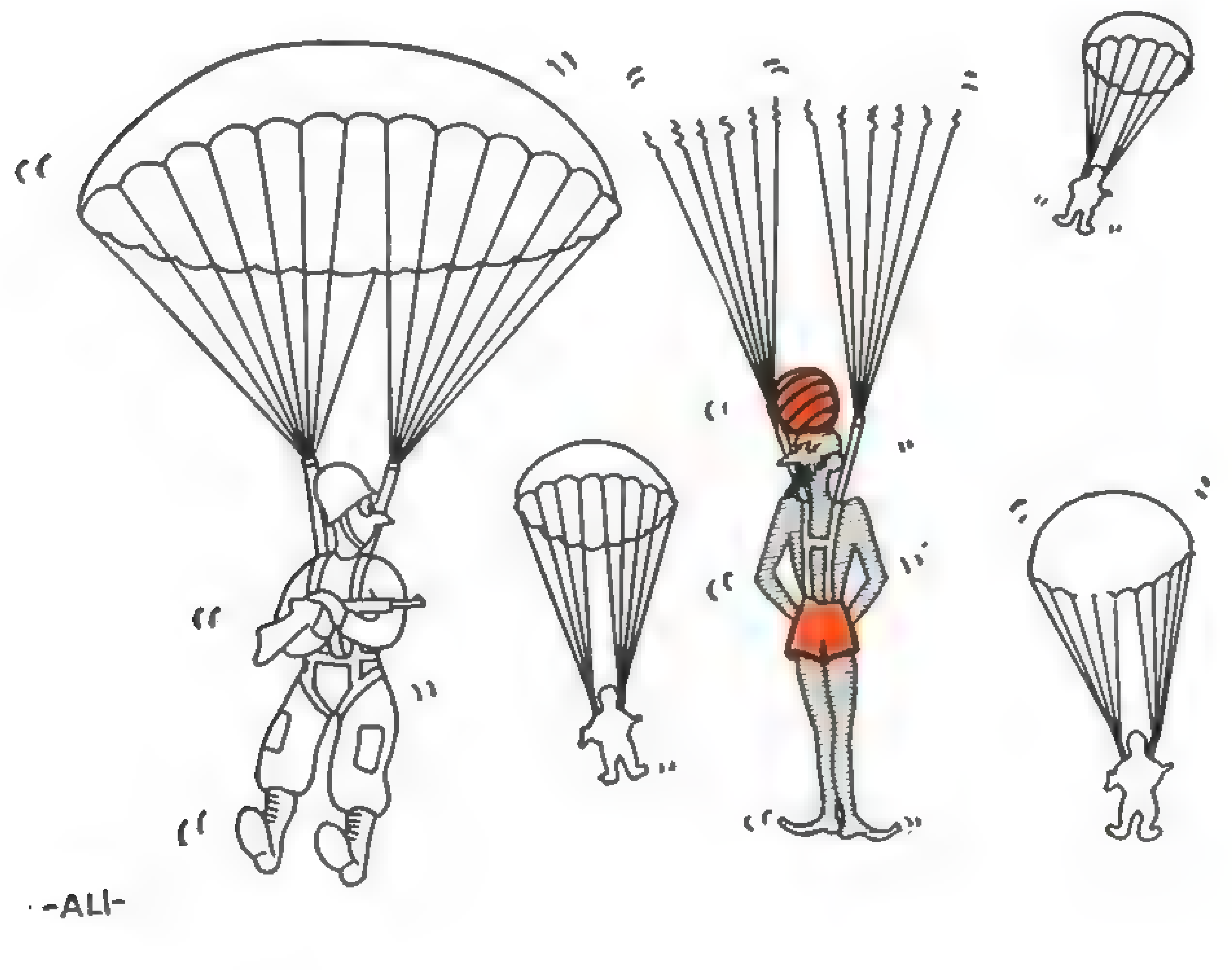
It is doubtful that Latin-country sports ever will become very popular in these United States. Jai alai, that speedy sport of the Basques, which resembles handball with a long wicker bat attached to a player's hand, was promoted quite strenuously in this country during the twenties but it never caught on despite campaigns to develop American players. There was lively betting at the jai alai frontons at Chicago and Miami but it was impossible for an American kid to find a knothole in the stone and concrete walls of frontons. And unless the youngsters know what a game's all about and have a chance to play it, that game's chances of popularity in the United States are exceedingly slim.

Badminton, which originated in India as poona; polo in its modern form, which also originated in India, although primarily a game of horse shinny played thousands of years ago in Persia and Egypt; and cockfighting, which the Chinese started as partridge and quail fights thirty centuries or so ago; all have been imported long before the lads will return from these lands. There really isn't much left in the sports line for the American boys to import.

One of the limited importations of contemporaneous sports that American fighting men have brought into this country is cricket fighting. The sport, but not the crickets, has been introduced at U. S. aviation training fields by men who have seen China service. A native bull cricket of sturdy physique is obtained. He is fed and trained for combat. Wagers are made, and at the gong he is released from his corner—which usually is a match box—to kick, claw and chaw the other bull cricket until it hollers Uncle, expires, or has its manager or second toss in a towel.

The combatants are aroused to fierce belligerency by being made jealous. It has something to do with mating.

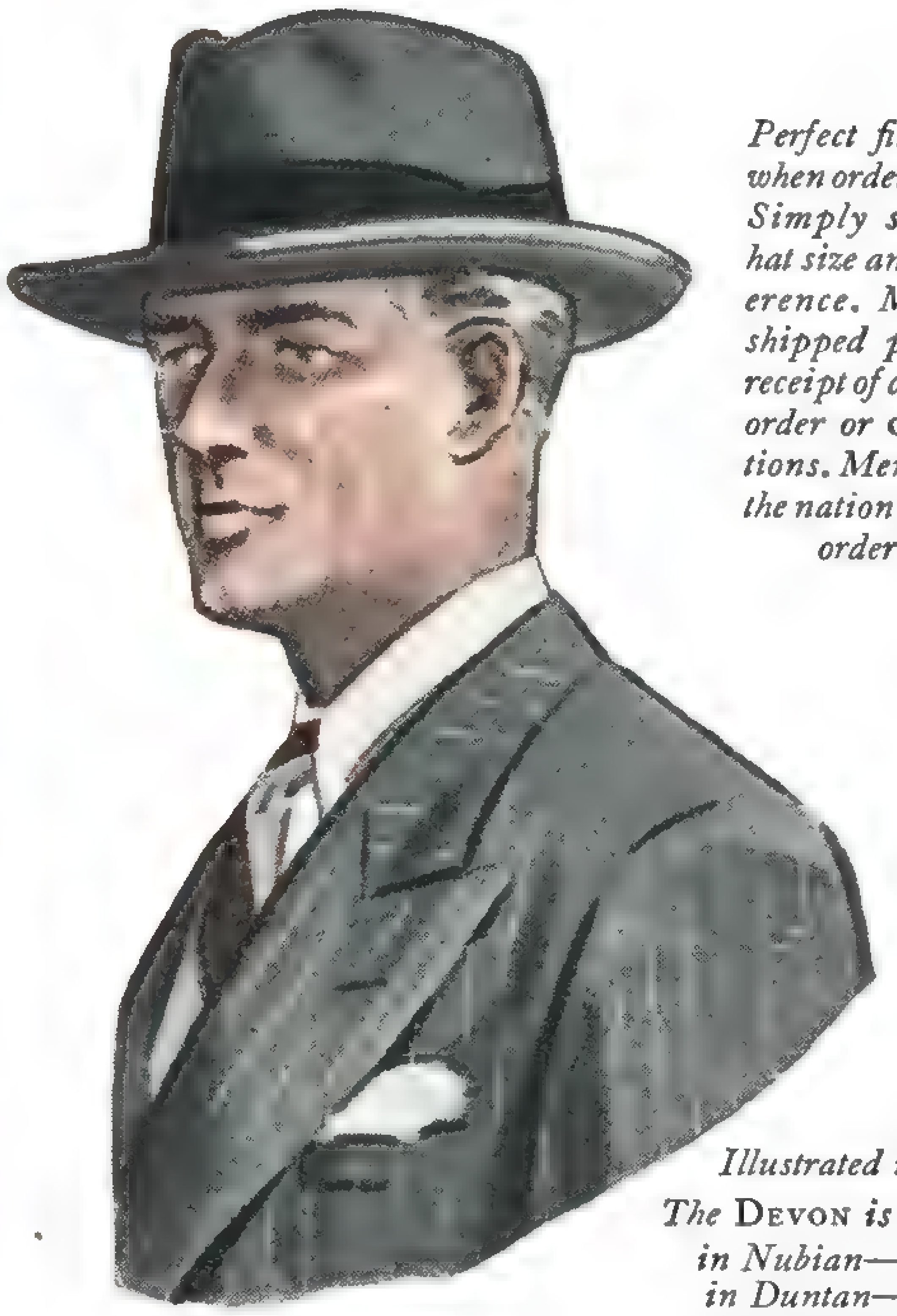
Cricket fighting is not to be confused with old-school-tie cricket, that leisurely pastime which seems to be doomed for our boys by more aggressive, panzer-type sports. A cricket ball with a twisting hop on it can put a black-and-blue mark the size of a waffle on a gentleman, and all the gentleman can say about it is whether he will have cream or lemon in his tea or take his oolong in the nude. A game with that restriction does not appeal to the Americans.



The DEVON

Authentic New Hat Style

FOR SPRING



Perfect fit is assured when ordering by mail. Simply state correct hat size and color preference. Mail orders shipped promptly on receipt of check, money order or COD *instructions. Men throughout the nation use our mail order service*

Illustrated is DOVE GREY
The DEVON *is also available in Nubian*—DEEP BROWN
in Duntan—GREEN GREY
and Bark—MEDIUM TAN
$12

INDIVIDUALITY *typifies this authentic new hat style. Ideal for spring and summer, it is fast becoming a favorite with carefully dressed men throughout America*

The Devon is of fine firm quality that retains its shape. It is well-balanced and of moderate weight, assuring the wearer ease and comfort. A modified Homburg, this distinguished hat provides a refreshing change from the popular snap brim style

TRIPLER'S *hats are noted for their distinctive character and fine quality. Known from coast to coast, they are the choice of discriminating men who prefer hats styled in the metropolitan manner*

The shirt illustrated is in the new ivory shade, Pebble Beach, which harmonizes with any color ensemble. It is made of lightweight balloon cloth, with the new low slope collar, and priced at $6.90

When ordering shirts by mail give correct collar size and sleeve length. All orders and inquiries by mail receive our prompt and careful attention

☆

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

F.R.TRIPLER & CO.
Outfitters to Gentlemen • *Established* 1886
MADISON AVENUE AT 46 • NEW YORK 17

New Cream Deodorant Prevents Under-arm Odor... ...Vanishes Instantly!

...already a habit with thousands of men

Men who take pride in good grooming know it is just plain common sense to use a deodorant that prevents under-arm odor *and* also prevents shirt stains caused by perspiration.

No wonder thousands of men all over the country have made Arrid a regular habit.

More Arrid is used than any other under-arm deodorant. It is the *preferred* masculine deodorant for these 5 important reasons:

1. It prevents odor caused by under-arm perspiration.
2. *Arrid checks excessive under-arm perspiration and* prevents staining and rotting of shirts and coat linings.
3. *It takes only half a minute to use Arrid—it vanishes at once.*
4. *Arrid is a pure, white, greaseless cream, especially pleasing to men.*
5. *Arrid gives complete protection for 1 to 3 days.*

Start using Arrid today. Get a jar at any drug store, 10c store or department store. 10c, 39c, 59c a jar.

STOPS PERSPIRATION
ARRID
UNDER ARM DEODORANT

ARRID

THE LARGEST SELLING UNDER-ARM DEODORANT

Air Knights of the V.C.

For such conspicuous bravery have thirteen men in the R.A.F. won the prized Victoria Cross

by ARCH WHITEHOUSE

TWELVE Lancasters started April 17, 1942, to bomb an important Diesel engine factory at Augsburg. To reach the target and get back, the bombers had to fly more than a thousand miles over hostile territory. Squadron Leader J. D. Nettleton led with a six-plane formation.

Soon after crossing, his formation was engaged by thirty enemy fighters. Nettleton's own rear guns were shot out of action and four of his formation downed. But Nettleton held to his course. He dropped to within fifty feet of the ground and eventually skimmed the roofs of Augsburg to drop his bombs on the target. His second plane was shot down in flames. Nettleton returned and was awarded the Victoria Cross for his leadership and valor. Not long after, he was lost on another raid.

The Victoria Cross, England's supreme military decoration, was instituted by Royal Warrant on January 29, 1856. The original crosses were cast from bronze cannon captured in the Crimean War. The medal is a Maltese cross one and one-half inches in diameter with the royal crown in the center surmounted by a lion. The sole inscription is two words, "For Valour." Only soldiers, sailors, airmen and nurses serving in the forces of the British Empire are eligible for the award.

A clear insight into what the British consider "conspicuous bravery" is given by the fact that in more than four years of this tremendous war only sixty-nine Victoria Crosses have been given. Only thirteen British airmen have won the right to wear that strip of ribbon and to place the magic letters, V.C., after their names. A long string of air victories does not do it. Wing Commander A. G. Malan, who has downed 35 enemy planes, does not have the Cross. Flying Officer Albert G. Lewis who, months ago, had scored more than 30 victories, does not have it. Wing Commander R. R. S. Tuck, who has shot down 27, wears only the D.S.O. and the D.F.C.

So far in this war only one fighter pilot has won the Victoria Cross. He is Flight Lieutenant J. B. Nicolson of No. 249 Squadron, who won it in his first battle, Aug. 16, 1940. During a patrol near Southampton, Nicolson was attacked by a Messerschmitt 110 armed with heavy caliber cannon. Nicolson, who was flying a Hurricane, engaged the two-seater fighter at once. The German got in the first blow at long range. One shell went through Nicolson's windshield, a splinter blinded his left eye. Another set him in flames and a shell through his cockpit hit his right foot but he shot the Me. 110 down. A single-seater Messerschmitt also was attacking him. In his blazing plane, Nicolson shot the second German down in flames before taking to his parachute.

First Victoria Crosses awarded to airmen in this war were given to Flying Officer D. E. Garland and Sergeant T. Gray of the R.A.F. The British army was streaming back before the German blitzkrieg in June, 1940. A bridge over the Albert Canal had not been destroyed. Five British Battle bombers went back to knock it out. Only one returned. Garland and Gray led the formation. Gray, the navigator, set the course to the target and Garland put his demolition bomb dead on the bridge—and never came out of his dive. Both men were posthumously awarded the V.C.

Sergeant John Hannah, a former Glasgow retail shoe salesman, won the Cross as an air gunner in September of 1940. On one of his first patrols over Antwerp the bomber was set on fire by an incendiary shell. Two other gunners took to their parachutes. Hannah climbed down from his upper turret and attacked the fire. Heat was melting the framework, but Hannah protected his face with his oxygen mask and, after emptying the extinguishers, yanked the rip-link of his parachute and used the silk to fight the flames. His determination saved the ship.

Another sergeant, James Allen Ward, a twenty-two year old New Zealand school teacher of Squadron 75, N.Z. Air Force, was over Muenster, July 7, 1941. Ward was second pilot on a Wellington. Flak shell started a serious fire in one of the engines. Sergeant Ward climbed out on the wing at 13,000 feet. Taking a canvas engine cover he clambered down the side of the fuselage, kicking holes in the body and wing for hand grips. Behind the burning engine, against the blast of the propeller, he managed to stuff the engine cover into a hole and snuff out the flames.

Before Ward could receive his Cross he went on another mission from which he did not return.

Wing Commander Hughie Edwards, an Australian of No. 105 Squadron, on July 4, 1941, led a bomber formation in a daylight attack on Bremen. There were no clouds for cover and on the way Edwards sighted several enemy surface ships and knew the Germans would be warned. He took his squadron overland at a height of about fifty feet. On reaching Bremen he was met by a hail of fire. Every plane was hit and four went down in flames. Nevertheless, Edwards, who was handicapped by a previous wound, made a successful attack and brought off the surviving aircraft.

Another Hampden bomber flyer who wears the Victoria Cross is Flight Lieutenant R. A. B. Learoyd. He was ordered to attack the Dortmund-Ems canal on Aug. 12, 1940. Learoyd had flown over this country and knew the bombers had to be brought in through a lane of anti-aircraft defenses. Two other Hampdens had attempted this attack and had not returned.

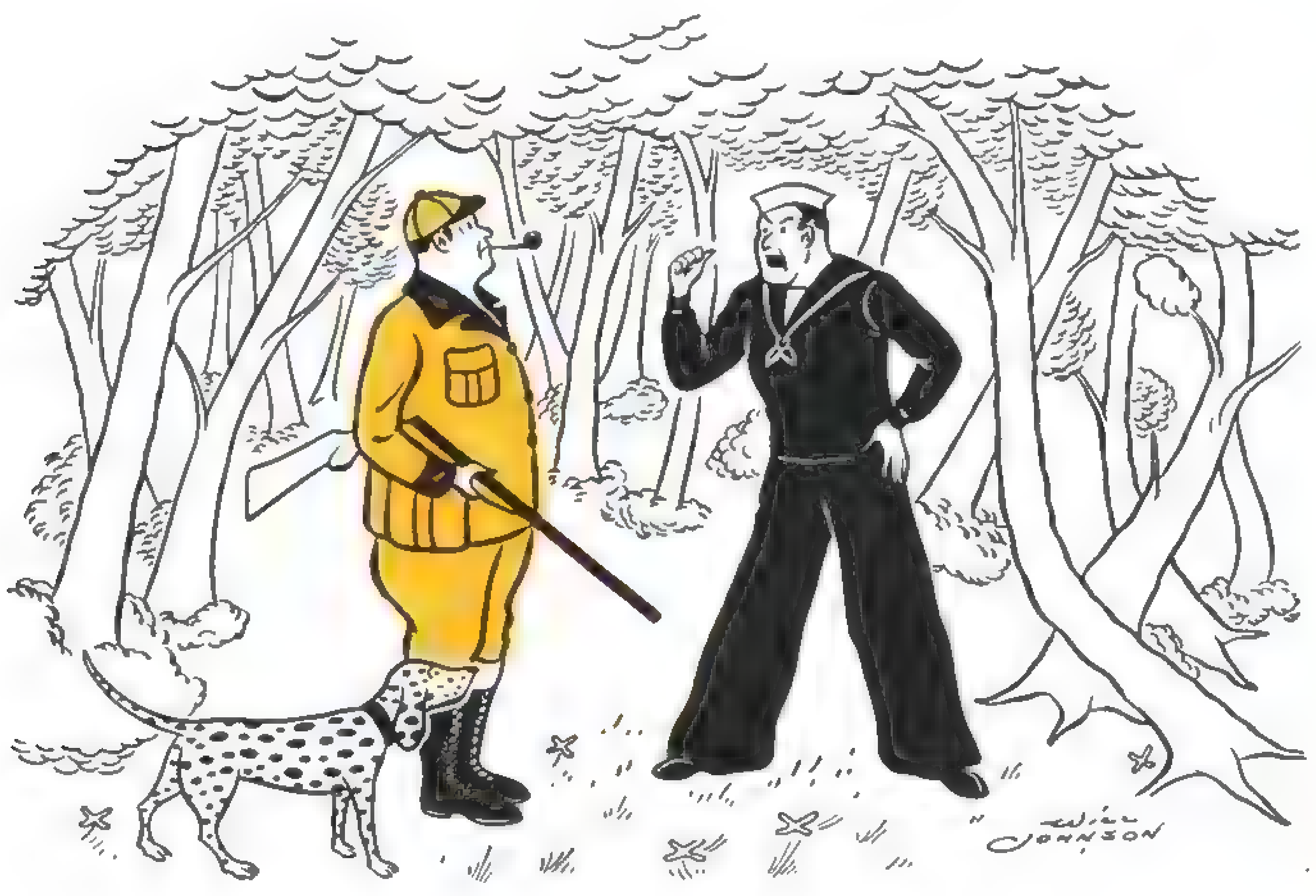
The Hampden was hit twice on the way to the target. Several more direct hits ripped slabs of the fuselage away but Learoyd made his bombing run and set his bombs dead on the target. Then the Hampden was hit twice more and was almost out of control. He could have ordered his crew out, or landed in Holland or Belgium as prisoners, but Learoyd brought his ship home.

It was the morning of Thursday, Feb. 12, 1942. The *Scharnhorst*, the *Gneisenau* and the *Prinz Eugen* were escaping through the Straits of Dover, protected by a swarm of fighter planes and surface craft. But Lieutenant Commander Eugene Esmonde of the Fleet Air Arm led a flight of six ancient Swordfish bombers in a desperate attempt to torpedo at least one of the German ships. Ten minutes after the British fliers were over the Straits they were attacked by enemy fighters. Esmonde, his own port wing shattered, led on straight for the enemy. One torpedo hit a cruiser but all the British planes were shot down. For his courage and unflinching resolution Esmonde was posthumously awarded the V.C.

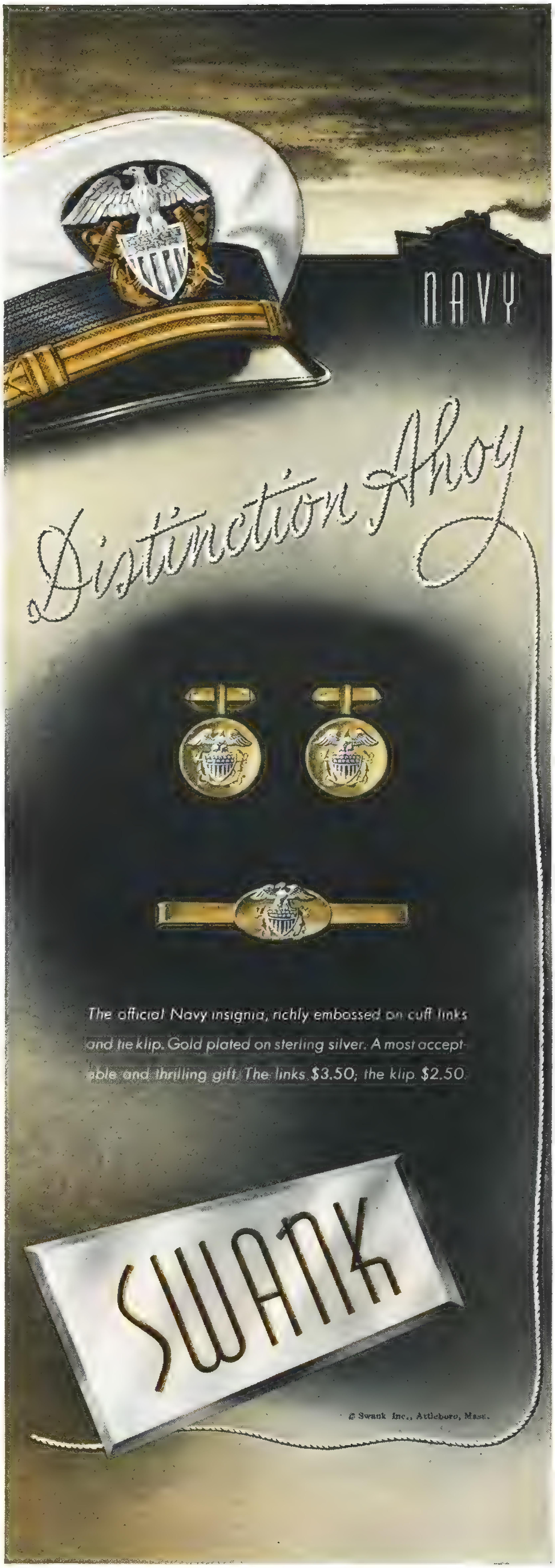
Wing Commander Hugh Gordon Malcolm, 25 years old, of Dundee, Scotland, led four daring bomber attacks in North Africa without necessary fighter escort. The first was on the Bizerte airfield Nov. 17, 1942. In a low-level run all bombs were dropped on the airfield and Malcolm shot down a Junker 52 and a Messerschmitt 109. On Nov. 28 and on Dec. 4 he repeated the attack. His fourth mission, to bomb an enemy airfield at Cheuigui, was accomplished without fighter escort, but on the way home the squadron was intercepted by an overwhelming force and wiped out.

Flying Officer K. Campbell of No. 22 (the writer's old squadron) who tried to torpedo a German cruiser in Brest harbor, succeeded in damaging it but did not return. Wing Commander G. P. Gibson, who led the great raid on the Moehne and Eder dams, after going in first with his load sat above the Moehne dam to draw the aircraft fire. He lived to come back. Flying Officer L. Manser led a raid on Cologne and flew a burning Manchester bomber long enough for the crew to bail out but too late for him. Flight Sergeant R. H. Middleton flew a damaged Stirling bomber all the way home from Turin with one eye shot away. He got his crew out over England but just after the last man took to his parachute Middleton crashed into the sea a few yards off shore and was killed.

There are just thirteen V.C.'s among the Empire airmen so far. Only thirteen, but what a gallant company they are. ⵜ



"Scram, buddy—you're on a camouflaged boat!"



The official Navy insignia, richly embossed on cuff links and tie klip. Gold plated on sterling silver. A most acceptable and thrilling gift. The links $3.50; the klip $2.50

© Swank Inc., Attleboro, Mass.

The Target Is Germany

Continued from page 45

Greensboro, North Carolina, wears the Distinguished Flying Cross for the "coolness, courage and great skill," he displayed in leading a raid over the railroad center at Hamm.

His group entered a storm area trailing another formation of Fortresses. In storms the B-17 shakes around plenty; not as much as a lighter ship, but she has her ups and downs. When they came out of the cloud bank they had lost the lead flight. For twenty minutes Bullock navigated through an overcast and haze with visibility at less than 1,000 feet.

They emerged into the clear and ran into nearly a hundred Nazi planes. The guns of the Fortresses began yammering and enemy ships rocketed out of the sky, flaming and smoking. Fourteen of them went down before the fire of the B-17's. Amid the confusion and noise of battle, manning a gun, Bullock found the objective. The railroad marshaling yards at Hamm got one of their heaviest pastings. On the return journey they were saved by diving into the same cloud bank, as remaining enemy fighters again rose to intercept.

"I've never been so mad in my life," said Captain Bullock. "I couldn't see where I was, and my navigation work was constantly interrupted by enemy attacks. I fired 1,200 rounds of ammunition that day."

Major Charles F. Maas of Jackson, Mississippi, is another eagle of the air who works with instruments to keep the big ships on the tightrope. He led one of the largest formations of Fortresses over the Focke-Wulf plant at Bremen not long ago. It was an important raid. Here is what he wrote for his scrapbook on his return:

"This is a day none of us who went on the raid will ever forget. Ah, yes. We had it. Bremen—one of the most heavily defended cities in Germany. And today, of all days, our *Q for Queenie* was designated as the ship to lead all groups to the target. We passed over our jumping-off spot about two minutes early, but all groups behind were formed, so we didn't worry about it too much, especially as we had no friendly fighter escort to meet. We all gulped and prayed for the best as we left the coast, for we knew darn well we had a tough job on our hands.

"Leading more than (deleted) bombers across water and into enemy territory and dropping our eggs on a tiny target is no picnic. And before we were through with our mission we knew we had worked like we never worked before.

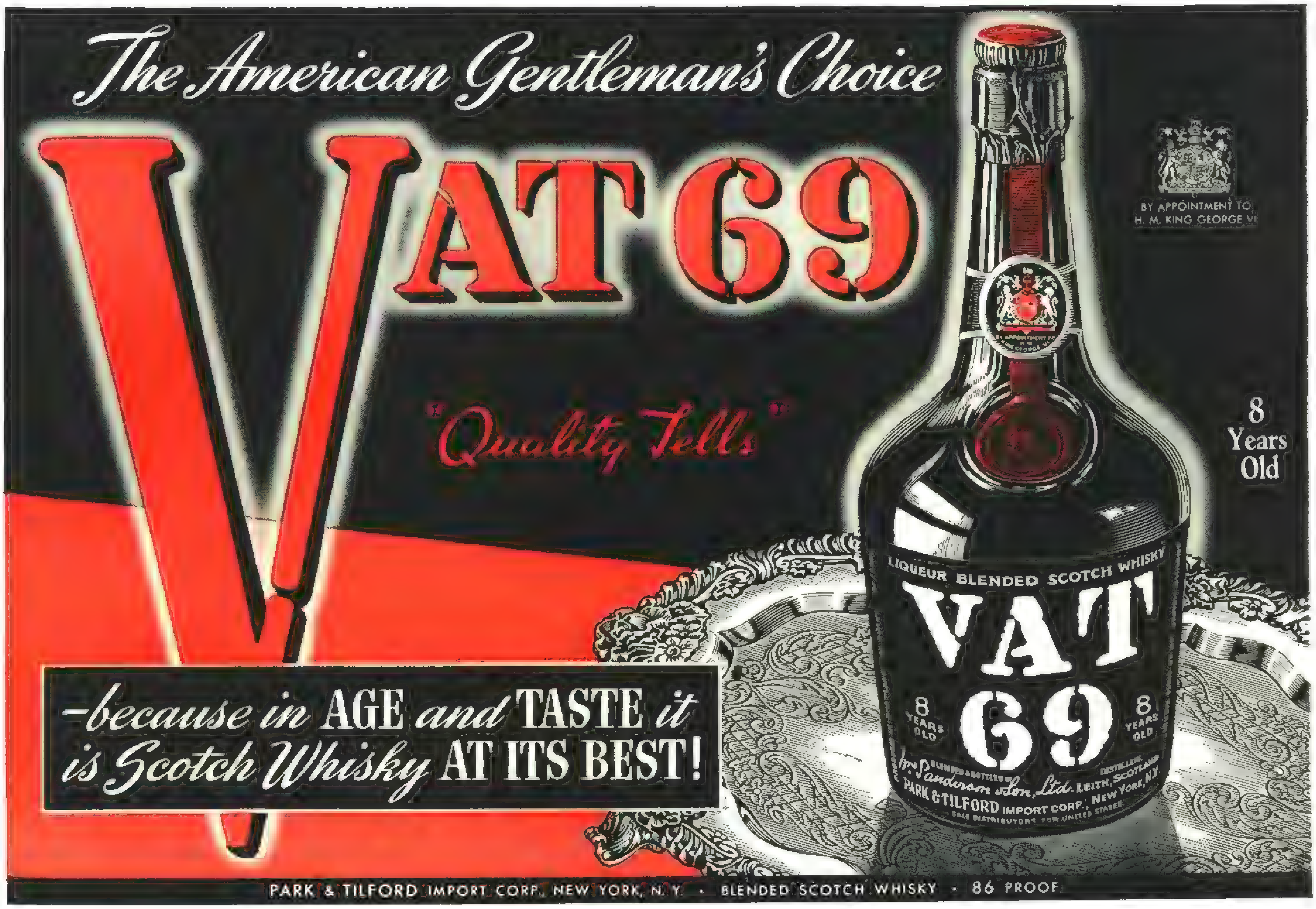
"As we flew out over the North Sea I kept checking the drift and ground speed and found we had a stronger wind than was forecast. We altered our course to compensate for it, hoping all the time we were right. We were supposed to hit the coast over X Island. Both Dean (the bombardier) and I got ourselves into the nose and started searching as hard as we could because by this time the visibility had dropped considerably. The sky was clouding up and a definite haze was beginning to make it hard to see the water beneath us. We got the surprise of our life a few minutes later. Out of the haze appeared an island, at first difficult to identify. When I had a good look at it I must have scared the daylights out of the entire crew, because I yelled like a kid happy as hell getting his first pair of long pants: 'My God, we've done it; it's X Island right on the nose.'

"As soon as we were over land, we could see we were going to have trouble finding the target, as the clouds and haze had increased considerably. However, I got up in the nose with Dean again and by looking straight down could just make out the ground below. Got a check point finally on the intersection of two rivers that stood out through the haze, and we altered our course slightly. But we couldn't spot our turning point when our time ran out, as the cloud layer below was covering the ground at the time. We held a hasty consultation over the interphone as to whether we should continue our course toward Bremen or turn back and hit some other target. At the time the sky where we thought Bremen was located was covered with clouds, but we decided to take a chance and go on in.

"All this time I had my nose glued to the glass nose, trying to pick up the turning point, but I never did see it. So we turned on time and headed for what we hoped was going to be the target. Up ahead, finally, I made out through the haze and cloud what I thought looked like something that had possibilities of being a city.

"Then somebody on our ship called out that there was a group of B-17's on our left and another on our right. They were moving a bit too fast for Fortresses and somebody from the cockpit yelled that they were enemy fighters flying up ahead in formation, evidently getting into position to attack us head-on.

"By this time Dean was on the bombsight and we were settling down on our bomb run. Then the


The American Gentleman's Choice
VAT 69
BY APPOINTMENT TO H. M. KING GEORGE VI
"Quality Tells"
8 Years Old
–because in AGE and TASTE it is Scotch Whisky AT ITS BEST!
LIQUEUR BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
VAT 69
8 YEARS OLD
Wm Sanderson & Son, Ltd. LEITH, SCOTLAND
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK, N.Y.
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK, N. Y. · BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY · 86 PROOF

flak began to come up at us, so thick and fast that it looked as though we had run into a thunder head. At the same time we were hit by fighters coming head-on. Just before our bombs went away our Number Four engine was hit and oil poured all over the place. Vibration caused by the windmilling prop seemed about to shake the ship to pieces. When the bombs finally went, none of us felt the usual jar. We were already bouncing like a stovepipe hat in a March gale.

"The sky was literally swarming with fighters. Larry and P.D., the pilots, made old *Queenie* hurl herself all around the sky in evasive action, dodging the oncoming pursuits until we must have looked like a small plane doing acrobatics. The pursuits came in so fast that at times Dean and I had to be content with taking shots at every second or third plane making a pass at us. The way we were thrown around in that nose from the evasive action made us feel like a pair of rolling dice.

"All this time I was trying to shoot a gun and navigate us out of that place by the fastest route. I'd get a check point, then grab my gun and start spraying out lead like a hose. They had every kind of plane in the Luftwaffe up there, trying to knock us out of the sky.

"Bombing was excellent. As the English say, we really had pranged the target. Not one of our bombs was off the target area."

For a sheer blow-by-blow description of hell in the clouds that recitation seems tame.

Out there on the front line the navigators who bring 'em over the target and bring 'em back have a message for the boys training in the States.

"Navigation in England and over enemy territory is much different from that in the wide open spaces of the United States, where you can take a nap between landmarks," Bullock explains.

"There are so many cities and towns in more densely populated countries that navigation is more difficult. Especially over enemy territory navigating has to be much more exact than back home, in order to evade fortified areas where being off course might mean the difference between coming home or not." He didn't say, but who can imagine an American boy being happy at the prospect of fighting the war from a German prison camp, even if he got down safely?

But he added: "Even in England there is the danger of barrage balloons."

Nine guys up there in the sky, riding in nearly a third of a million dollars' worth of airplane. Nine guys depending on pin-point navigation to bring them over the target and bring them back. Nine guys flying through enveloping fog and mist.

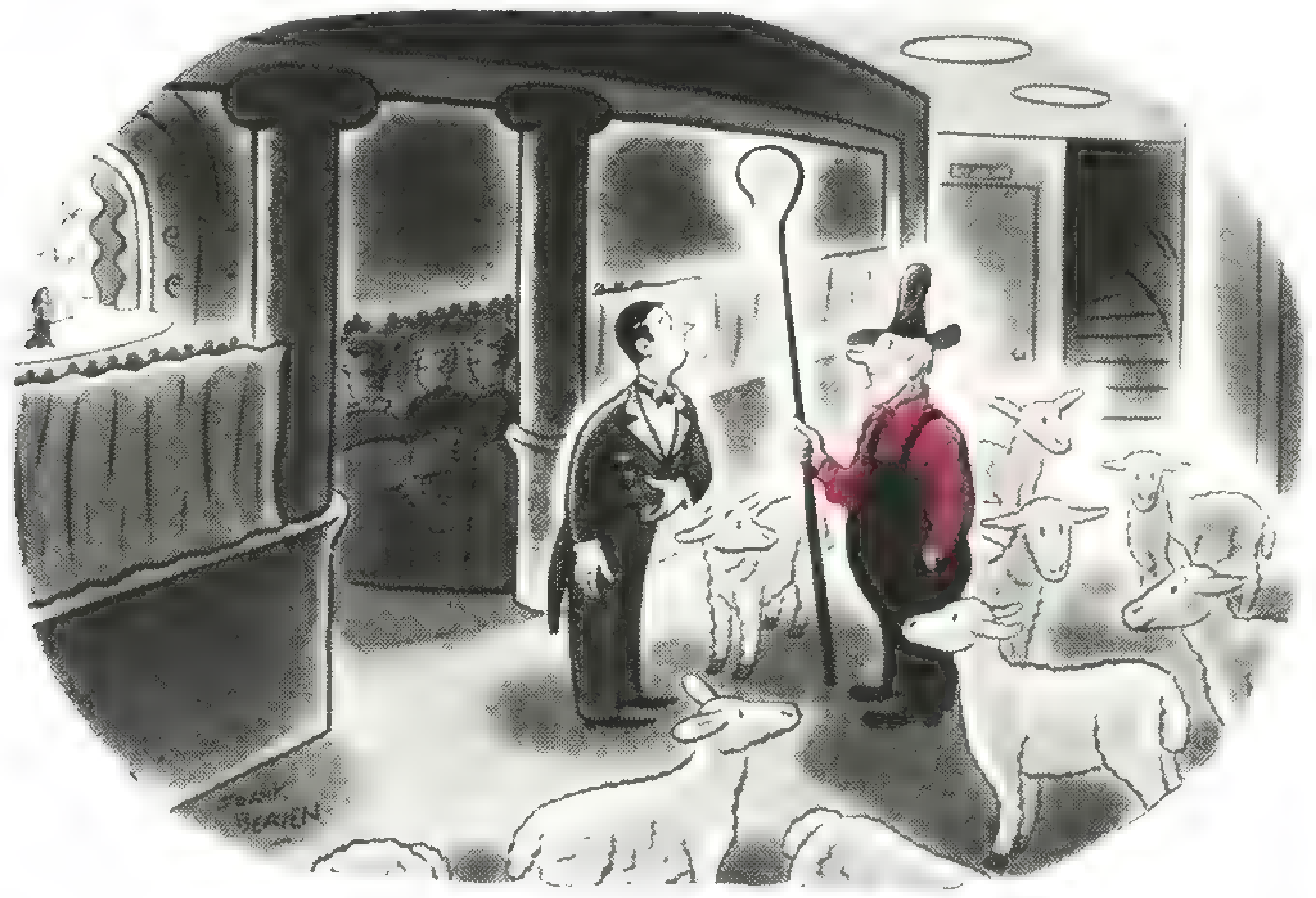
Have you ever sat in the nose of a B-17 flying through clouds? It's like fighting in the inside of a cotton mattress. You just put your heart in your hand and hope, and the pilot goes on instruments and usually comes through. But when the overcast stretches away up there and you have to fly through it for hours, never seeing the earth, your celestial navigation blotto because there isn't any sun and no stars, then the tightrope walker of the sky—the navigator—is the most important gent in the airplane.

"It's all teamwork," says Gen. Carl B. McDaniel, former commandant at the B-17 school at Sebring, Florida and now Wing Commander of the 75th Flying Training Wing at Smyrna, Tenn.

McDaniel has become quite a tradition in the Air Force. His pilot check list has been adopted as standard practice. It contains 112 items, each of which must be checked before the big ships take off.

"The pilots take the ship off the ground and fly her. When she's off the ground the navigator takes over. Approaching the target the bombardier takes over. As soon as the bombs are dropped direction of the ship goes back to the navigator.

"The man who takes 'em there and brings 'em back is a pretty important cog. Besides his work the pilots become chauffeurs of the big planes." ⧻



"Do you mind taking them around to the stage entrance?"

You may search everywhere, but none can compare

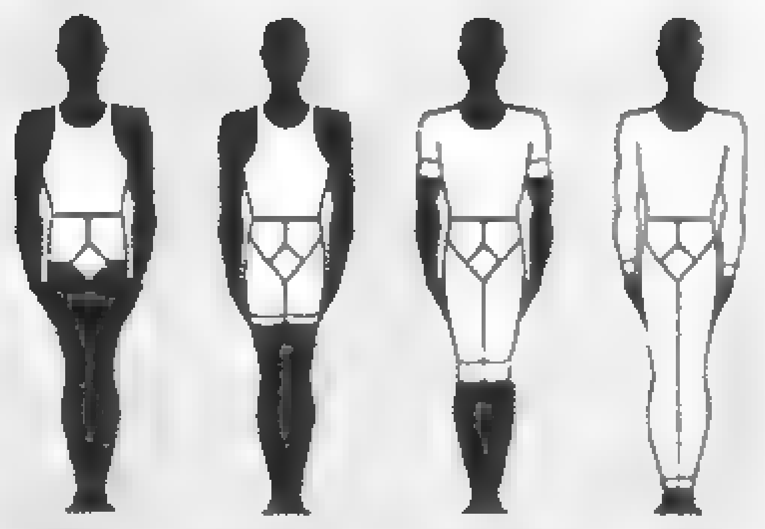
with Jockey's
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
NO-GAP
Y-FRONT
CONSTRUCTION
The Source of Support

Because its many exclusive features give *complete* masculine comfort, Jockey has been the world's largest selling brand of men's underwear for a number of years. Much of the credit goes to Jockey's patented Y-front construction, which provides such mild, unfailing support that you're not even *aware* of it unless you switch to another brand. Then, too, Jockey's soft knitted fabric stretches correctly as you move and its seams are located where they never bind or chafe. That's why, if your store is temporarily out of Jockey, you know it's worth waiting for!

TRADE MARKS REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Jockey Underwear
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Coopers INC.
KENOSHA WISCONSIN
NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO SEATTLE
Made and distributed in Canada by Moodies, Hamilton, Ont.; in Australia by Speedo Knitting Mills, Pty. Ltd., Sydney; in British Isles by Lyle & Scott, Ideal House, London. In New Zealand by Lane-Walker-Rudkin, Ltd., Christchurch, S.I.



STAY WITH YOUR JOB IN *fighting* SHOES!

"your footprint in leather"

Shoes are fighting equipment—just like guns. And *you're* in there fighting too, as long as you "stay" with your job. You'll take those ten-hour days a lot better when you get rid of that "my-feet-are-killing-me" feeling. And get rid of it you will — the instant you step into a pair of Matrix Shoes by Heywood — the only shoes you don't have to break in — the only shoes made curve for curve to match the bottom of your foot.

Stay in there fighting — in fighting Matrix Shoes!

MATRIX SHOES
by Heywood

MATRIX

Featured by America's Leading Retailers

THE HOUSE OF HEYWOOD • WORCESTER 4, MASS.
Men's Fine Shoemakers Since 1864

ESQUIRE ON THE RECORD

***Compiled by* GILBERT SELDES**

BEST SELLERS AND GOOD BUYS

A general disclaimer: These are the reported best sellers; but the list hasn't the same meaning it used to have—and will have again—under normal conditions. The new songs aren't yet recorded, except a few with vocal background instead of instrumental; so best selling means only the best of a limited list. It means also that last month's bests are holding on.

Waller on the Ivories—Fats Waller (Victor) *Up Jumped You with Love* and *Your Socks Don't Match*—Fats Waller (Bluebird)	The album contains *Georgia on My Mind, Tea for Two* (but you won't recognize it, alas), *Viper's Drag, Handful of Keys,* and others. The last two are Waller's own compositions—one recorded as far back as 1929. Fats was a dazzling pianist, a great composer for himself, a beautiful melodist. His death a few months ago came at the height of his fame—but he may have already done his best work. The single Bluebird record is good—but not better than the old ones.
Oklahoma!—With the Orginal Cast (Decca)	This is entered for the record. At the moment of going to press Decca is virtually a subsidiary of *Oklahoma!* and the American people are discovering that the less familiar melodies are also attractive. The famous ones may prove that only bad songs are killed off by radio.
If I Had My Way and *Embraceable You*—Kate Smith (Columbia)	Kate Smith is sensible enough not to try a wide swing on *Embraceable You*—but the song needs it; it is not a song of sentiment. Her style goes better with the other side.
Time on My Hands and *For the Good of Your Country*—Count Basie (Columbia)	Basie makes hash of the melody of *Time on My Hands.* If you'd never heard it, you'd admire the intricate orchestral job. I have heard it, however, and want to hear it again. For addicts without memories.
I Couldn't Sleep a Wink Last Night and *A Lovely Way to Spend an Evening*—Sinatra and Vocal Chorus (Columbia)	From the picture *Higher and Higher,* with Frank Sinatra. It occurs to me that Sinatra should be grateful to his recordings—since you can hear him without the ejaculations of his audience.
Say a Pray'r for the Boys Over There and *God Bless America*—Deanna Durbin (Decca)	Interesting combination of songs, suggesting that Decca thinks Miss Durbin is Kate Smith—I've never thought of it before, but maybe they're right.

Something Different

Albert and the Lion—Stanley Holloway (Columbia)	This is a masterly recording of a classic. Holloway is England's favorite bucolic comedian and the story of Wallace ("yon Lion") and Albert is in the great tradition. Can be played eight to forty times at one sitting without boredom. There are other excellent Holloways, too.

Note on the Big Time

At least one recording company is doing a research job on the proper level of recording symphonic works with heavy orchestras. About half the albums now available are fine for auditoriums; in your little living room (mine, for instance) they are too loud and then suddenly inaudible. A good radio engineer overcomes these peaks and valleys by monitoring—but you can't be sitting at your phonograph all the time. The present levels are based on inadequate research inside average homes. Better days are coming. Meanwhile:

Beethoven's 7th Symphony—Toscanini (Victor) *Mignon Overture*—Thomas Toscanini (Victor)	The symphony is okay for sound, as the phrase goes. What else does one need to know? The overture begins to be really familiar at the start of the second side. This is a new release; the *Symphony* is well established.

Looking Ahead

Quartet No. 15 in A Minor—Beethoven Budapest String Quartet (Columbia)	It will be on sale about the time you read this. The Budapest group has won golden opinions—this should be a great recording.
Sacré du Printemps—Stravinsky N. Y. Philharmonic led by the composer (Columbia)	In the past I have liked almost any one else's conducting of this music better than Stravinsky's own. However—it's tremendous—and he knows what it means.

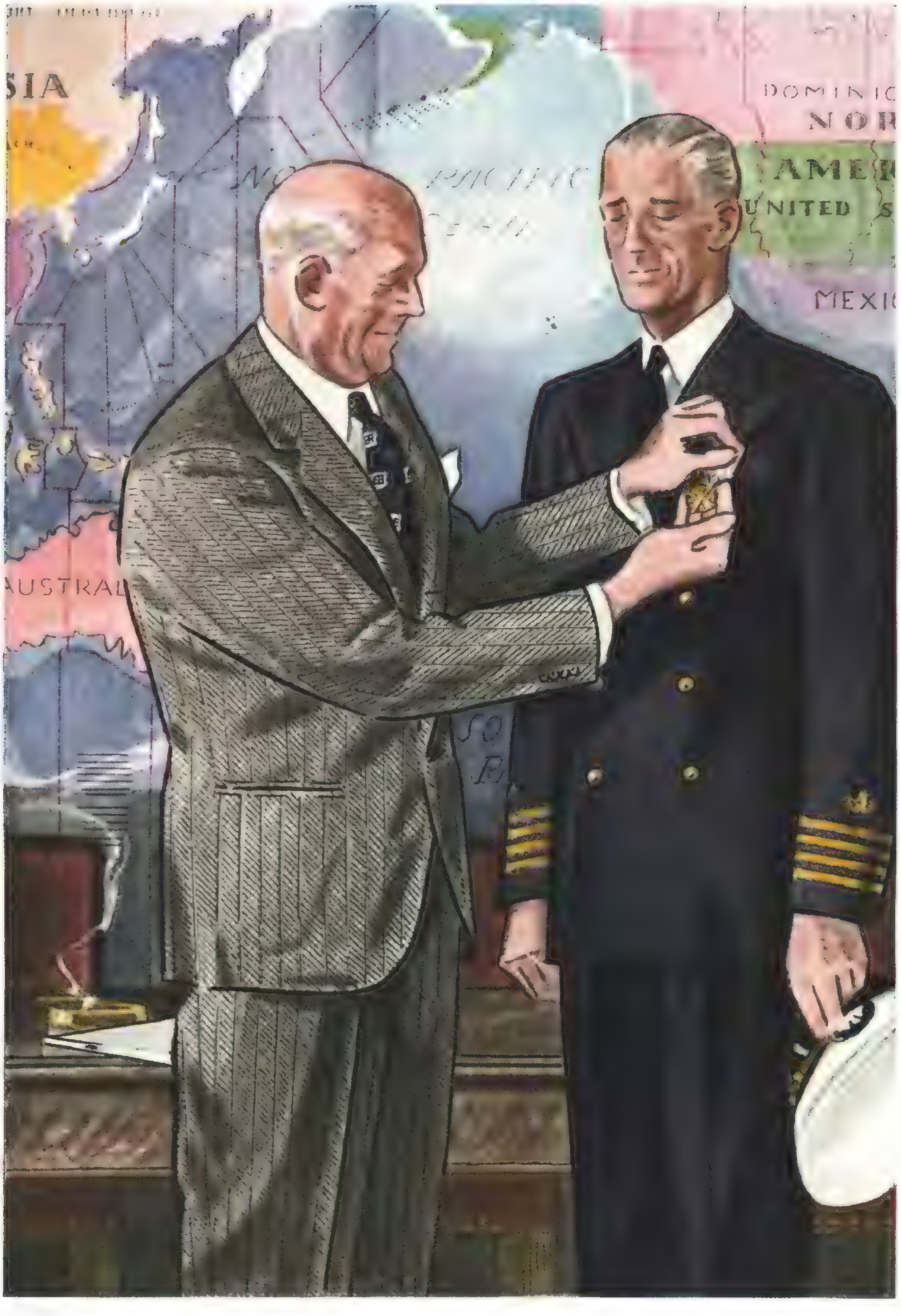
THE ARISTOCRAT OF BONDS

Kentucky Tavern
Bottled in Bond
Kentucky Tavern
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
Straight Bourbon Whiskey
Bottled in Bond
100 Proof
Distilled and Bottled by
Glenmore Distilleries Co.
Incorporated
Owensboro · Kentucky
Escape
FROM THE
ORDINARY

Fully as unusual as its distinctive flavor and absolute uniformity, is the fact that Kentucky Tavern has been the proud possession of the same family for 73 years.

Glenmore Distilleries Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.

THERE'S ONLY ONE BETTER BUY IN BONDS . . . *WAR BONDS!*



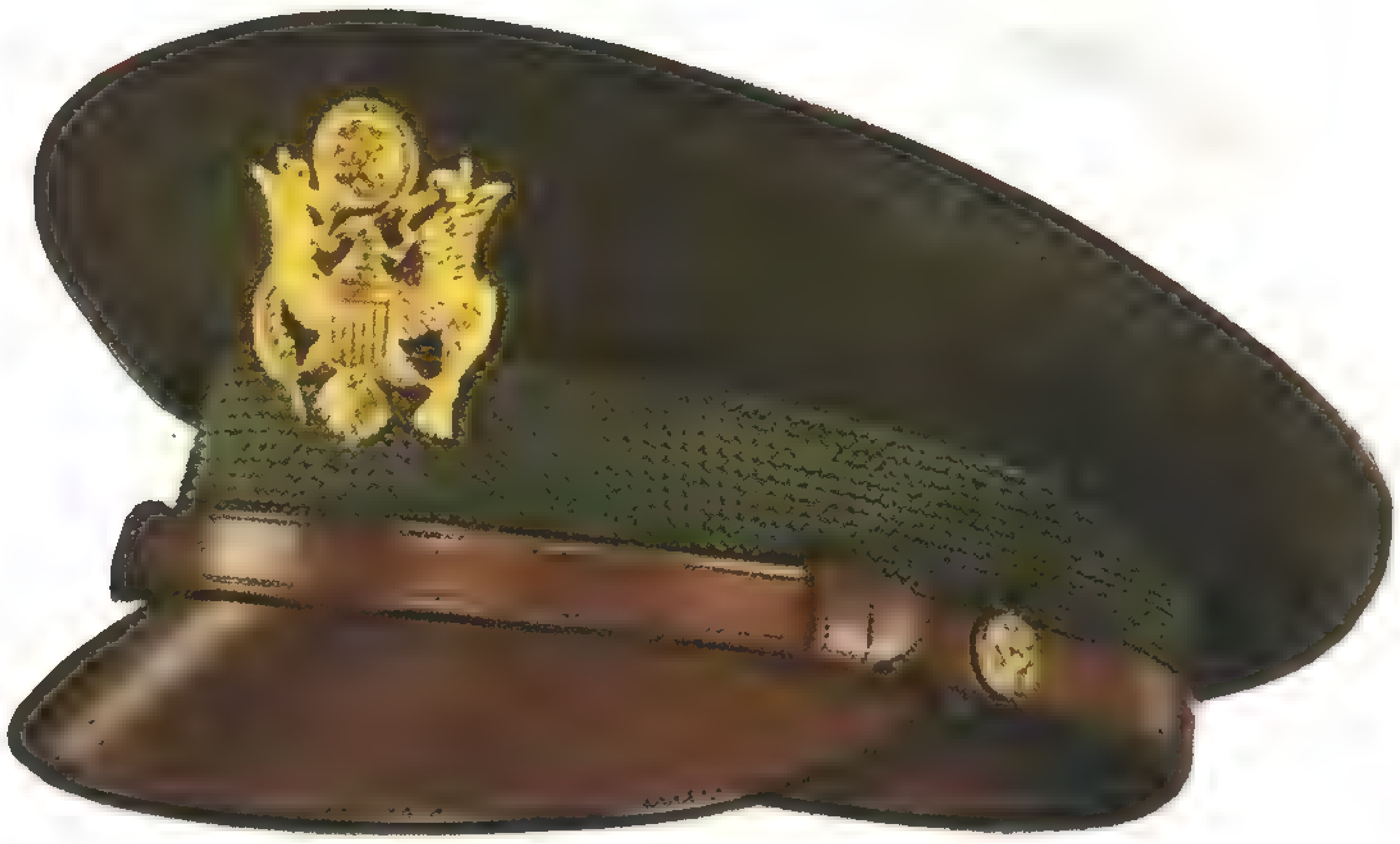
they also serve

There aren't any admirals standing around—since this is a Merchant Marine office—but that bit of ribbon and metal is as precious as any that decorates the chest of a Navy hero. The bauble is the Merchant Marine Distinguished Service Medal for meritorious service under unusual hazards. Just to give you an idea, the occasion that served as inspiration for our drawing was based on this actual exploit: While moving down a narrow river, the merchant vessel was bombed. Its side was blown in and a raging fire broke out on deck. While all this was happening, a submarine attacked the ship—and still the captain brought the vessel to port in time to effect an urgent rendezvous. . . . The captain's uniform shown here is similar to its regulation Navy counterpart. The civilian wears a single breasted grey worsted suit with blue stripe, white shirt and blue patterned tie.

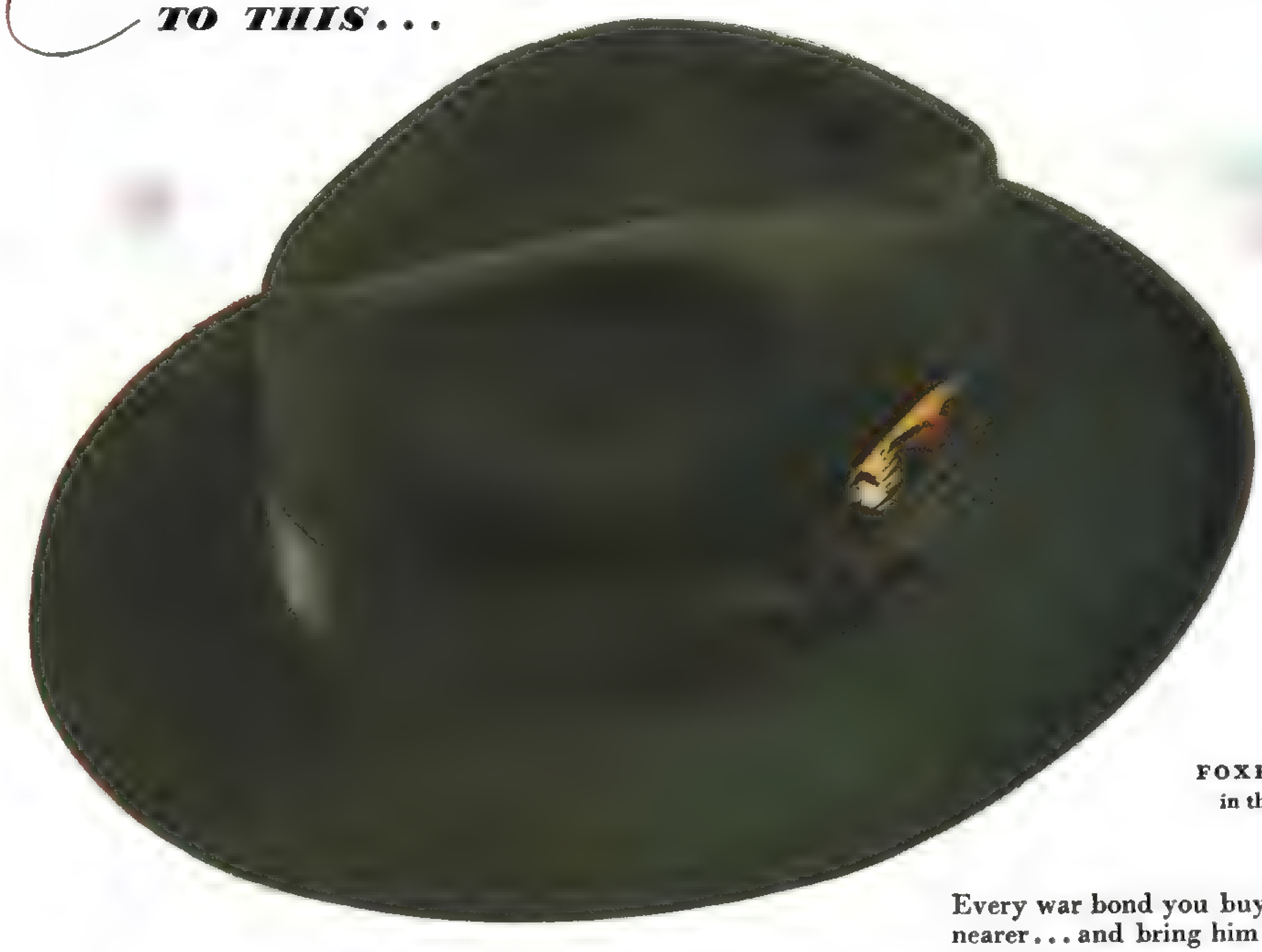
(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

LET'S SPEED THE DAY ★ ★ ★

WHEN HE CAN CHANGE
FROM THIS



TO THIS . . .



FOXHOUND *Eight-fifty*
in the new "Julep" color

Every war bond you buy helps shorten the war, bring Victory nearer . . . and bring him back home. No matter how splendid he looks in his service cap, you want to see him look the way you like him best. Let's speed the day when our boys can come back to "civvies" and to us. Buy more War Bonds now.

KNOX

FOR MORE THAN A CENTURY THE MOST HONORED NAME IN HATS

KNOX

Sleeping
Sleeping de Schiaparelli
Vertès

Early Our Song Shall Rise

Continued from page 47

important. He heard himself say:

"Sergeant, you will envelop that position from the right, in order to draw any return fire away from the bivouac area. I will remain here and form a base of fire. If you have any doubts about your objective as you close on it, open fire. If it's a friendly vehicle, investigate and then report to me."

"Yes, Sir!" the sergeant said, staring back at him and making his voice strong and even, so that the lieutenant knew he liked the order he had been given and the way it had been given, too. The command tank swung away to the right and, a moment later, the others began to follow it.

"Ghost—!" the lieutenant said over the radio, using a net call which meant that fire orders were about to be given. "Ghost, this is Ghost Four. Unidentified vehicle left front. Use H.E. Range nine hundred."

Beside him in the hull there were the sounds of metal moving under the tension of springs and of men moving quickly and carefully. The gunner cradled his forehead into the padded rest of the direct sight. The loader slipped a round into the breech. "Identified. . . . Ghost One is ready," the radio said, parrot-like in his earphones, and then again, "Identified . . . Ghost Three is ready."

"All set, Eddie?" the lieutenant asked. At his shoulder, Eddie said:

"Roger, Sir."

There was nothing to do but wait. He watched the tanks go, hundreds of yards to the right. Perhaps a little too far, perhaps not. Their outlines changed as they swung through the half-circle of their course until he could see their sides instead of their backs.

No, Ackroyd had not gone too far out. His swing was carrying him back in toward whatever it was out there and he would take it directly on its flank and it would be caught, then, in a lovely crossfire. Beside him someone cleared his throat and someone else in the hull blubbered breath out foolishly between loose lips and his own ears rang with silent tension and now any instant it would be time for Ackroyd to lay fire if there was anything there—and time for anything that was there to return fire, too, so that what in God's name was he doing letting his platoon sit like dreaming ducks on a millpond *if this was the time?*

"Ghost!" he radioed. "Take alternate position fifty yards to the front. On the double!"

The assault guns began to move and then many things happened. A long smarting flame stabbed at them from the gully, and there was deafness and noise both and, like magic, a furrow which came into being in the loose soil to mark the path of something invisible and awful that had passed nearby only a few feet above the ground—a furrow turned by the sheer force of the air it displaced as it went. There were smaller flames at the tips of Ackroyd's tank guns and there was bitter blue smoke and he said over the radio:

"Ghost—halt in place! Repeat range. Fire!"

The carriage of his gun rocked back under him bare seconds after he had given the order and now he could hear the big stuff being thrown by his flank guns. Not the rich rumbling of a free explosion but a tremendous thrusting aside of air, like the great final slamming of a mile-high door.

Ackroyd, too, had concentrated his fire on the gully where the big enemy rifle was, and not on the two gun pits beyond where men seemed to be struggling half in sight. Only the converging fire of three 105's and five smaller guns could have accounted for the unbelievable thing which had happened to that place in the gully.

It had become a huge stinking mushroom of smoke and dirt, full of fire at its base and starred wide all about, with flying rays of steel and stone and other things.

His temples ached terribly. When he tried to speak he realized his jaws had been locked tight as he waited for something to come from the pits beyond the gully where the big gun had been. He wiped a pale gumminess from his lips and said over the radio:

"Ghost One and Ghost Three! Close in seventy-five yards. *Go!*" He put down the microphone and went on without turning: "Eddie—same target for you. One round. Repeat range."

But nothing was to come from those two enemy guns. For—as his flank guns charged ahead again and the mushroom of smoke in the gully began to draw itself up into a column—both of them went up in smoke and fire and rocketing fragments. Stunned, the lieutenant looked back up toward the battalion area. There, halfway down to him, was another platoon of tanks. Charging, two of them, while the others covered their advance with fire.

It was a shock to find that there were other things in the world beside his own platoon and Ackroyd's and the enemy just ahead. One of the sitting tanks flew Mott's familiar little red pennant and the sight of it was somehow wildly, vitally welcome.

"Ready, Sir," Eddie said.

"Fire—"

But even the direct hit that shattered the column of smoke in the gully was unimportant when it came, for he felt sure the first rounds he had fired had taken care of the big rifle. Then, for a little while, the pair of guns beyond it had been the thing to worry about. But not now, for they had not fired at all before Mott had got in on one of them, leaving Ackroyd to concentrate on the other.

Both tank platoons began to close in, drawing too close to the target for the assault guns to fire on it again. "Ghost—" the lieutenant radioed, "this is Ghost

Continued on page 120

When they come home to stay . . .

Won't it be wonderful when our boys come home . . . not just for a furlough . . . but home to stay?

Among the finer things of life they'll find ready to enjoy—will be J & M Shoes. Quality unchanged—exclusive styling—solid comfort—long wear. The J & M's they've always known.

Latest J & M spring styles in civilian and military models are now on display at J & M dealers everywhere. Johnston & Murphy, Newark, N. J.

J&M

JOHNSTON & MURPHY

Fine Shoes Since 1850

KEEP BUYING WAR BONDS FOR VICTORY

Here, in the mountains of Puerto Rico, this superb rum has been distilled for generations

Ron MERITO

There is nothing new about Ron Merito except the discovery by thousands of persons every day that this mountain-distilled rum is truly *different*. It's the crystal-clear mountain water, the soil, the sun, the air—all these contribute their magic to this better-tasting rum...Mixing good rum drinks is truly an art; and when you start with Ron Merito, you have the makings of a masterpiece. Make your next drink—short or long—with Ron Merito, and discover that mountain distilling *does* make a difference!

BUY *EXTRA* WAR BONDS

Available Gold Label & White Label. 86 Proof. Write for recipe booklet.
National Distillers Products Corp., Dept. E7, P.O. Box 12, Wall St. Sta., N. Y.

Early Our Song Shall Rise

Continued from pages 47-119

Four. Follow me, follow me."

Both flank guns gave him a "Roger" to show that they understood; and as his gun turned and withdrew along the corridor, the lieutenant twisted about to watch the tanks overrunning what was left of the enemy. Machine guns tripped off short bursts, their flashes flicking out nervous bright tongues, their reports jarring as hard and quickly on the air as pneumatic drills in rock.

The lieutenant made himself breathe slowly, deeply, conscious at last of a hint of panic in the amplified way his heart beat; conscious, too, of a jangling urgency which seemed to make everything about him move very slowly, as though his inner speed was so great it enabled him to react to things before they happened. Now that there was less need of such a pitch it was an irksome way to feel.

Then, looking up the slope at the bivouac area, he felt better. There had been a great loneliness about what had just happened, from the moment Ackroyd had pointed out the gully. Now it was over and he was once again simply part of the battalion. He grinned, remembering the surprise of seeing Mott coming up on his flank.

Sent by the colonel, of course. And while that was an obvious thing it came as a surprise. Why, Goddam! he thought. He pictured the colonel sitting on top of a tank turret, puffing that chrome-plated pipe of his that should have got him picked off by a sniper long ago. The old man must have been watching all the time. And I did pretty good, too.

"Eddie," he said, "stop here. Turn around and face the action. . . ."

Soon the flank guns pulled into position and everyone watched the light tanks. After a little while, Eddie said: "Recon' must of gone through here with their eyes shut, Lieutenant. Imagine not seeing a whole battery in position like that."

"Maybe they were more heavily camouflaged than that when recon' came through," the lieutenant told him. "Who knows? Maybe they weren't even here when recon' came through."

"But we had a whole echelon ahead of us, too," Eddie insisted. "How do things happen like that, Lieutenant? You tell me."

"I don't know, Eddie, but they do. I guess that's the big difference between war and maneuvers or any other kind of a dry run. Things that can't happen just keep happening."

"Why in hell din' they blast the ears off us last night?" Eddie sounded almost as if he thought he had been persecuted. "They must of been able to see us pull in here. Or this morning, anyhow? It was light enough to see long before we started this."

"It beats the stuff out of me, Eddie," the lieutenant admitted. "Maybe they were scared. Maybe they were hoping we'd pull out again without seeing them. Just sweating out a chance to sneak back inside their own lines."

"Maybe," Eddie grunted. Then they were silent, thinking of what it would be like to have to hide in a hole behind an enemy's lines—and to hear a big force coming nearer and nearer to you in the dark. . . . Finally Eddie cleared his throat and said:

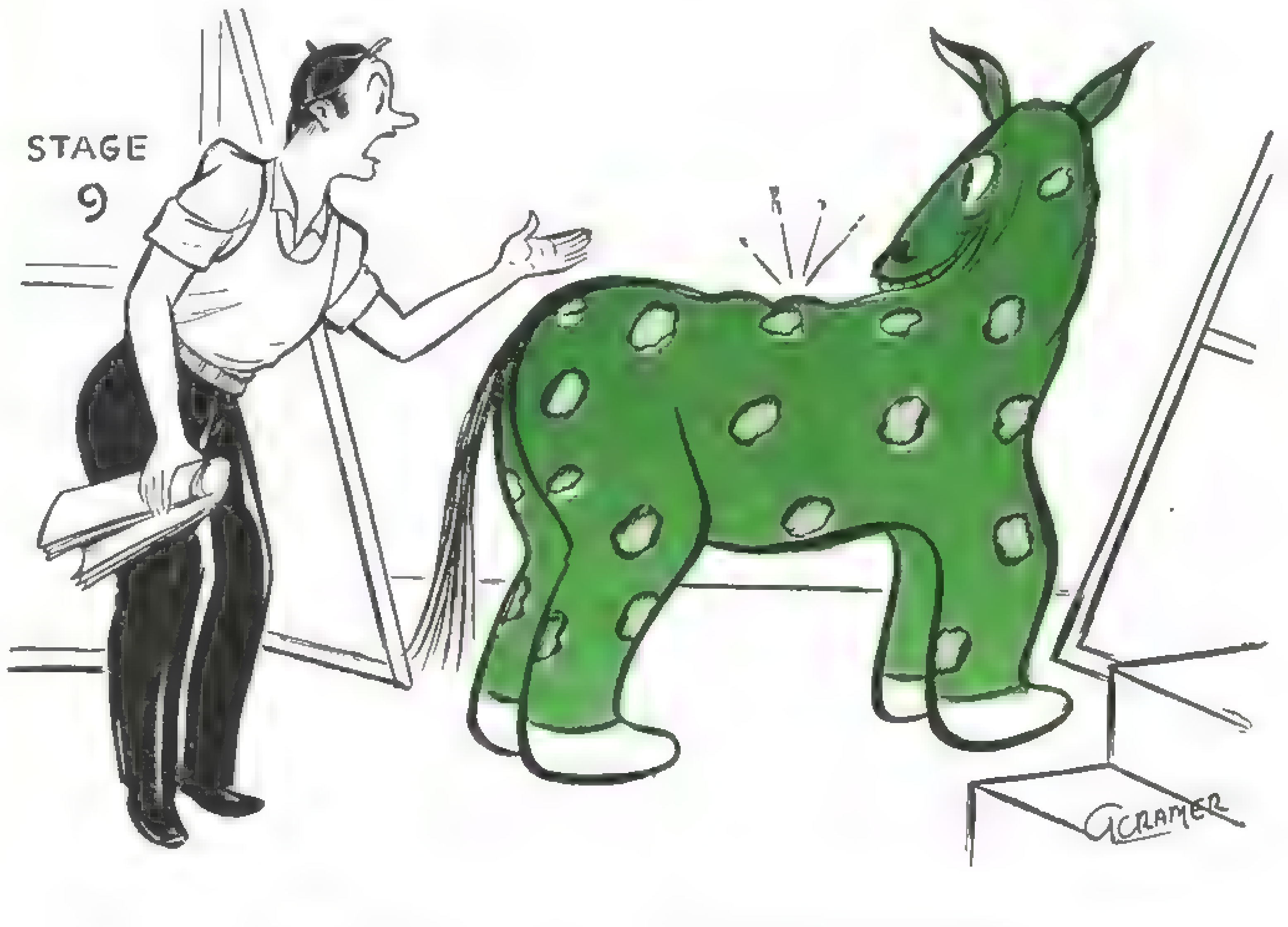
"I think they're sort of through up there. They've stopped firing."

"Uh huh—" the lieutenant said, still thinking, so that he scarcely noticed the tanks withdrawing from their objective and going back toward the battalion. One of them, the one with the red pennant, was pulling out of formation. The lieutenant's driver turned to look up at him.

"Sir, I think Captain Mott's trying to get you on the radio."

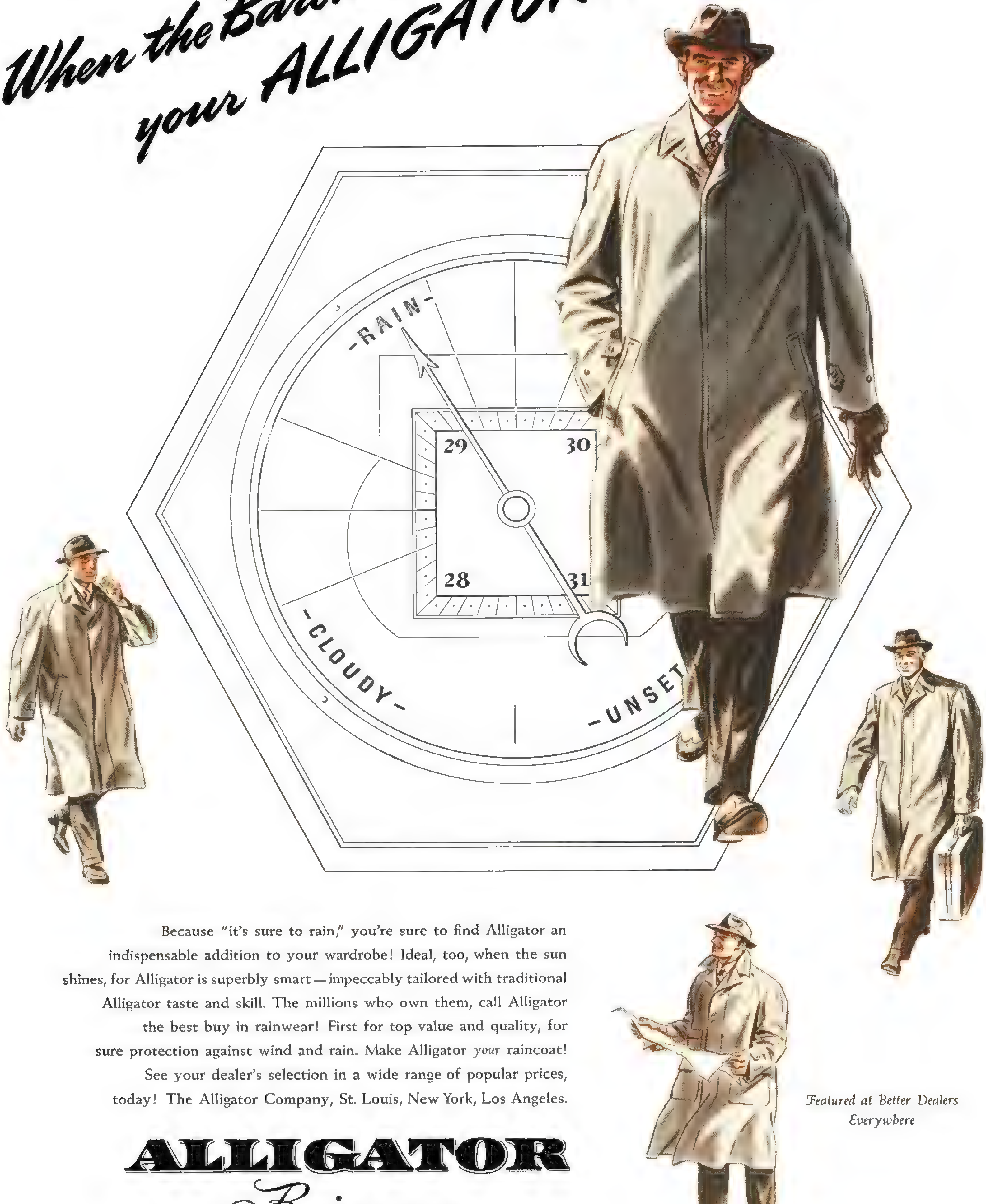
"Oh—thanks." A man in the turret of the lone tank was holding his microphone up and pointing at it in wide gestures. Signaling back, the lieutenant held his nose with one hand and, reaching up with his own microphone in the other slowly pulled down on an imaginary chain. The tank turned and came toward him. When it stopped in front of him, he and

Continued on page 122



"Julius, you're over-acting again"

When the Barometer drops— your ALLIGATOR'S tops!



Because "it's sure to rain," you're sure to find Alligator an indispensable addition to your wardrobe! Ideal, too, when the sun shines, for Alligator is superbly smart—impeccably tailored with traditional Alligator taste and skill. The millions who own them, call Alligator the best buy in rainwear! First for top value and quality, for sure protection against wind and rain. Make Alligator *your* raincoat! See your dealer's selection in a wide range of popular prices, today! The Alligator Company, St. Louis, New York, Los Angeles.

Featured at Better Dealers Everywhere

ALLIGATOR
Rainwear

because . . . IT'S SURE TO RAIN!

TO PROTECT YOUR HOME...BUY WAR BONDS! TO PROTECT YOUR CLOTHES...BUY ALLIGATOR!

Humbly, with hat in hand, we remind you that your purchase of one extra War Bond this month may mean there will be one less Gold Star next month.

All of us sometimes picture ourselves with our friends at the fighting fronts, taking part in their supreme physical struggle for victory. Yet in spite of feeling this dramatic urge, most of us have failed to fulfill our plainest obligation here at home—that of buying *all* the War Bonds we can.

Money spent on the many trivial things that we feel we must buy or do this month—things we miserably fail to see are not at all "in the line of duty"—could easily pay for an extra War Bond.

And that extra War Bond may save a friend's life—may shorten the war by one big tick of the clock. Isn't this just what we dream of doing when we imagine ourselves in a uniform peeping out of a fox-hole?

Then let's do it! Let's all put on our hats right now and go out to buy an extra War Bond so that we will have done our utmost to prevent every needless Gold Star.

MALLORY hats
STYLE LEADERS FOR 121 YEARS

Early Our Song Shall Rise

Continued from pages 47-119-120

Mott looked at each other for a moment without speaking. Mott looked better, he thought idly. He was almost the very handsome blond man he had been a few months before. The non-com in the other side of the turret seemed unusually alive, too. The way he and the two men down forward in the crew compartment stared up at him reminded the lieutenant, somehow, of panting dogs grinning with their tongues lolling out. His own crew looked back at the tankmen in the same way.

"What's the matter, radio out?" Mott asked.

The lieutenant shook his head. "No. Just not pretuned to your channels."

"You were right on the ball," Mott told him. "The Armored Force could have made a training film out of it for the assault gun. 'Support of light tank elements in the attack.' Or something."

"That man Ackroyd," the lieutenant said. "He was just as good as an officer. How about seeing if the colonel wants to do anything about it?" Mott nodded.

"Roger."

"What did they have dug in there behind the gully, Mott?" the lieutenant asked them.

"Couple of light field pieces—40's, I think."

"Funny they didn't lay fire," the lieutenant said. "What did they do, blow their tops?"

Mott shrugged. "Must have. When they saw me coming up on your other flank, I guess they were so busy trying to lay on all of us at once they didn't have time to lay on anybody."

The loader in the assault gun crew began to jeer at Mott's driver. "Hey, you foul-up! Where is that live prisoner you were going to bring back to do your first echelon for you?" The tank driver stared back a little too blankly. Then he recovered by making a scornful face.

"Prisoner my eye! We didn't leave a louse alive back there."

"How about that, Mott?" the lieutenant asked.

"I know we didn't leave anything for the medics. I'm pretty sure ordnance won't be able to make anything out of what's left. And I doubt if S2 will even find any pockets to find anything in." Everyone was silent; for a moment there was nothing for anyone to say. Then Mott went on:

"Well, I don't know what you're sweating out down here, but I'm going back and report to the old man."

"Roger," the lieutenant said. "But about that man Ackroyd—"

Mott laughed. "Don't get in an uproar. I've just been waiting for a chance like this."

When his platoon came back to its position in the perimeter of the battalion's defense, the young lieutenant stepped up on the rim of the assault gun's hull and leaped carelessly to the ground, as he had done ever so many times.

But this time the impact clubbed the soles of his feet painfully and his knees had no spring. He almost went down. Standing there, he swayed a little, feeling not weak but too light—as if the outer contours from which his clothing took its shape were a mere crust and all there was of him. The hymn he had remembered before returned briefly to float across the surface of his mind.

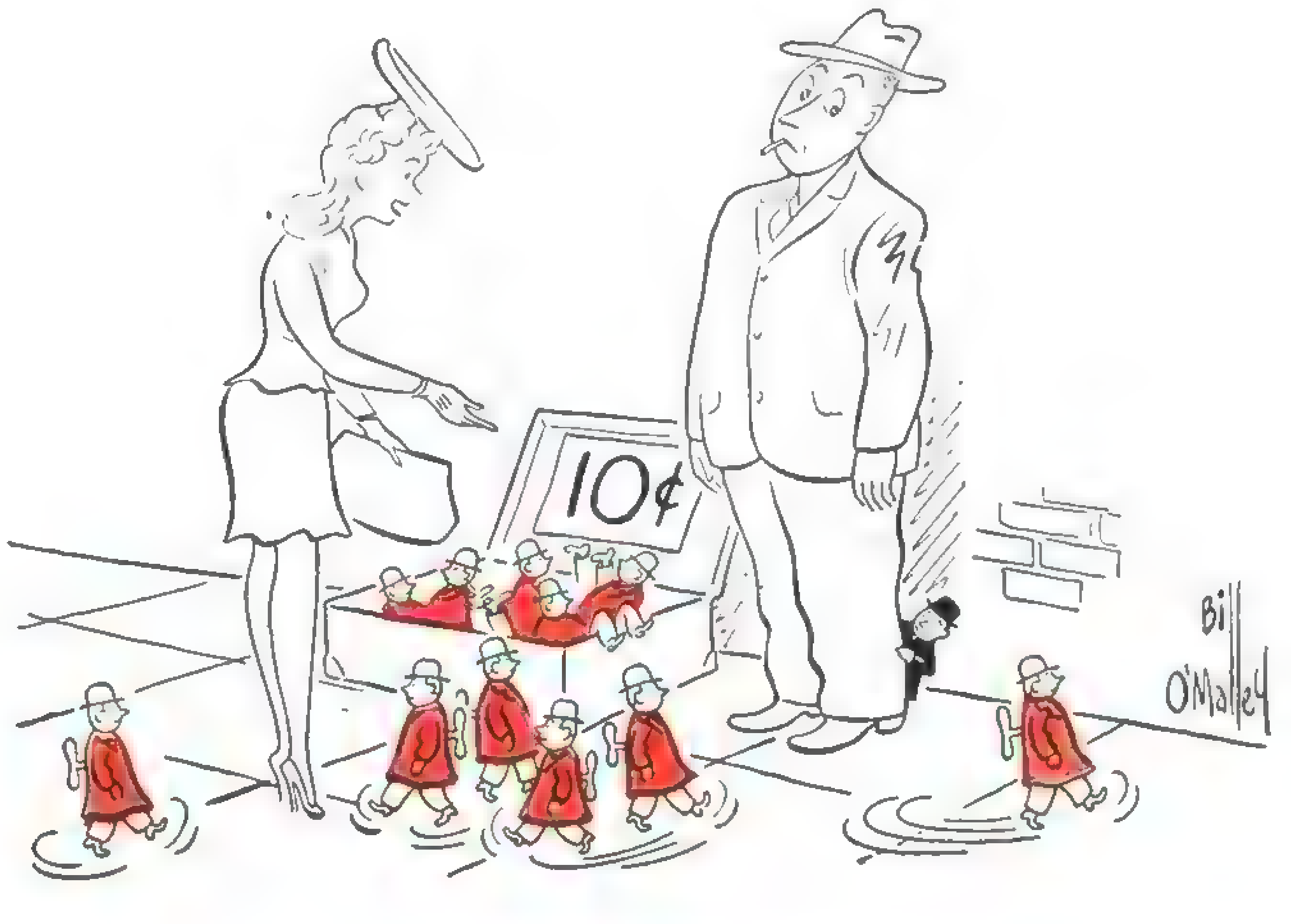
Cherubim and seraphim falling
down before Thee,
Which wert and art and ever more
shall be—

Quickly he lit a cigarette. He drew deep. The smoke going into him in the usual way seemed to reaffirm the existence of all the usual things inside of which he was built, and he felt better. Except, he noticed, that his hands were shaking. He held them up and looked at them and after a moment the shaking stopped. He turned one hand over to look at the watch strapped to the inside of his wrist, seeing its friendly black face and small white hands.

Climbing down out of the assault gun, Eddie saw the gesture and asked, "What time is it, Sir?"

"Six-thirty."

"How about chow?" #

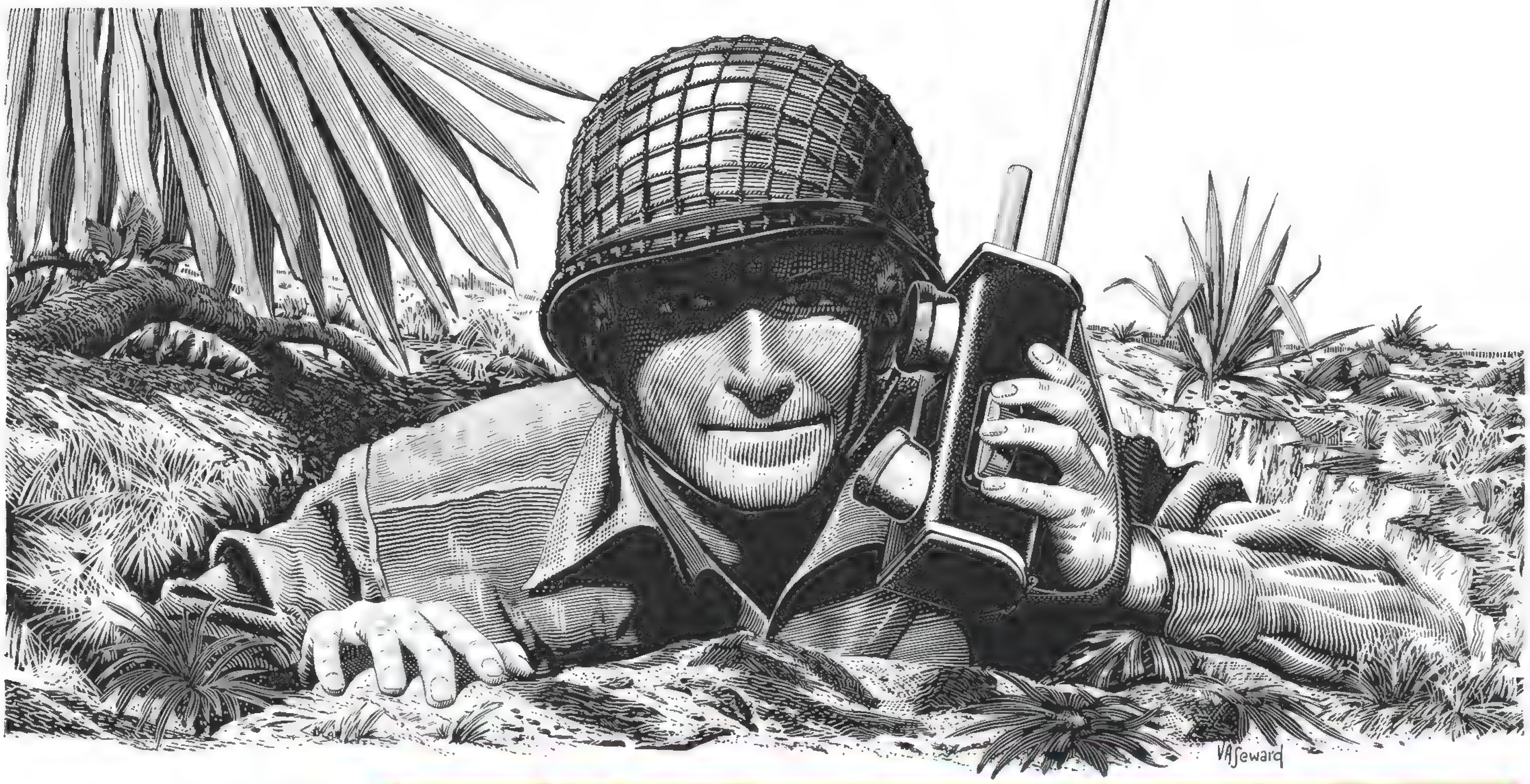


"I'll take the bashful little one"

"Handie Talkie"

ANOTHER Motorola Radio 1st ★

★ Pioneered and developed exclusively by Motorola Electronics Engineers, this mighty, little 2-Way Radio is fighting for Victory on every important battle front.



For production "beyond expectation" Motorola has received its third award. It is the aim of every Motorola employee to produce faster and better until final Victory has been won.

Motorola RADIO
FOR HOME & CAR
GALVIN MFG. CORPORATION • CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Curtis . .
A GRAND OLD NAME
STANDING FOR DEPENDABILITY
Today and Tomorrow

STYLE 858

CURTIS PLEDGE
We pledge maintenance of quality and workmanship at highest possible levels. Despite war-time difficulties, the high standards that assure the values characteristic of CURTIS SHOES through four generations are being maintained and we shall continue to maintain them.

STYLE 877

Keeping faith—in difficult times—with our retail outlets and their customers has added something to the reputation of Curtis Shoes in every war period since the war with Mexico.

Curtis Shoe Company, Inc., Marlboro, Mass.

FOUR GENERATIONS Curtis Shoes for Men OF FINE SHOEMAKING

The Esquire Sports Poll

Continued from page 87

ters, Meridian, Mississippi, *Star*, agreed that "The sit-it-out boys are learning that physical fitness can come in right handy at times. The major danger is that school officials will relapse and start talking, teaching and preaching pacifism, which means nothing more or less than softness." **Tait Cummins,** Cedar Rapids *Gazette*, added that "The touch-tag crowd won't swing enough weight after the war to break down the ever-present need for robust activity on countless athletic fields." **Raymond Johnson,** Nashville *Tennessean*, also thought "the soft condition of our young men at the outbreak of this war and the success of soldiers who had played contact sports has helped to awaken educators to its value."

"The confidence which a boy gets from a knowledge of boxing, wrestling, football and fencing," wrote **John A. Marcuse,** Scarsdale, New York, "is invaluable in all later social and business contacts." **Stuart X. Stephenson,** WSFA, Montgomery, Alabama, said: "Our Harmons have revealed time and again how athletic training has held them in good stead."

"A touchdown is worth a thousand chin-ups," adjudged **John O'Donnell,** Davenport *Democrat & Leader*. **Roscoe D. Bennett,** Grand Rapids *Press*, pointed out that "A new philosophy in physical education, stressing stamina and agility is being born in these times and will eliminate the old arm and leg calisthenics." **Jean Jordan,** Butte, Montana, *Standard*, and also 48th Artillery, CAC, AEF, World War I, said: "Athletes under fire have completely debunked the contention that contact sports are superfluous, with mere exercise enough." Said **Dave DeLong,** Allentown, Pa., *Chronicle*, "If we hope to survive any future cataclysm, we must insist upon a healthy, strong race and the only way to accomplish this is by starting when the material is pliable—in the school age."

Clarence Burgeson, Austin, Minnesota, *Herald*, commented:

> The doctrine of "action" is rooting deeply. Soldiers, sailors, Marines and Merchant Marine boys returning to Austin on furlough all appear in beautiful condition.
>
> Out of this war with its tremendous cost in men, materials and dollars, America must try to salvage something. It should be to try to keep up the higher standards of physical condition for all. A virile manpower should also provide a field for turning out some clear-thinking men and women who may find a way to solve the world's problems to the extent that future wars may be avoided. America has been derelict in not building better physique and more sound mentality.

"There have been innumerable stories," noted **Waite Forsyth,** Jamestown, New York, *Star*, "in which servicemen have attested to the value of contact sports as preparation for battle. Military authorities have given approval and schools have taken note." **D. B. Marcus,** Laurel, Mississippi, favored "Compulsory physical training with the ultimate idea of compulsory military training. This should be the order of the day." **Harry Yockey,** Canton, Ohio, *Repository*, said: "Millions have learned to compete in and like contact sports and a host of them will want to enjoy the same fun when the war is won." **Sec Taylor,** Des Moines *Register*, wrote:

> The schools and colleges will drift right back into their old way just as they did after World War I. They'll stress varsity teams, unless of course, public sentiment results in compulsory training in physical education, which is doubtful. We saw the need of training after our experiences of 1917 and '18, but nothing came of it.

QUESTION V.

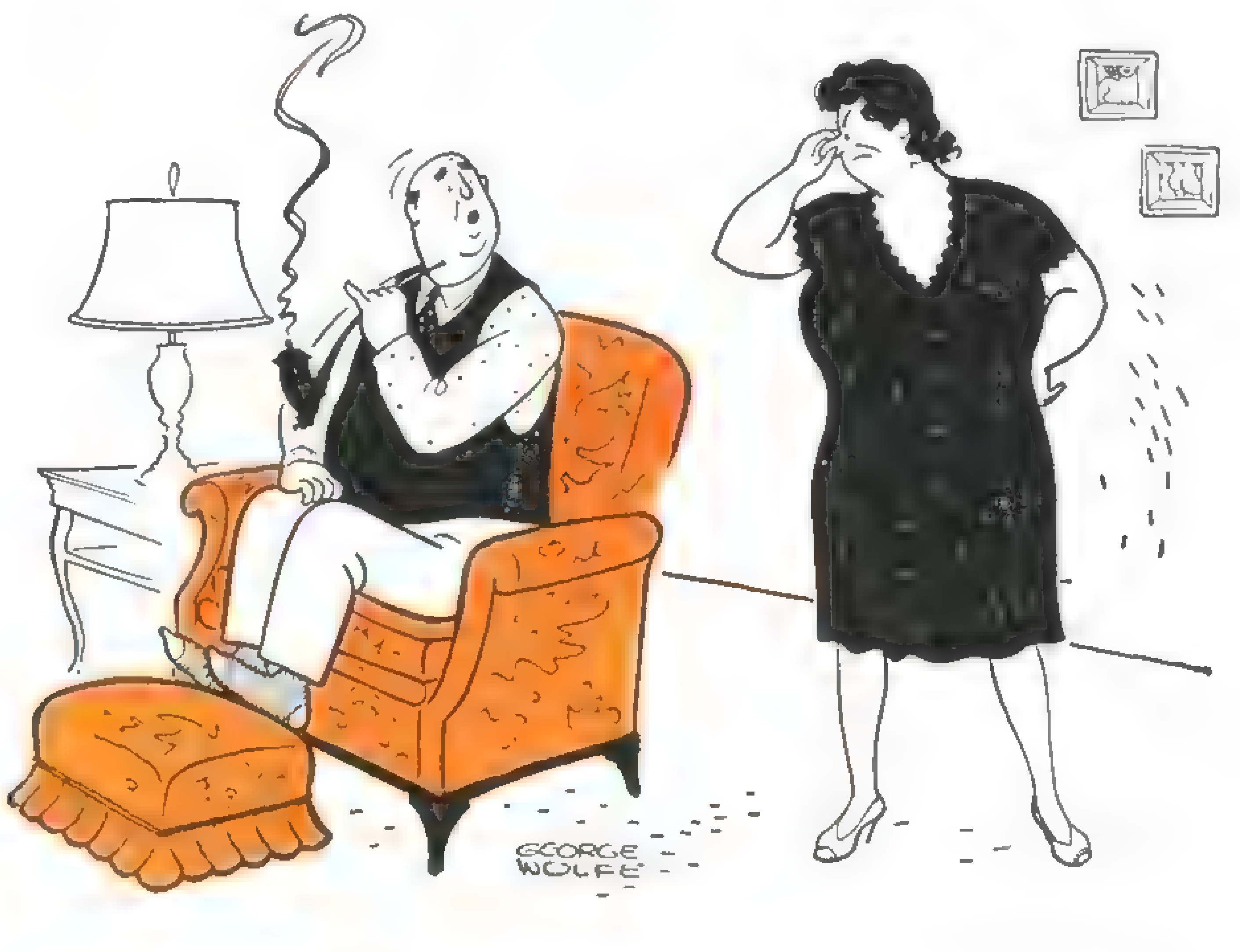
Who would win the next fight between Louis and Conn, in your opinion?

The Public	**Joe Louis 75.55%**
Sportscasters	**Joe Louis 82.53%**
Sports Writers	**Joe Louis 81.06%**

Billy Conn, the young man who zigged when he should have zagged at a critical moment, may have Joe Louis knocking twice, but opportunity won't. That is plain from the votes of all three blocs.

Sports writers who have seen Conn, as well as Louis, in camp exhibitions think very little of the

Continued on page 126



"Woman—do you realize you are speaking of the pipe I love?"

BLOCK SPORTSWEAR
THE SECRET OF CALIFORNIA CASUALNESS
★
1869-1944
Our 75th Year
★

Learn to relax on your day off . . . slip into BLOCK, made in California, Sportsclothes . . . tailored for men of action . . . styled for men who appreciate the best . . . created in California

Block Leather Jackets
with exclusive ball-bearing shoulders

Block Weatherbird Jackets
shed water like a duck

Block Cal-Ray* Sportshirts
for freedom on the job . . . for leisure comfort

BLOCK *Sportswear*

Made in California by H & L Block
San Francisco ★ Los Angeles

*Reg.
The rayon that launders like linen

For EASTER and After

It's new suit time—and after you've invested in War Bonds you will feel free to make a sound suit investment in a smart, expertly tailored 100% Wool Naphthalated

Worsted-tex

Splendidly styled and skillfully tailored by fine craftsmen, it is a suit you will be proud to wear anywhere. The quality-value worsted fabrics are made of

100% WOOL NAPHTHALATED

(virgin wool gently cleansed in naphtha to preserve wool fiber strength and resiliency.)

Your guide to this quality is the tag (illustrated) you will find in the inside coat pocket.

For sale by BROADSTREET'S New York and Chicago and other leading stores throughout the country. For name of nearest store write Arlingcrest Service, 347 Madison Avenue, New York 17, New York.

Arlington Mills
LAWRENCE, MASS.

BUY BONDS . . . Buy Naphthalated

FABRIC IS MADE FROM
100% WOOL NAPHTHALATED

The Esquire Sports Poll

Continued from pages 87-124

aspiring Conn's chances in the event the two again are whacking in the same ring.

"Conn's a rattle-brain pug," said **Bob Hooey,** Columbus, Ohio, *Ohio State Journal.* **Kenneth Jones,** Peoria *Journal Transcript,* thought "Louis' hitting qualities will be retained to a considerable extent while Conn's speed probably will diminish." **Harry Keck,** Pittsburgh *Sun Telegraph,* liked Conn. "He's younger," he wrote, "and supremely confident. He is one opponent who does not quail at the great Louis as he proved when he almost won the first fight." **Roy Lee Harmon,** Beckley, West Virginia, *Post-Herald,* said: "It takes a guy with a wallop like a mine mule has in his hind legs to stop Louis. Fancy Dans can't lay the Bomber low. Conn has been one of those 'poetry-in-motion' guys. He doesn't have enough dynamite in his fists."

L. B. Icely, Chicago, President, Wilson Sporting Goods Company, took Louis because he is "heavier, more rugged and a puncher." **Francis J. Powers,** Chicago *Daily News,* said: "Conn never was a hitter and he isn't going to develop a punch in the service." **R. G. Lynch,** Milwaukee *Journal,* said: "Conn doesn't fight; he runs. He ran so fast last time that he fell twice over his own feet." On the same side of the fence, **Robert McKelvey,** Rochester, Indiana, *News-Sentinel,* pointed out that "Louis has a knack for solving fighters whom he has battled before."

"Army training does not tend to heighten the speed of a trainee," reminded **Max Kase,** New York *Journal and American.* "Conn will have slowed up to the extent where Louis' punch would be decisive." **Dick Cullum,** Minneapolis *Times,* insisted that "Louis is vastly superior and carried Conn in their first fight." **Paul A. Schrader,** Toledo *Times,* agreed that "Louis is stronger, can hit harder and can take a punch better." **Frank Hyde,** Billings, Montana, *Gazette,* took Louis, "if they fight within two years. He fought Conn wrong the first time. Tried to cut him down with a body attack. When he switched to the head in the tenth, the tide promptly turned. Louis won't make the same mistake again." **Reidar Lund,** Duluth, Minnesota, *Herald-Tribune,* also picked Louis. His comment was: "Conn is getting older, just like Louis. Also, Billy's the cocky type who likes to Fancy Dan even in a title scrap. It's all business with Louis—and no monkey business." **Raymond J. Baird,** River Falls, Wisconsin, *Journal,* was among those favoring Conn. "Conn had Louis licked before," he claimed, "but lost his head and got knocked out because he thought he was a punching fighter instead of a boxing fighter."

"I still think that Conn with his temperament will blow up in the pinch," said **Robert M. Feldman,** WMAS, Springfield, Massachusetts. **Wesley Youngblood,** KFYO, Lubbock, Texas, said, "Conn will make at least one mistake and when he does Louis will knock him out." **Roy E. Elkins,** Beckley, West Virginia, *Register,* figured "Conn could hit and run long enough to win." **Buck Kinnaird,** WBLK, Clarksburg, West Virginia, took Louis because he "is a fighter not a dancer." **Albert Gaucher,** *Le Nouvelliste,* Trois Rivieres, Canada, said: "I think that Joe Louis, well trained, is still able to punch the fresh Bill Conn." **Abe J. Greene,** President of the National Boxing Association, stated that "Louis lives better, and is still the No. 1 hitter of modern times." **John B. Kelly,** United States Director of Physical Fitness, was a Conn partisan on the grounds that "Louis will be fighting to retain his title and Conn will have a greater urge to become champion." **Hy Turkin,** New York *Daily News,* thought "Conn's extra weight will hurt his boxing maneuverability."

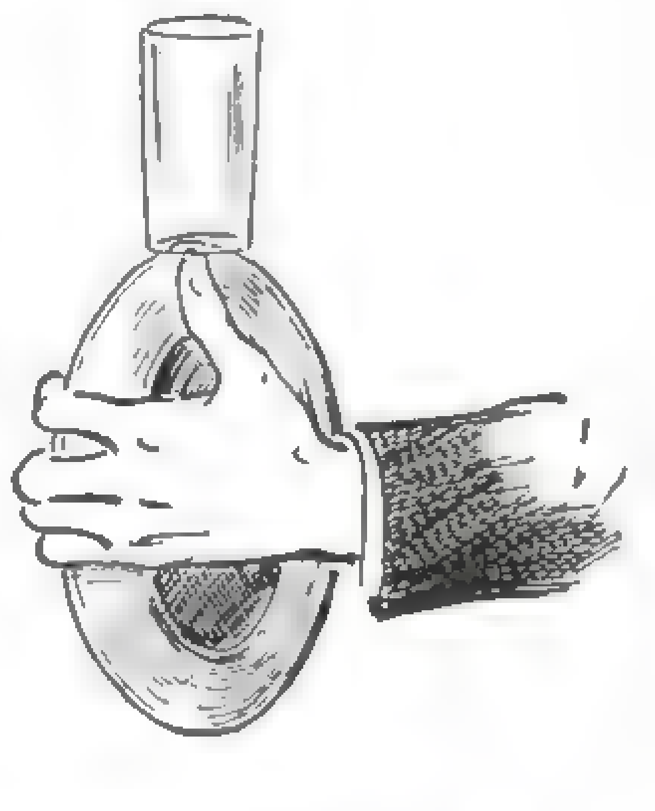
"Conn's partial success in the first fight," declared **Roger L. Treat,** Washington *Daily News,* "was probably due to the fact that Joe was stale and jaded from his Bum of the Month Club tour. Conn should have to show that he is better than Bivins, Mauriello and Murray before he gets the return." **Vern DeGeer,** Toronto *Globe and Mail,* concluded: "Any challenger that can't handle his father-in-law in a couple of punches can't handle Louis!" ⧺

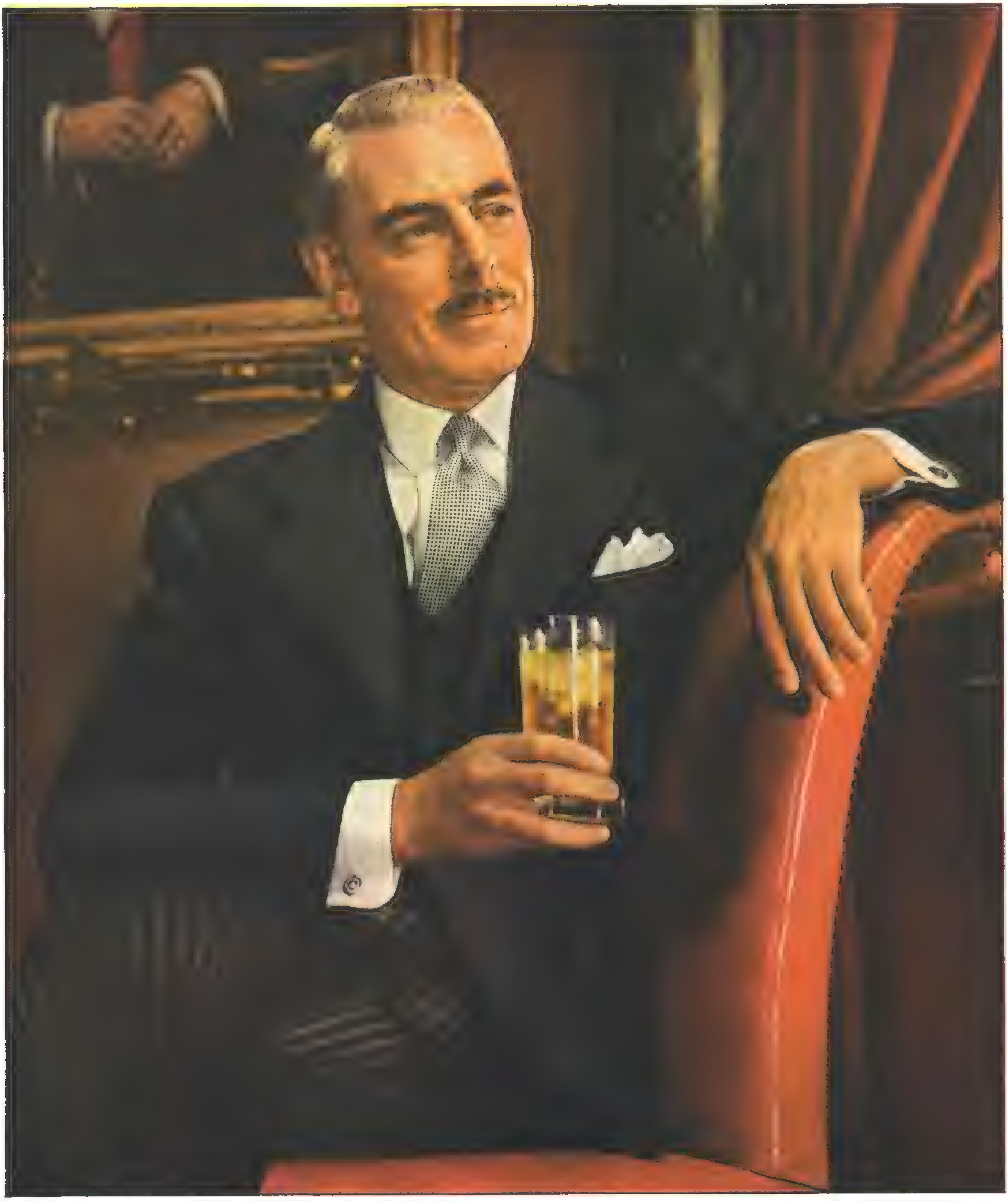
Checkpayers . . .

good for one free drink at the nearest bar

the wager: That you can balance a glass on the edge of a plate.

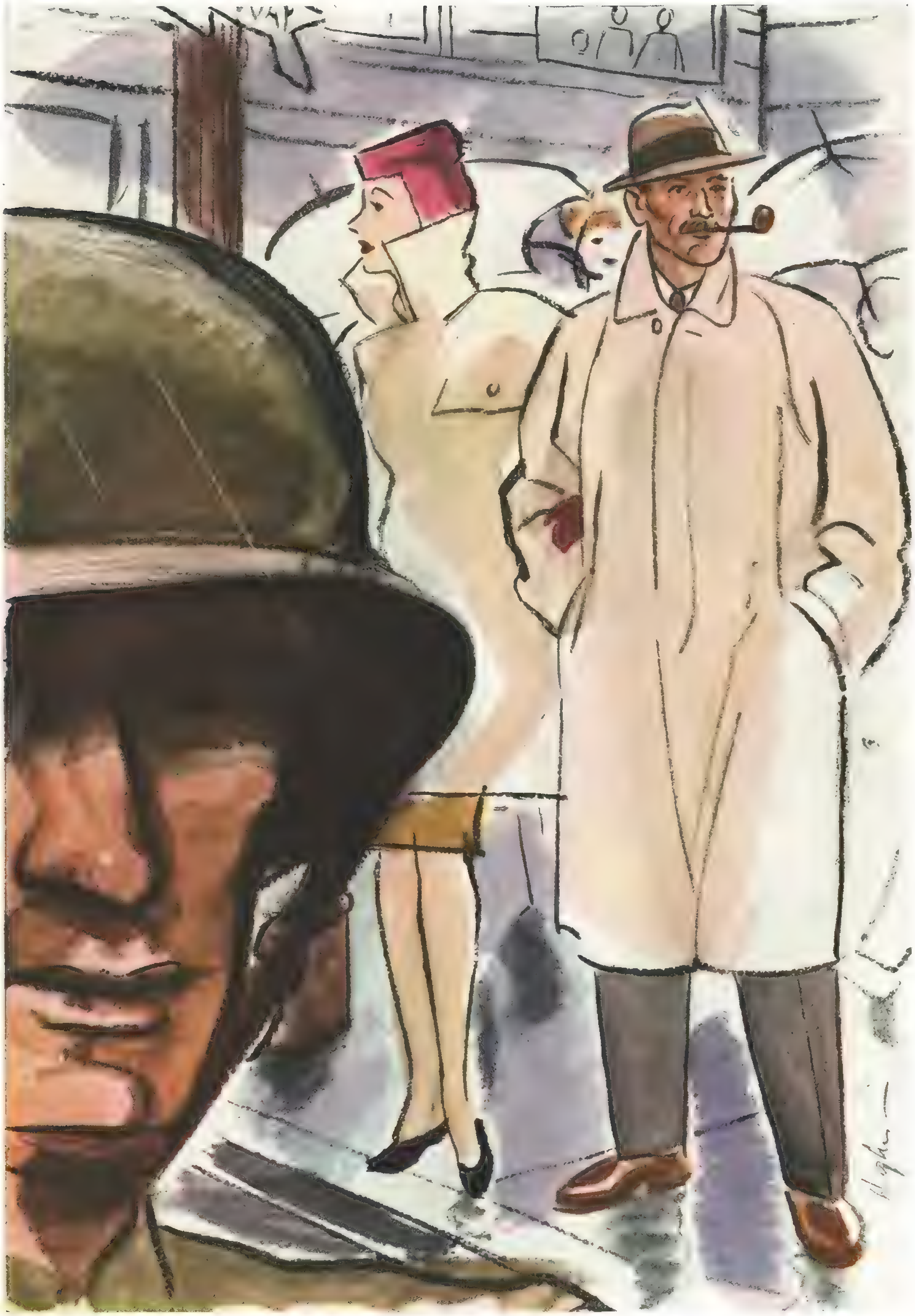
the payoff: Grip the plate with the fingers in front and the thumb extended upward in back; then when you set the glass on top of the plate, raise your thumb slightly so that it helps support the glass—a stratagem that cannot be detected from in front.





For Men of Distinction...LORD CALVERT

This distinctive whiskey..."Custom" Blended for those who can afford the finest...is so *rare*... so *smooth*...so *mellow*...that it has never been produced except in limited quantities. For years the most expensive whiskey blended in America...each bottle of Lord Calvert is numbered and registered at the distillery. A "Custom" Blended Whiskey, 86.8 proof, 65% grain neutral spirits. Calvert Distillers Corp., N. Y. C.



stormy weather

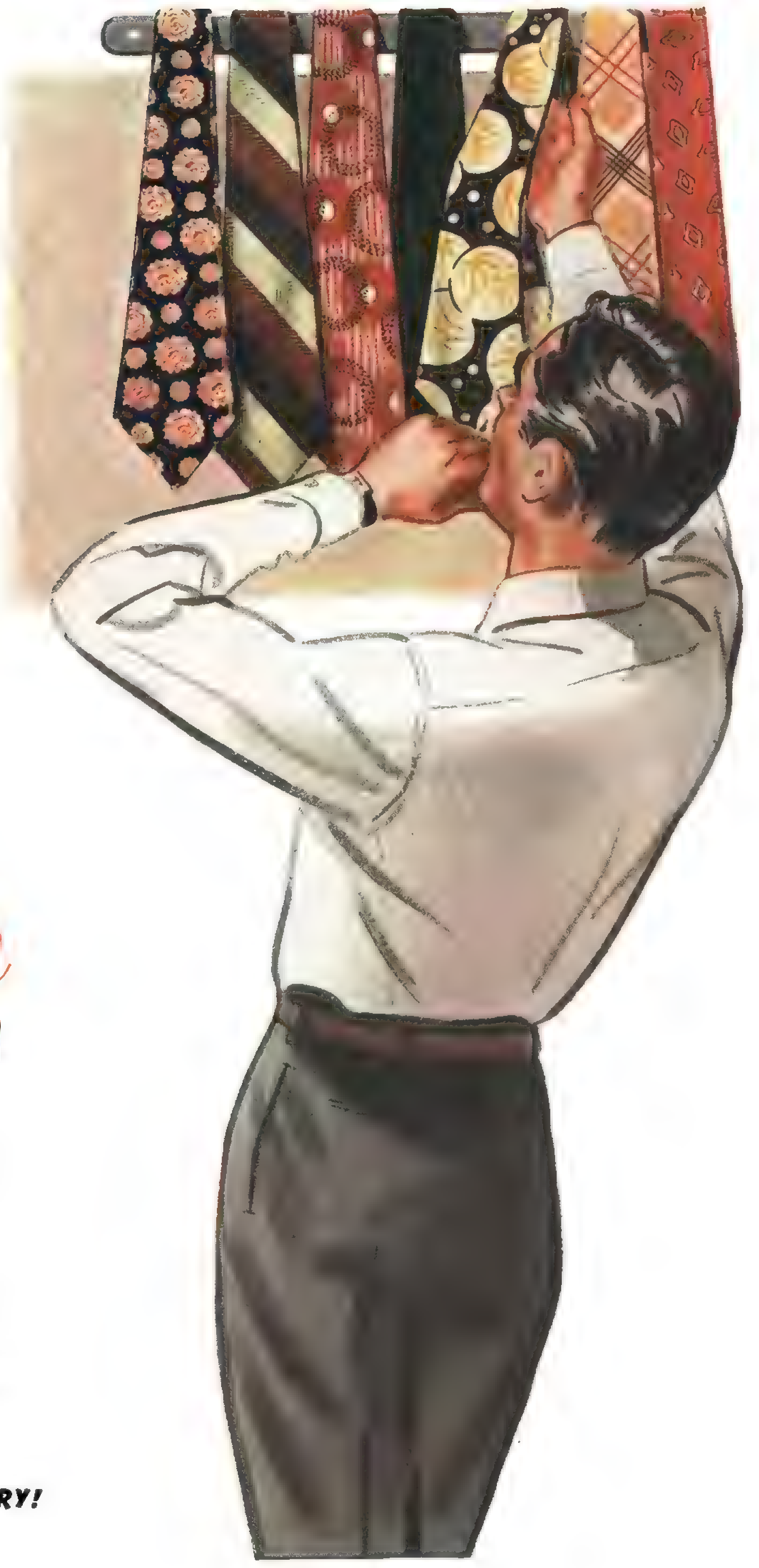
The statistics on rainfall are quite startling. We forget what they add up to, but it rains much more often than you think. That being the case, it's due cause for wonder that people normally give so little thought to the rainwear section of their wardrobes. A man will trade in last year's model topcoat with scrupulous regularity, but any old raincoat will do—after all, it's raining isn't it? For those who do not subscribe to this curious illogic, there are fashions in raincoats, and quite good ones too. The model shown here, for example, is about as unpretentious as any garment well can be, but its air of utility by no means detracts from its good looks. The coat is of ivory colored processed cotton in a single breasted model with fly-front, raglan shoulders and slash pockets. The hat is a brown snap brim felt and the suit is of bluish grey flannel.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

ADD ONE EXCLUSIVE STYLE HIT AFTER ANOTHER

ADD COLOR THAT SPANS THE WHOLE SPECTRUM OF TASTE

ADD THE RIGHT SHAPE THAT HOLDS ITS SHAPE RIGHT



IT ALL ADDS UP

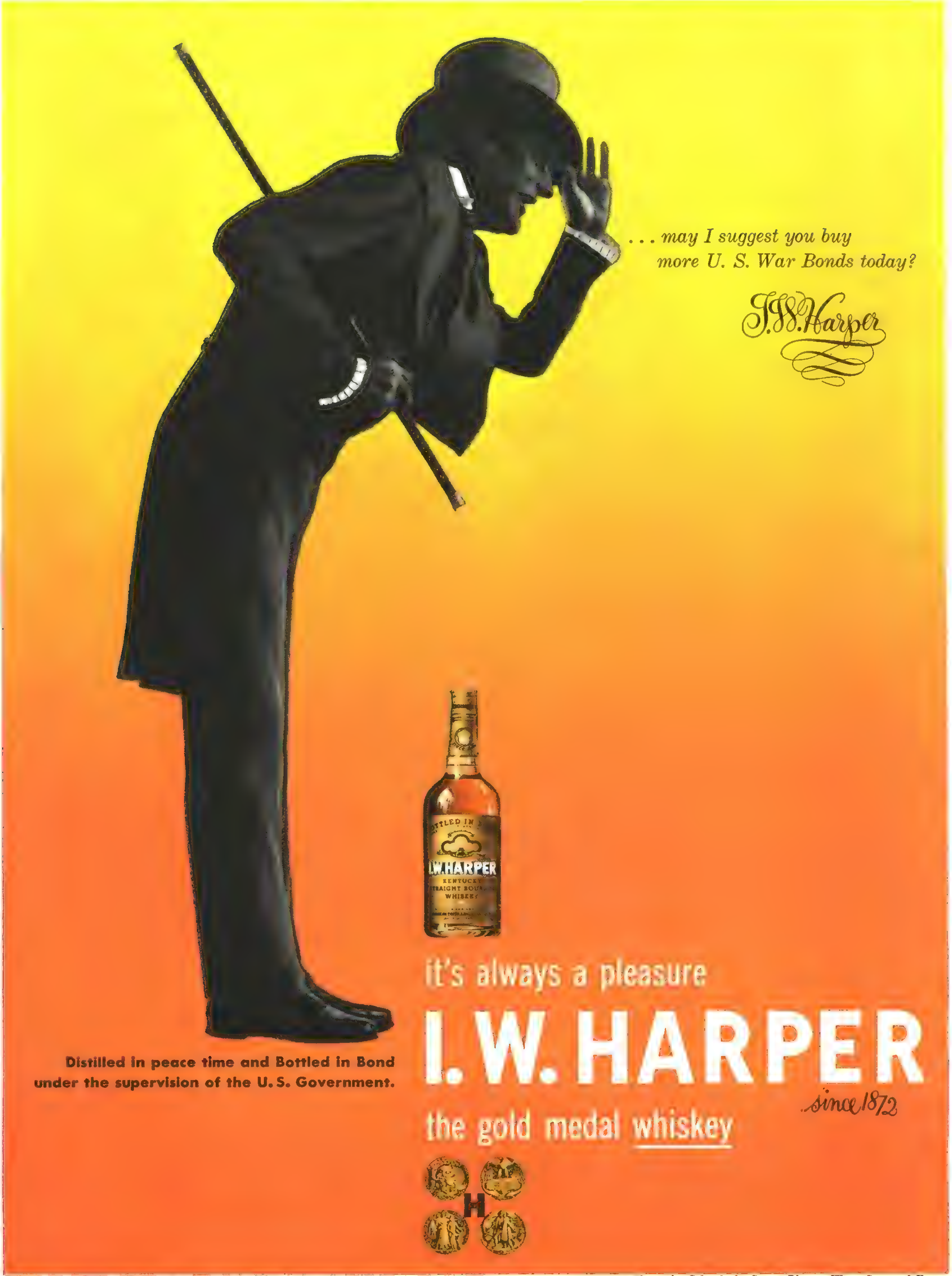
TO *Manhattan* TIES

There's far more to a Manhattan tie than meets the eye—there's the same skill and care that goes into Manhattan shirts.

You'll like the way it knots, the way it keeps looking fresh. It all sums up to a swell tie — *and then some.* Add sparkle to your appearance this spring with some interesting new Manhattan Ties. $1 to $3.50.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS . . . THEY ALL ADD UP TO VICTORY!

our distilleries are devoted to the production of alcohol for war use by the government


. . . may I suggest you buy
more U. S. War Bonds today?
I. W. Harper
BOTTLED IN BOND
I.W. HARPER
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
it's always a pleasure
I.W. HARPER
since 1872
the gold medal whiskey
H
Distilled in peace time and Bottled in Bond
under the supervision of the U. S. Government.

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, Bottled in Bond, 100 Proof. Bernheim Distilling Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky. | ***Tune in*** *Schenley's Cresta Blanca Wine Carnival Every Wednesday Evening C.B.S.*

The Slave with a Magic Charm

Continued from page 69

Big Job done strike um daid."

"De Cap'n?" David was prepared for anything.

"Not de Cap'n yet. Dat Mistah Devon. Doc say he daid now."

In the big house the short man with the long moustache gave Captain Delancey his card:

Nicholas Fitch
Negro Broker
will keep constantly on hand
Field-hands, House-servants,
Carpenters and Blacksmiths.
Poydras Street, New Orleans.

Captain Delancey turned the card in his fingers, glanced at the man with the slave owner's contempt for the slave broker. Nicholas Fitch said, "I've come about that runaway, Nicodemus."

"Yes," Captain Delancey said. "Ah, yes. Well, he'll be along pretty soon. You'll be taking him back in a few days, I suppose?"

"I plan to start back tonight, Captain."

"I expect he's your man, all right," the Captain said and rubbed his chin. "But, as a matter of fact, he's needed here just now. For a few days, at least." He heard the creaking of wagon wheels and glanced out the window. "Here he is now."

Big Job was standing in the wagon. His deep voice carried and its tone was vibrant and bewitching to the Negroes at the slave cabins. He asked, "He daid?"

"Yes, he's dead," Captain Delancey said. "Come and get him. There's a pine box up there."

Big Job did not get out of the wagon. His towering figure in the deepening night was majestic and awesome to the cluster of Negroes. They heard him say, "Cap'n, Ah's free man. If'n Ah wuks Ah wuks fo' wages, lak a free man. Ah bury dat man fo' you, but you got to pay me wages."

The slaves gasped and David whispered, "He strike um daid an' den he ask fo' wages to bury um. You hear dat man?"

Captain Delancey was furious. "I'll pay you nothing! Get down off that wagon, boy. There's a man here now to take you back where you'll get the flogging you deserve. Now you come up here and do as you're told."

"Fo' buryin' daid folks dey gimme a bottle ob whisky an' a silber dolla," Big Job said. "Ah ain' gwan tech him less'n Ah gits me a bottle an' a dolla."

Dr. LaPorte was at the door behind Captain Delancey. He said quietly, "Better give it to him, Captain."

"The hell I will." Captain Delancey turned. "Fitch. There's your runaway. Take him with you."

The slave broker shook his head. "That ain't Nicodemus, Captain."

Captain Delancey's mouth opened; his fists clenched and unclenched nervously.

"I got an idea who he is, though," Fitch said and stepped out on the porch. "Boy, didn't I see you down in New Orleans last year?"

Big Job looked at the slave broker, considered. "Ah spec' so. Ah spec' you did, if you says so."

Captain Delancey found his voice. "You mean to say he ain't a runaway slave?"

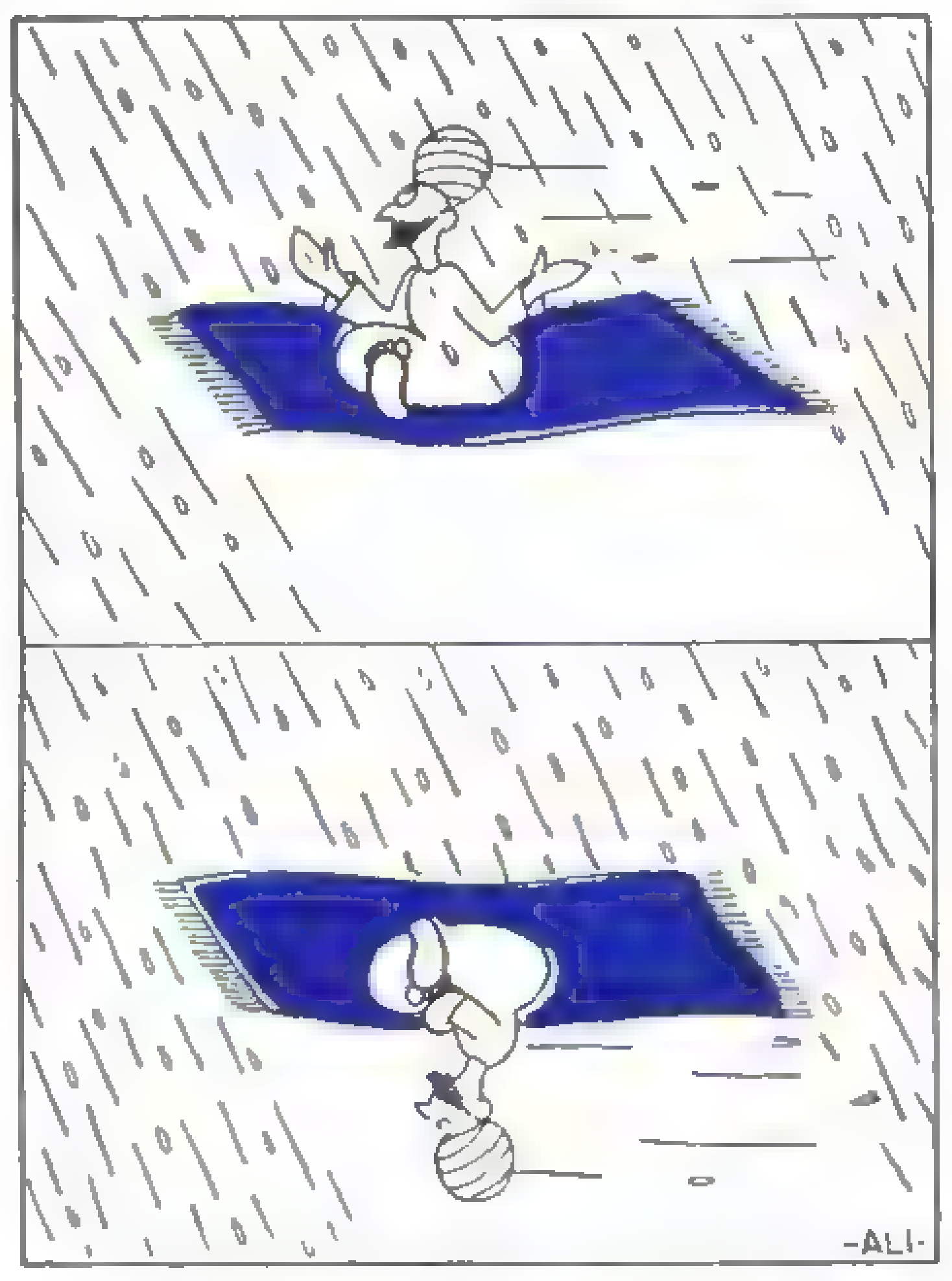
"Not as far as I know, he ain't. He sure ain't Nicodemus."

Captain Delancey leaned limply against the wall of the house and then jerked himself erect. He looked toward the wagon and said, "You'll get your dollar and your bottle. Come in the house and fetch him."

Big Job jumped down from the wagon. He went up the steps and into the house, and Fitch inspected him closely as he passed, then nodded and said, "That's the man, all right. What made me remember him was his asking a silver dollar and a bottle of whisky to bury a man. That's what he did in the plague."

"The plague?" Dr. LaPorte said sharply. "Cholera plague?"

"That's right! In New Orleans, and before that in some town in Texas. Funny thing was everybody else got the cholera, but not him. He'd drive around in his wagon and pick up the bodies and he got a fee of whisky and money for each one." The slave broker chuckled. "Down in Texas they say the town decided to cut his fee and he didn't like it. Next morning the mayor found a corpse propped up against the door, and when he opened it the corpse fell in on the floor. They paid him his fee after that."



Dr. LaPorte was looking at the slave broker with an enlightened gleam in his eye. Fitch, chuckling, went on talking. "When the epidemic was over down in Texas he drifted on, and he turned up in New Orleans last year when the cholera broke out. There he was with his wagon again, collecting corpses again. That's when I saw him."

"There's a cholera epidemic in Texas and he's there," Dr. LaPorte said, carefully marshaling the facts. "There's a cholera epidemic in New Orleans and he's *there*. Then he comes here and cholera strikes again . . ."

"Cholera?" Nicholas Fitch stiffened. "Here? You got the

Continued on page 132

CANADA DRY
CLUB SODA
DELIGHTFUL TABLE WATER
A MARVELOUS MIXER
CLUB SODA
Sparkling
CANADA DRY WATER
"PIN-POINT CARBONATION"
A SPECIAL FORMULA OF CANADA DRY RESEARCH LABORATORIES

"I hear a better highball coming"

YOU CAN *hear* the zest and liveliness of drinks mixed with Canada Dry Water . . . sparkle lasts right down to the bottom sip.

Canada Dry's "PIN-POINT CARBONATION"* means millions of tinier bubbles . . . brisk little bubbles that insure lasting liveliness, in spite of melting ice.

Make the most of your precious liquor stocks. Use Canada Dry Water. Its special formula points up the flavor of any tall drink—scotch, rye, bourbon, gin or rum.

P.S. *If you prefer mixers with fuller flavor, there's nothing as good as Canada Dry . . . "the Champagne of Ginger Ales."*

CANADA DRY WATER

*PIN-POINT CARBONATION—the famous Canada Dry method of achieving livelier and longer-lasting zest!

BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

The Slave with a Magic Charm

Continued from pages 69-131

"cholera here?" His voice held fear.

"That man's infected," Dr. LaPorte said solemnly. "It's plain as day. Gentlemen, he's a carrier of the disease, spreading it wherever he goes."

They heard the slow tread of Big Job's bare feet on the stairs. He came into view on the circular staircase, carrying the pine box balanced on his shoulder. Looking up at him, Captain Delancey almost shuddered. The Negro walked past them, across the porch and down the steps.

"We've got to get that nigger out of the way," Dr. LaPorte said. "If we don't we'll have as bad an epidemic as you ever heard of. They'll be dying by families. They will desert the town and take to the hills, like the undertaker. They'll . . ."

Captain Delancey raised his hand, wincing. He waited until Job had the box stowed in the wagon, then he called, "When you get him buried, you just keep going. Don't you come back this way."

Big Job turned his head. "You ain' give me mah dolla an' mah bottle."

Captain Delancey jerked his head around, shouted, "Pattie, bring me a bottle of whisky." He reached in his pocket, pulled out a silver dollar and tossed it. The coin flashed bright in the night, silver against Big Job's shiny palm.

"Now hit the road," the Captain said.

"See here." Dr. LaPorte touched the Captain's arm. "We have got to put him out of the way, Captain. We'd better lock him up. We can't turn him loose on the road."

"Who's going to lock him up?" Captain Delancey demanded. "Who's going to watch him?" He shook his head with emphasis. "No, sir—boy, you get started. Wherever you're going, you get going."

"Ah's gwan nawth," Big Job said. "Ah's gwan to de nawthes' part ob de nawth."

"Then you hit the road or I'll get after you with a blacksnake whip. I'll get my gun and run you north. You hear me, nigger?"

"Yessuh, Ah hears you, Cap'n," Big Job said. "But, Cap'n, Ah ain' got no papers. People gwan stop me. Bloodhoun' gwan track me down. Slave patteroll gwan keep after me if'n Ah got no paper says Ah's free."

"Lord Almighty, I'll give you a paper," Captain Delancey said. He went into the house, lit a lamp. He spread a sheet of paper on his desk, dipped his pen and scribbled: *Beware. This man is a carrier of Asiatic cholera. Let him go. He's headed north.*

He underlined the last three words, then signed his name with angry pressure of the pen, *Capt. J. C. Delancey.* He carried the paper to the steps, blew on it to dry the ink and dropped it, fluttering, to the ground.

"There's your paper," he shouted. "Pick it up and put it in your pocket and don't stop walking till you get to New York City."

Big Job climbed to the wagon seat, and the wheels creaked in the night as he drove on to the road. Dr. LaPorte watched him go, rubbed his hands together and shook his head. "Captain, you just can't do it. We've got to lock the man up."

"Not on my plantation," Captain Delancey shouted. "Not in this parish."

"I'm going after him," Dr. LaPorte said. "I'll take him somewhere and lock him up until I'm sure he's rid of the infection. By George, Captain, we can't just turn him loose!"

There was a shining look to Captain Delancey's eyes and his skin was dark in the arc of lamplight. He bent over and gasped out, "Destroy him, Doctor. Destroy him!"

"No," Dr. LaPorte said. "I want to study his case." Then he saw that Captain Delancey had dropped to the floor, doubled up with cramps. He knelt quickly beside him, glanced up at Nicholas Fitch. "He's got it, too. Here, give me a hand."

But the slave broker backed away and started rapidly down the steps toward his buggy. Dr. LaPorte called for help, but Fitch did not stop and no slave came in answer. Alone he carried Captain Delancey up the staircase to his bedroom, and alone he watched through the night.

The next day he sent for another doctor, and when he arrived at nightfall Captain Delancey was in the typical last stage of exhaustion. But Dr. LaPorte did not wait. He started out that night on the trail of Big Job, and the slaves heard the patter of his mare's hoofs on the moonlit road.

"Dat man too sly," old David said. "He take to de woods an' li'l Doc nebber catchum. An' maybe he do, what gwan happen? Ol' Job jus' strike um daid, dat's all."

And as time passed and grass grew on the Captain's grave the Negroes were sure that David was right, because Dr. LaPorte never returned to the parish and no more was heard of Big Job and his magic paper, except the song they sang in the sugar cane. #

THIS CIGARETTE RECOGNIZED

by medical authorities—

PHILIP MORRIS & Co Ltd Inc
MADE IN U.S.A.
PHILIP MORRIS

PROVED less irritating to nose and throat

HERE'S the proof—from clinical tests with men and women smokers. The findings by distinguished doctors—reported in an authoritative medical journal—show that:

WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS, EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF NOSE OR THROAT—DUE TO SMOKING—EITHER CLEARED UP COMPLETELY, OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED!

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS
America's FINEST Cigarette!
EXTRA
BUY MORE BONDS

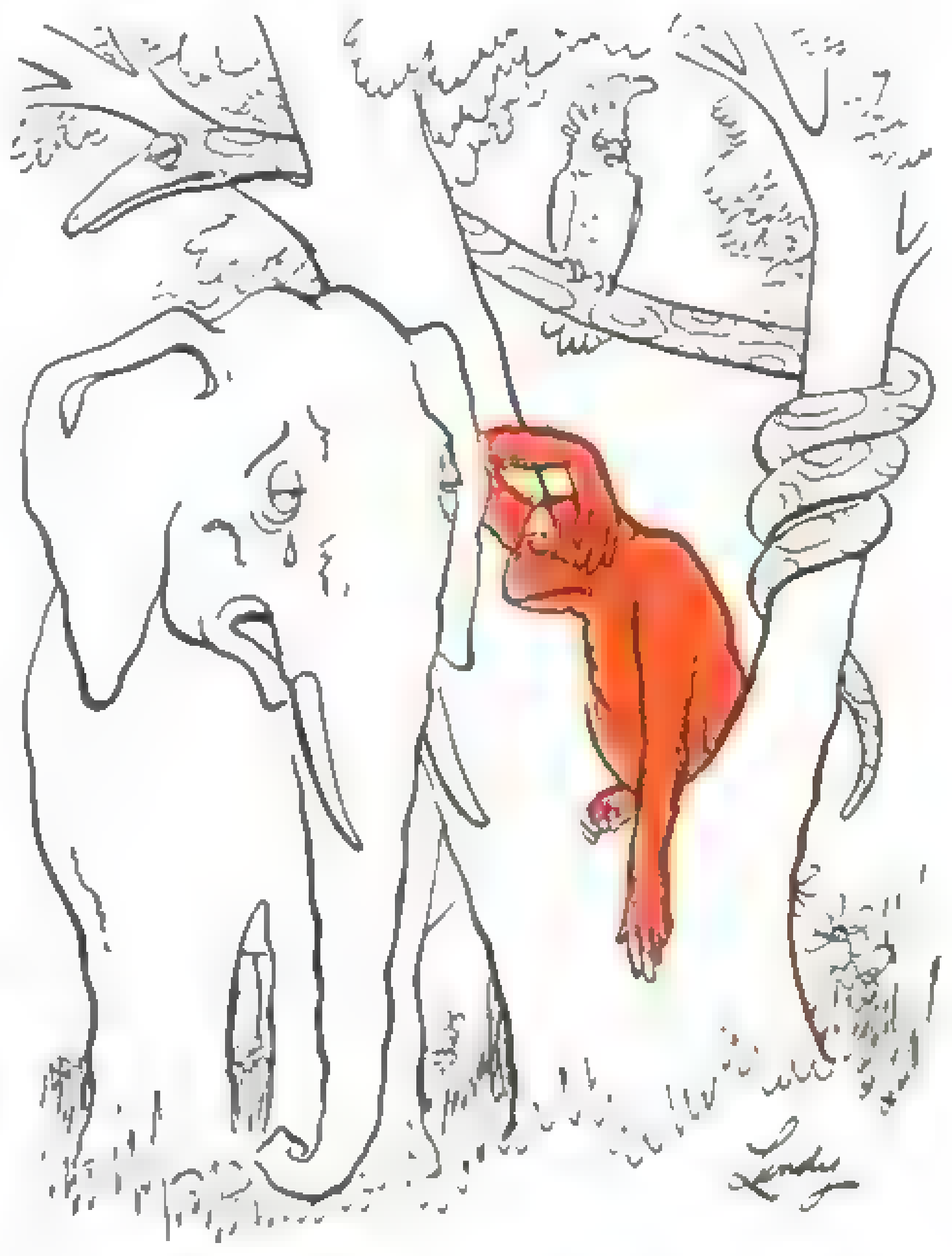
Saxophone's Hundredth Birthday

Continued from page 67

"The Champ de Mars was designed as a battlefield. It was there that the battle was held between enemy armies which, because of the names of their respective commanders in chief, M. Sax and M. Carafa, some mischievous wags named the 'Saxons' and the 'Carafons.'

"At noon the two camps were lined up. The members of the commission, the generals and the composers had taken their places in the Pavillon de l'Horloge, from which they judged the blows . . . of percussion.

"Before the sides met in combat, rumors circulated about the desertions which were reportedly taking place in the Saxon camp. Desertions were going on as they had at Waterloo, said the rumors, even the night before the battle, and they had resulted in the army's having thirty-four fighters while the Old Guard, I mean the old musicians, could claim forty-five effectives.



"I sure do miss old Frank Buck, don't you?"

"On both sides one saw the generals arrange their troops in battle formation and exhort them with voice and gesture. But their exhortations were needless: a war-like ardor burned in the faces of the combatants. All of them showed a disposition to fight to the last breath.

"The horns did not appear disposed to strike their flag and the basses were firm at their posts, like the veterans they are.

"When the battle cry was given, General Sax, without doubt noting the numerical inferiority of his forces, decided to follow the example of Augereau and of Napoleon at the Arcole bridge. He turned over the command to his lieutenant Ferry, picked up a bugle, and started to fight among his men like a common horn blower.

"Finally the battle began. In those first moments, when the score was simple enough to allow nothing but harmony, it sounded only like a group of expert marksmen firing a fusillade. Then the crowd warmed up. Each army executed the same piece in its turn, the Old Guard keeping its duty to harmony in mind by continually sounding rolls of the drums. The fight lasted over an hour. Of course, we must report at this time to which side victory belongs. Distrusting our own knowledge of strategy, we queried others, and found all witnesses in unanimous agreement: in regard to the tone, the mellowness, the flexibility of their rendition, the advantage goes without question to the Saxons. It was another Lützen: the buglers vanquished the old mustached trombonists."

Thus the saxophone emerged from the fight victorious. Novelty triumphed over tradition. The Belgian, Adolphe Sax, won, despite the fact that his musicians had been enticed away, that he himself had to play three instruments at a time and that it was said paid thugs walked up and down before his orchestra shouting: "Down with the foreigner!"

After this unique musical battle it was clear that the new armament had triumphed over the old. The *Monitor* of the French army, published on Wednesday, September 10, 1845, said of the battle:

"The President of the Council, Minister Secretary of the State of War, decided, on the 31st of July, 1845, that the music of each infantry and cavalry regiment in the army should have the following instrumental composition. . . ."

And for the first time two saxophones, one small saxhorn in E flat, two saxhorns in B flat, an althorn, three saxhorns in B flat with three or four mutes, four saxhorns contra-bass in B flat, one trombone with mutes were incorporated into the regular army band of fifty musicians.

The cause was won. But it took many another adventure to bring the saxophone across the Atlantic and make it the soul of jazz. At the very beginning, in New Orleans, clarinets, not saxophones, were used. When was the saxophone first played in a jazz band?

That question can't be answered precisely, but it is certain that the first to make use of the new instrument were "Tom Brown's Minstrels," who, before 1914, appeared in the *Jack O'Lantern Company* at the Globe Theater in New York. The first to adapt himself to the saxophone was Tommy Brown, who played it in the revue, *Chin-Chin*, and for two years repeated the tune in the Blues and Ragtime style. In 1904 he had played the clarinet in Chicago in the Ringling Brothers show and after several months of practice with the saxophone, he had so much success that he convinced his brothers they should form with him the "Six Brown Brothers."

It was a sextet, but it still wasn't jazz. The victory of the saxophone came little by little with the rise of the new music, which wasn't called "jazz" until 1914.

Meanwhile, Adolphe Sax, the great Belgian inventor, had died of hunger. ⧺

PORTIS HATS
in Nature's Own Colors
"ROBIN" Crown Hand-Creased at Factory

Get the Victory Spirit in a soft-feeling, long-wearing new Spring Portis Hat that's styled for *your* face. Brighter shades . . . Suntan, Greenspray, Silver-cloud and Sky-blue—herald the brighter days ahead.

At better men's stores everywhere

\$5 • \$5.50 • \$6.50 • \$7.50 • \$10

PORTIS BROS. HAT CO., CHICAGO 10, ILL.

Unless you're a WOODEN INDIAN

HARWOOD "Conformers" are made for you

"They S-P-R-E-A-D when you do"

SHORTS & PAJAMAS

Wooden Indians, if they wore shorts and pajamas, could wear any kind. They wouldn't be bothered by the "pull" across the back or the cramped crotch when they sit down, because *they never sit down.*

But every time *you* sit down, your seat spreads. After all, that's how a man is built. That's why you need CONFORMERS. They s-p-r-e-a-d when you do! A patented construction allows the seat to expand in two ways—across and up-and-down. Thus the room is there when you need it, and you're always comfortable—sitting, standing, bending or lying down. Get some today. SHORTS $1.25 and up—PAJAMAS $3.95 and up.

HARWOOD MFG. CORP. • 261 Fifth Ave. • New York 16

War Birds That Swim

Continued from page 84

the test in thirty minutes. After that he listens in on a lecture giving advice on how to face the situation should he find himself on a rubber raft far from home base.

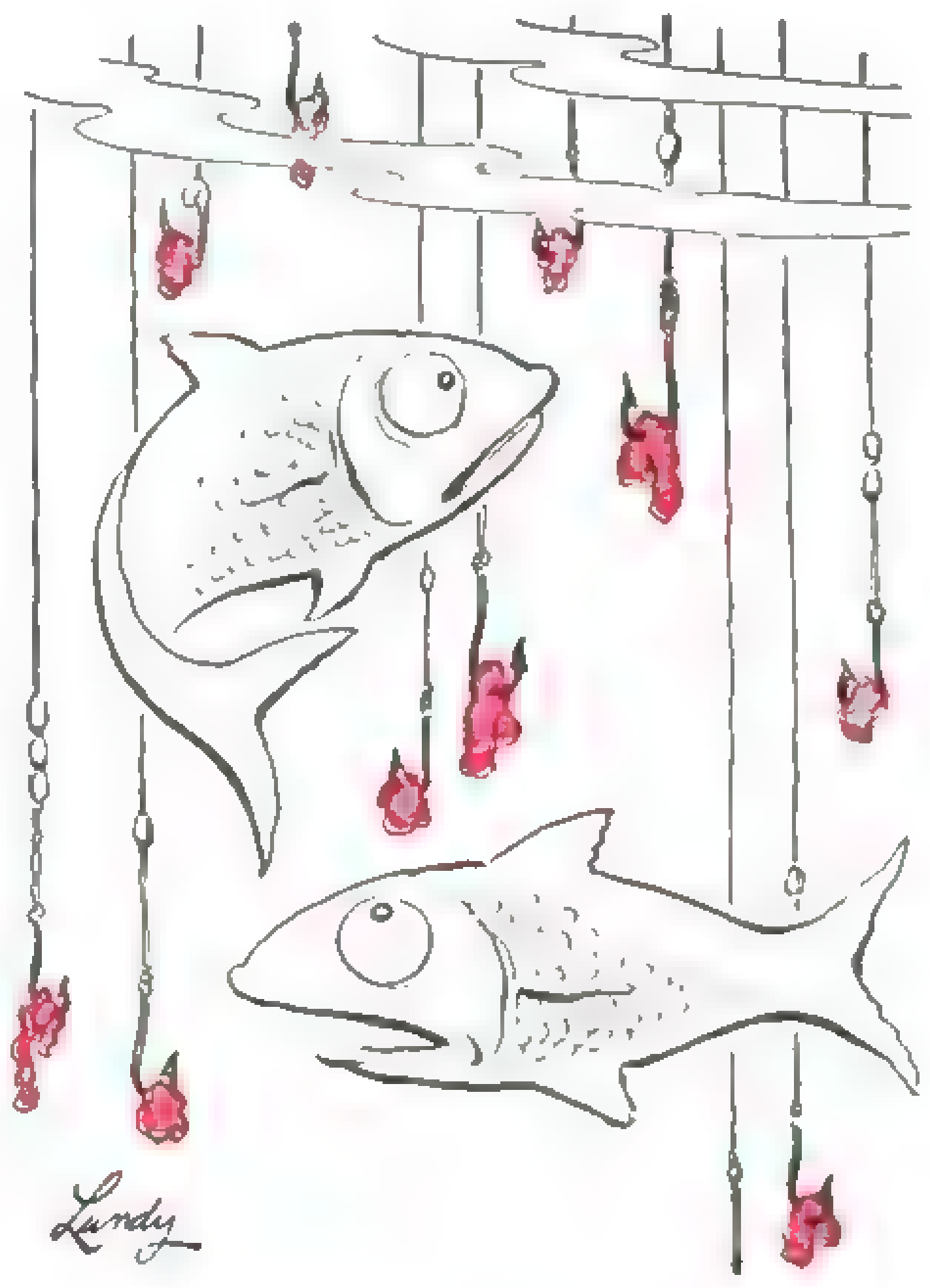
Twenty per cent of our air cadets, like Mares, enter school unable to swim a stroke, and five per cent are excellent swimmers; seventy-five per cent can swim after a fashion, provided they don't have to go very far. It seems that this seventy-five per cent can usually manage to struggle through the water for fifty yards and remain afloat for about two minutes.

The daily routine for the air cadet includes classroom lectures and study in such subjects as physics and higher mathematics. The entire University program is designed to give the cadets this basic academic training, teach them military formations and put them in physical condition for the hard flying ahead.

Now with the survival swimming program added to their three "R's" the men are being prepared to take care of themselves in the event of a "wet" landing.

The actual flying the men do at the University air schools amounts to about twelve hours in a light plane. This is sufficient to give the cadet the "feel" of the controls. Sometime during the flying period the cadets are taught how to come out of stalls and spins. All of this develops "air confidence."

The other day Carl Funderburg, a cadet from Texas, remarked while watching a swimming class train for its survival test, "It seems these swimming exercises give the men confidence in the water the same as the stalls and spins out at the field are giving men confidence in the air."



"A lot of absenteeism today"

After hearing this casual remark I compared figures on flying time and swimming training by the same men in the school, and it takes about an equal amount of time for students to gain confidence in the air or in the water.

The usual procedure at the airport is to begin with take-offs and shallow banking turns. When the flight instructor feels that the cadet is familiar with the controls of the plane, he is told to take it up to an altitude of 2,500 feet. By putting the nose of the plane skyward and cutting the power, the plane stalls; that is, it loses its flying speed.

This maneuver is followed by the plane nosing over and spinning earthward. After the cadet has had the thrill and satisfaction of bringing himself and the plane out of this serious predicament, he finds his air confidence has increased a thousandfold.

A parallel in the University pool comes at the conclusion of every daily class. A "life line" of better swimmers station themselves along the edge of the pool every ten feet.

The beginners are encouraged to swim through deep water along this human life line as far as they individually can. At first a few, like Cadet Mares, manage to go only a few feet. These men find it only a matter of weeks though until the distance has been stretched to forty or fifty feet. Steady progress rapidly builds up water confidence.

Taking a class at random I asked the various men who could not swim where they came from, thinking that certain sections of the country might be more at fault than others. In this case each of the these men was from a different state, namely: Kentucky, New York, Indiana, New Mexico, Kansas, Arkansas and Nebraska. A later check of official records proved this quick survey to be general.

The survival test and the manual explaining how to prepare thousands of cadets for it has become a vital part of the preflight program. Every man is subjected to the training for three months and then given the water test before leaving the University. In this manner the men move on to the next base with a rating in their ability to survive.

The survival training takes precedence over all other physical training. Men who enroll in the Army Air Corps and cannot swim are from every state in the Union. Yet figures prove coastal and lake states contribute a slightly higher average of good swimmers.

Out of this war will come many things to change the sport picture in America. Every school will have its swimming program; every community, one or more pools. Every able-bodied boy and girl of high school age, as well as many who are not able-bodied, will be taught to swim. This life saving sport is fast becoming a "must" for our national educational program.

In the meantime, during this emergency, Army preflight instructors will continue with their all-important two-fold water program; that is, giving unfortunate fledglings water confidence and teaching all cadets how to survive a "white cap" landing. ##

The Wheel Named Prudence

Continued from page 55

tried to carry the satchel wherein Prudence resided. It was just before he got off the train and Harvey had set the bag down for a moment. Innocently the porter grabbed for the bag and had it half way down the aisle before Harvey, in a burst of rage, leaped bodily on the surprised Negro and almost knocked him through the window in his desperation to get the case back.

And so, while Prudence made occasional errors, the good decisions so overbalanced the poor ones that the whole pattern of Harvey's life was happy and prosperous. He was now a man of social standing and a leader in his community and he had an easy confidence and zest for living he had never possessed before.

It was about this time that Harvey decided to marry. Up to this point, women had not played a vital part in his life. He had been drifting from one casual affair to another but now he began to feel the desire for permanence. His plan, of course, was to allow Prudence to have a prominent part in the selection.

First he intended to list all the women of his acquaintance with whom he could, with any reasonable assurance, visualize himself married. Then, one by one, he would allow the wheel to discard them until only one remained, whom he would cultivate and propose to.

But in this new undertaking it was evident from the very beginning that something was wrong. If Harvey had been a wise man, he would have recognized the trouble which was brewing and cancelled the whole business of getting married. It may be that he did recognize it, but was just obstinate enough to force the thing through, anyway.

The whole trouble centered on Prudence—she objected to Harvey marrying with a bitterness and desperate intensity that seemed to vibrate in every fiber of her little black body.

It is probable that it was a simple case of jealousy. She had come to look upon Harvey as her own personal property and, therefore, it was perfectly natural that she should object to sharing him with someone else.

This theory may or may not be so. But when Harvey placed the first name on the board for Prudence to decide upon, the ivory ball skittered angrily about the spinning platter, and finally jumped entirely out of the bowl. He spun it again and instead of the usual soft, contented hum, there was a rasping, grating noise, almost like a death rattle. Harvey took the mechanism apart and cleaned out the sand which had unaccountably settled in the spinning device. The next time he spun the wheel, the ivory ball did not settle on any number at all, but rather balanced itself neatly on the tiny ridge just above the slots of numbers. Finally by pure brute insistence, Prudence was forced to make a commitment.

And so it was a battle of wills over each individual name—Prudence fighting desperately to avoid having to select any name at all and Harvey stubbornly refusing to discontinue the undertaking. Prudence fought so hard, it affected the texture of the outer bowl, and her usual sheen and gloss gradually turned streaked and spotty.

She even disappeared mysteriously one day and didn't show up until the janitor found where the valise had been mislaid in the clothes closet. And gradually over the months while the inner disc whined and quivered as if it were in pain, Harvey forced the selection to continue. And, in the end, Harvey had his way, and it turned out a lady by the name of Jacqueline was the lucky winner, and it was she whom Harvey determined to marry and finally did.

Jacqueline was a nice enough person—very attractive, indeed, with her long blonde hair and her full lips. Having all the attributes that any man could ask for—charm, beauty, intelligence, poise—she should have made anyone an excellent wife. That is, anyone except Harvey; she hadn't counted on Prudence.

It was only a month after their wedding that Harvey murdered her. He stood in front of her and pumped one bullet into her as she stood there wild-eyed and terror-stricken. Then he emptied the revolver into her body as it lay limp on the floor.

It was easy enough for the lawyer to get him a verdict of not guilty by reason of insanity—all Harvey had to do was to tell his story the way it happened.

It was an unforgettable spectacle to see Harvey sitting there on the witness stand, not defending himself so much as trying desperately to make the jury understand what had happened to him those three preceding years, and the reason he shot his wife. His face was haggard and melancholy, and his voice was tired from the telling of it.

"It's all so clear to me now," he kept saying. "When Prudence finally realized I was determined to get married she was heartbroken and decided to commit suicide.

"She chose my wife for me all right—one who was beautiful and talented, and in that first month I had grown very fond of her. But Prudence had seen to it that the wife I got would have one other trait. That's the cause of all our tragedy. Jacqueline had a violent obsession which amounted almost to religious fervor. She hated gambling in all its forms and shapes.

"We had been married a month that night, when Jacqueline accidently stumbled on the valise with Prudence inside; she threw the whole thing in the fire." ##

IT'S A champ FROM EVERY ANGLE

The news is spreading..."The wise money is on the CHAMP"...The news is spreading..."There's no better hat value in town."

From every angle—quality, style, appearance—the CHAMP is *your* hat for Spring!...These three smart models are planned to suit all facial types—and planned to give you the most for your money.

R. A. F....*Smart narrow ribbon—extra narrow binding edge. Flexible, durable.* $5.00 • COMMANDO...*Luxurious felt—luxuriously lined. Wide ribbon edge, triple-stitched. Imperial quality.* $6.50 • CRUSADER...*Soft, lightweight felt. Richly lined. Matched ribbon band and edge. Imperial quality.* $6.50 • *Grays, browns, greens, blues and covert.*

CHAMP HATS • MADE BY LA SALLE HAT CO., PHILADELPHIA

Covering the Fight at Carson

Continued from page 70

postage stamp. In its expansive ground-floor quarters the *Journal* opened wine, beer and Bartlett water for visitors.

Newspapermen visited Corbett's quarters where callers, including ladies, were welcome. They mingled with the crowds under the wooden awnings on Carson Street, in the lobby of the hulking red brick, mansarded post office, along the benches by the iron fence around the capitol, gathering every small scrap of talk about the forthcoming fight. When Corbett ran along the road toward Genoa or Empire City or Reno, reporters followed in hacks and carriages, or on horses. Doc Benton and other livery stable proprietors learned that after a week of use by a scoop reporter, a horse was worn out.

There were news items and rumors galore that reporters promptly sent to their metropolitan papers without necessarily checking on the truth. Siler, Stuart, and the fighters finally agreed to make one exception to the Queensbury rules, to Rule 12: they would break clean without hitting in clinches. The complete rules, as agreed on, took up one and a half columns of print. Statistics of the fighters, daily reports of their routines, their morale, filled column after column. The contestants met accidentally on visits to the State Prison yard, to see mammoth ground sloth footprints that lie exposed in a limestone stratum. Corbett would not shake hands. Attempting to make psychological warfare on his opponent, he said, "I'll shake hands with you just once more—when we meet in the ring next Tuesday."

The big amphitheater, three hundred feet in diameter, was completed, with a special section for ladies. Governor Sadler declared that there should be no rowdiness or disorder in Carson. If necessary, he would use state troops. Except for one light snowfall, the weather remained sunny and snappy. T. T. Williams arrived to write for Hearst and F. H. Bushnell to photograph; and the famous orator, rotund ex-Senator John J. Ingalls of Kansas, appeared in two overcoats, heavy shoes and a soft hat, to write a feature account. He justified his assignment morally by claiming that his estate was shrunken and this writing job was reputable employment.

It was rumored that Fitzsimmons had promised his wife to retire after the fight, and it was repeated simultaneously that Fitzsimmons was drinking to excess and that his manager encouraged such rumors in order to raise the betting odds, which finally were ten to six against Fitzsimmons.

As the fateful March 17 drew near, the tension mounted. Daily both Fitzsimmons and Corbett received voluminous mail. Small boys wrote asking for pointers in the manly art. Religious cranks urged them to reform before it was too late. Good wishers sent good luck emblems, especially wishbones and black rabbits' feet. Blacksmiths shipped horseshoes to Fitzsimmons. An Oakland paper arranged to have carrier pigeons hurry the fight news westward over the Tahoe Sierras. On Sunday, March 14, preachers the country over moralized on the forthcoming fight. The Reverend W. A. Gardner of the Christian Church saw signs of moral degeneracy in the new sensational journalism. Hosea had said, "Like people like priest." Rev. Gardner said, "Like people like daily paper." The Reverend Dr. Hemphill of Calvary Presbyterian Church, San Francisco, said it would not be a good fight; therefore God would not reward either fighter with a crown of glory. "Professional pugilism is utterly brutal, degrading, disgusting and diabolical. It is not the manly art, but the art of the devil. Two human brutes are soon to do their best to maul and kill each other in a sister state—dying Nevada, the only state in the Union that sanctions such an infamy. Let her blot out from her seal of state the rising sun and put in its place a fallen star, or the faces of the brutes who are soon to fight for a prize."

Nevadans argued as the governor had when he signed the bill. Pugilism was less demoralizing to society than the immoral dinners of socialites and brokers and less dangerous to life and limb than the brutalities of Eastern football.

Society benefited from the 1,000-dollar state fee required for glove exhibitions. There was nothing wrong in promoting the art of self-defense. And legalized contests could be well conducted. The authorities made sure that order would be kept at the ring.

On March 16 and 17 special trains from California and the East pulled in via the Southern Pacific to Reno and the V. & T. from there south. Among the crowd were capitalists, ex-governors and ex-convicts, well-dressed, genuine ladies, "Hamburg sausage" men, hawking hamburgers, and about a thousand miners from Virginia City and Gold Hill, especially Irishmen and Cornishmen. Farmers and their families drove in from Carson and Washoe

This is a funny ad!

Why funny? Well, just take a look at what follows. Instead of asking you to rush right down to your dealer, we're asking you to put off buying any Monarch garment unless you really must have it . . . you see Uncle Sam needs a sizeable share of our facilities. Also, if you can't find just what you're looking for, please don't get peeved . . . it's neither your store's fault nor ours . . . if you must blame someone, pick on Hitler. But, there's another day coming . . . so remember the Monarch label with the lion's head on it . . . for when peace comes that lion's head will be your best guarantee of style, quality and value in "Better Outdoor Garments" . . . plus an ample selection from which to choose.

• • •

Always Buy War Bonds First!

THE MONARCH MANUFACTURING CO. Monarch MILWAUKEE 333 E. CHICAGO ST., MILWAUKEE 2, WIS.

LEATHER AND FABRIC COATS AND JACKETS FOR SPORT, LEISURE AND UTILITY WEAR

valleys and Truckee Meadows, to see the crowds if not the fight. Even local moralists who had opposed the fight were excited.

The battle began shortly after noon under a turquoise sky. Corbett had the choice of corners and put his back to the sun. Fitzsimmons refused Corbett's offer to shake hands. Neither fighter accomplished much in the first round. Beginning with the second, Corbett had the advantage. In the fourth round he cleverly smothered Fitzsimmons with left jabs in the face and split his lower lip, from which oozed a thick stream of blood. Time after time the supple Corbett got away from the spindly-legged Fitzsimmons. In the sixth he battered Fitzsimmons on the head and body until blood streamed and Fitzsimmons sank to the canvas, grabbing Corbett's knees. Gentleman Jim was afraid to kick loose, lest Fitzsimmons' supporters yell "Foul!" So he called on Siler to haul Fitzsimmons off. This gave Fitzsimmons time to rise under his own power and fight the few remaining seconds of the round.

Black crepe dinner suit, worn by Rosalind Russell in Columbia's "What a Woman," is adapted from a man's evening suit. Jacket has tuxedo lapels and skirt pleats at waist. Vest of white ermine. Designed by Travis Banton and tailored by Eddie Schmidt.

Fitzsimmons rallied for nearly eight rounds more, but at the opening of the fourteenth round Corbett looked like the winner. He was tired but strong and clearly the more scientific boxer. He pounded Fitzsimmons and kept up the flow of blood from his mouth. After the first minute Fitzsimmons made a fake lead with his right for Corbett's jaw. Instead of keeping his body inclined forward and throwing back his head to allow the blow to slip by, Corbett contemptuously bent his head and chest backward, protruding his abdomen. Fitzsimmons' small eyes flashed. He drew his left fist back and brought it up with all the energy of his terrific shoulders—his forearm rigid and at right angles to his upper arm. He ripped the blow up the pit of Corbett's stomach at a point just under the heart. This blow at the spleen lifted Corbett off his feet. As Corbett pitched forward, Fitzsimmons shot his right up and caught Corbett on the jaw. Corbett sank on his left knee with his arms outstretched to the ropes. His left arm worked convulsively up and down. His face twitched. Siler counted to ten, threw up his hands, called Corbett out and left the ring. There were a few calls of "Foul!" though all of the 7,000 or 8,000 persons in the arena knew the end was fair. Enthusiasts leaped into the ring. The seconds rushed Corbett into his corner. After a few seconds, he dashed at Fitzsimmons through the crowd, but Fitzsimmons kept his hands at his sides. As Corbett struck at his head, Fitzsimmons ducked. Corbett's friends grabbed him, but he broke away, clinched with Fitzsimmons, and struck a feeble blow on his ear, but Fitzsimmons (richer by 50,000 dollars from the prize and bets) only smiled calmly.

When the fighters finally shook hands formally, Corbett said, "You've licked me fair and square. Now I want you to give me another chance."

Fitzsimmons replied coldly, "I will not fight you again."

Said Corbett, "Then I will punch you in the head the first time I meet you on the street."

"If you do I will kill you."

Soon after the fight was over Hearst's California train, the Examiner Special, departed from Carson with twenty artists and writers. On a stretch west of Rocklin, California, the train made seventy miles per hour. Next day the San Francisco *Examiner* was the only paper in the entire world with authentic pictures and a total of nine out of twenty pages devoted to the Carson fight. New Yorkers had to be content with long news stories and features in the *World* or *Journal*, though they could crowd into Proctor's Pleasure Palace and see Mike Donovan and Alfred Austin give a blow-by-blow imitation of Corbett and Fitzsimmons or go to the Lenox Lyceum and watch Billy Roberts and Johnny Stuart reproduce the fight in shadowgraph.

The Kinetoscope people, who had finally scaled their fee down to 11,000 dollars, developed their films and found that since the camera was in a fixed position, aimed at the heads and torsos of the fighters, it did not show Corbett on the floor in the fourteenth round; also, cigar smoke from ringside spectators obscured pictures of the sixth round. The films flickered and shifted, yet awed spectators thought them marvelous.

While fight fans regaled themselves on round-by-round news stories and paid their bets and speculated on a Corbett-Jeffries or Fitzsimmons-Jeffries fight, the Current Events Club of Syracuse, New York, kept alive the ideals of the Victorian age. Its members pledged no longer to patronize the *Journal* or the *World* "so long as they continue to traffic so largely in questionable sensation and so grossly offend the better taste of the community." #

treat yourself to...
CORONET V.S.Q. BRANDY
...and soda
CORONET
VSQ
Fine Brandy
CORONET BRANDY
CORONET
THEY also serve...
who BUY and HOLD War Bonds

California Grape Brandy 84 Proof. Schenley Distillers Corporation, N. Y.
Tune in "Schenley's Cresta Blanca Wine Carnival of Music" starring Morton Gould's Orchestra and Alec Templeton over C. B. S. each Wednesday evening.

Bantamac-tion

ON THE HOME FRONT

These are the days for all good men to come to the aid of their porch, screens, yard, or whatever else needs repair. Sure we're amateurs, but even a Saturday soldier needs good equipment—and that goes for a well tailored, strongly stitched, made-to-take-it Bantamac jacket as well as hammer, saw and screw-driver. One thing about a Bantamac—it's styled to go to the best places, yet built to take the worst. Plenty of free-and-easy action, sheds showers and wind—no wonder you see Bantamacs in so many front yards, back yards, gardens, and country clubs, too!

Yours for action
Bantamac
THE QUALITY-DEPENDABLE JACKET OF MANY USES

BANTAMAC is sold by leading stores: Cotton Twill, $5.95 and up; Gabardine, $7.95 and up. For FREE illustrated folder, fabric swatch and nearest dealer write Briar Club, Dept. H, 1107 Broadway, N. Y. 10, Makers of BRIAR CLUB sweaters and leather coats.

13,000 Feet to Richmond

Continued from page 62

air and he called the Navy plane.

"Navy 2481, this is Richmond Radio," George said slowly, distinctly into the mike. "Get the hell out of here."

Both men waited silently . . . then, blasting from a receiver, came a bewildered and indignant, "Navy 2481—Roger!"

George spun his control dial, and the range resumed its steady pulse.

"Trip 16," George said, "are you still on course?"

"Still on course," the pilot answered. "Five thousand now. Did the Navy read?"

"He got it," George told him.

"That helps. 16 out."

The two operators went over to the windows. The fire truck waited by the hangar, its motor idling. Its crew was climbing into asbestos suits. A crowd was collecting outside the administration building; mechanics wiped their grease-streaked hands as they came out of the hangar, Army pilots talked seriously in small groups, the airport manager walked over to the truck with two C.A.A. inspectors, and all of them watched the sky, their eyes held to the fog-like overcast that seemed to settle lower over the field.

"Look, Mac," George offered, "I'll sell you a half interest in that five bucks for a dollar and a half."

"A wise guy," Mac said. "I've seen mighty few ships with engines make good an instrument approach the first attempt, and Johnny hasn't any engines."

In the distance came the wavering whine of a siren, rising to an ear-aching wail, and a moment later they saw the hospital cars race through the airport gates.

"When he breaks through that overcast," George said, "he had better be on a line for the field. If he tries to bank for any kind of turn at that altitude, without power, he'll fall off into a spin."

"Don't worry," Mac assured him. "When he comes out of that stuff at 400, he won't have time to do anything but hold her steady and do a lot of praying.

"I wouldn't be too surprised," Mac added, "if he plows right into our laps."

"An optimist!" George complimented him.

"And then again," Mac ignored the interruption, "if he overshoots by a mile or two, he'll go into the city . . ."

"Richmond Radio, from Trip 16," George went back to the radio panel. "Over the range station, over the cone of silence at three thousand feet, on a compass heading of 27°, estimate the field in one minute. Over."

"Roger, 16," George said. "We are ready for you. Good luck."

"Thanks, George. 16 out."

The hum of the liner's carrier clicked off the air, and the men went back to the windows.

"He ought to come down right about there," Mac pointed to a dark patch in the overcast.

Then they saw it. One moment it was a shadow swelling in the stratus, and the liner was through it, hurtling out and down, its silver wings dipping as the pilot caught the flashing panorama of the field whirling up to meet him. Over the north runway it came down, fast—overshooting. The landing flaps went down, and the big plane bucked, lost altitude quickly as the flaps dug into the air stream. She bounced onto the runway, rose and slammed down again, and then she was on the deck, wheel brakes screeching as she sped over the pavement.

George suddenly realized he was holding his breath—and his arm hurt. Mac was clutching it, his eyes wide, and whispering, "What a honey! What a honey!"

"Break it up. He's down," George told him. Mac nodded. He went over to the clothes rack for hat and coat, couldn't find them and started hunting. George watched him.

"Lost something?"

"Hat and coat," Mac muttered.

"Got 'em on," George told him without comment.

"Hello, boys." The slim, neatly uniformed pilot walked into the station.

"Hello, Johnny, sit down."

The pilot sat down and lighted a cigarette with steady hands.

"How was it?" Mac asked.

"Okay," Johnny said calmly, "but I was kind of worried about that sailor. Thanks for the heading, George."

"Sure, Johnny," George said, "and how about that five bucks?"

The pilot snapped his fingers. "Hell's bells, George—forgot all about it. I took Ethel out last night, and you know how it is."

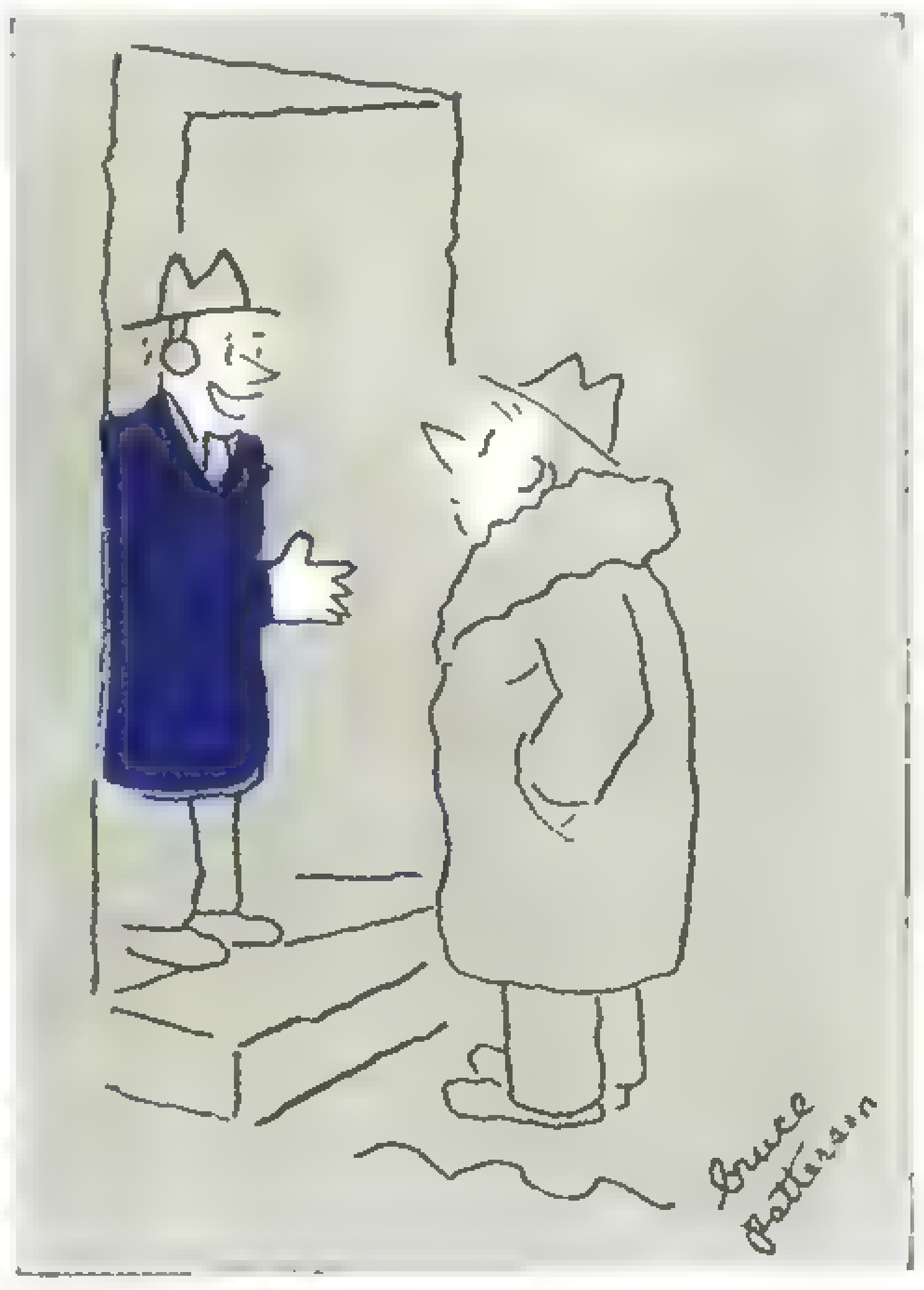
Mac let out a laugh as he left.

"Look, Johnny," George protested, "a friend is a friend, but five bucks is—"

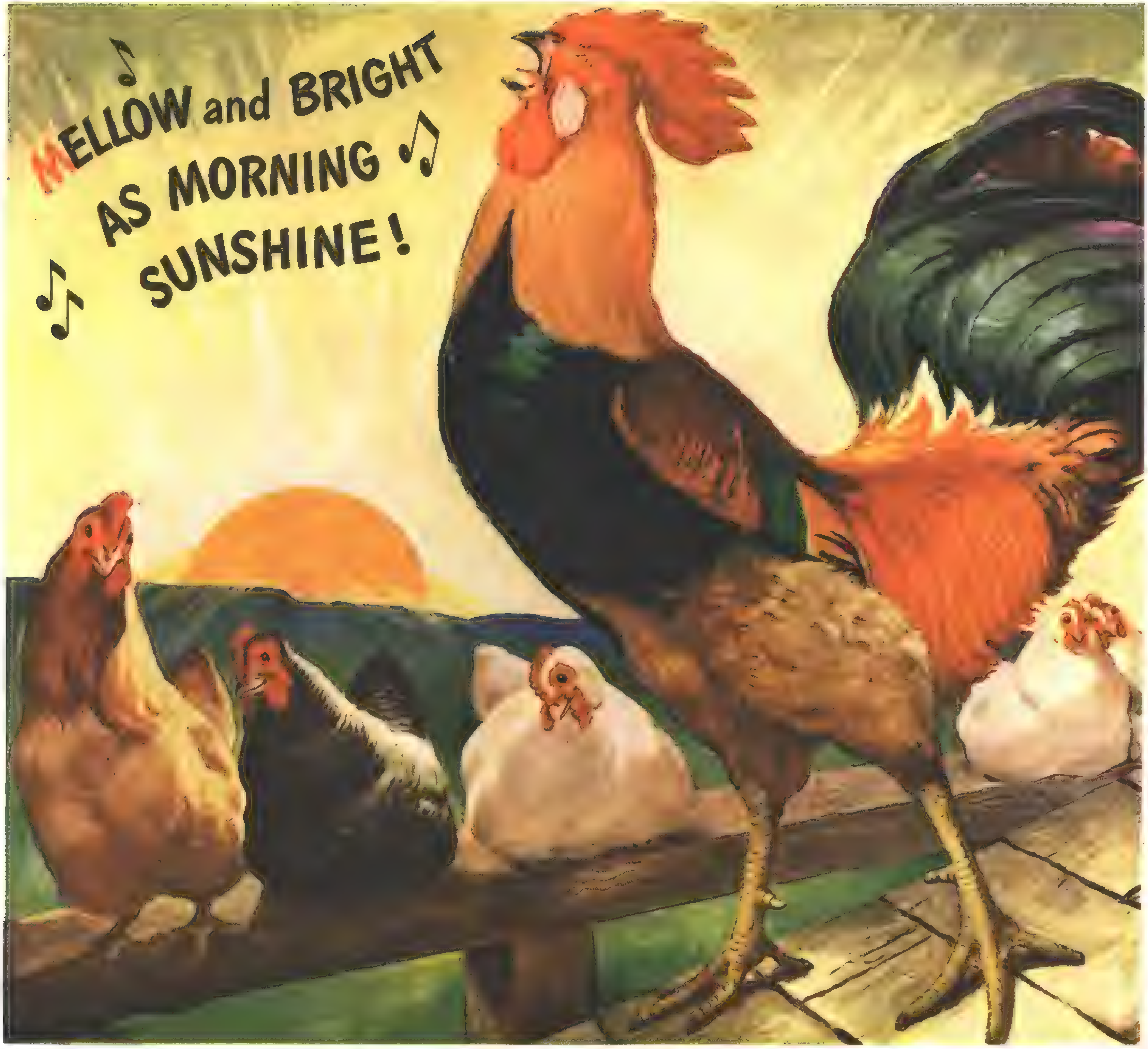
A high frequency tone surged through a receiver, and then the voice came through, "Richmond Radio, Richmond Radio, this is Army 960. Over."

George sighed as he switched on the mike.

"Army 960," he said, "this is Richmond Radio. Over." ⧺



"No, we're not going out—just saving coal"



LIKE SUNNY MORNING IN YOUR GLASS

HOLD a drink of SCHENLEY Reserve up to the light — watch it wink and sparkle . . . just like a breeze-swept country morning. Now *taste* it — and you'll find a bit of sunny morning in your glass! Golden and mellow, *smooth as sunrise,* SCHENLEY Reserve is the result of *real genius* in *blending.* It's America's first choice whiskey — because we made it America's finest! Try it . . . in a highball or mixed drink. You'll be pleasantly surprised.

The whiskies in Schenley Reserve are supplied only from existing stocks. Our distilleries are now producing only alcohol for munitions, synthetic rubber and other important uses. Schenley has produced no whiskey since October 1942.

Mellow and light as a perfect morning!

BUY MORE WAR BONDS!

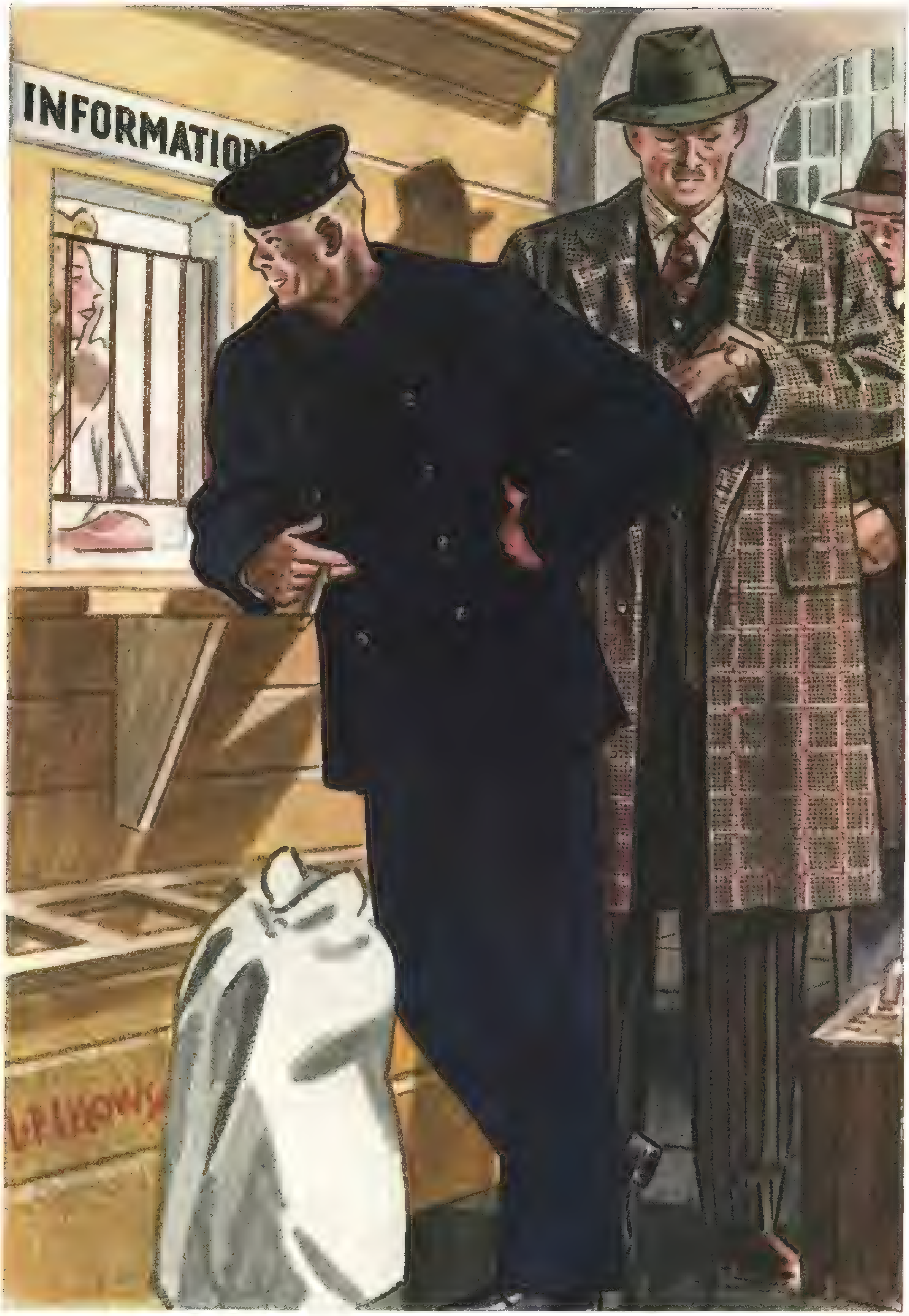
SCHENLEY

Reserve

BLENDED WHISKEY

SCHENLEY
RESERVE

Schenley Distillers Corporation, New York City. 86 proof — sixty per cent Neutral Spirits Distilled From Fruit and Grains.



no time for comedy

Put a pretty girl in a booth, pen her in with iron bars, tack an "Information" sign over her head—and what would you expect a sailor to do? That's right, and here he is doing it. We don't know who asked him to hold the line but he seems to be on the point of getting the busy signal. . . . The clock-watcher has definitely not missed the train when it comes to correct dress. His topcoat boasts an overplaid—in the form of a rust-colored pattern over a brown and tan two-and-two check ground—that's reminiscent of the good old free-wheeling days. The rest of the outfit consists of striped worsted suit, green felt hat, striped shirt, large pattern tie and brown shoes. This all goes to prove that it isn't what you wear but what you wear it with. Any one of the items is pretty conventional, but the excellently balanced combination of them affords an effect distinctly out of the ordinary.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

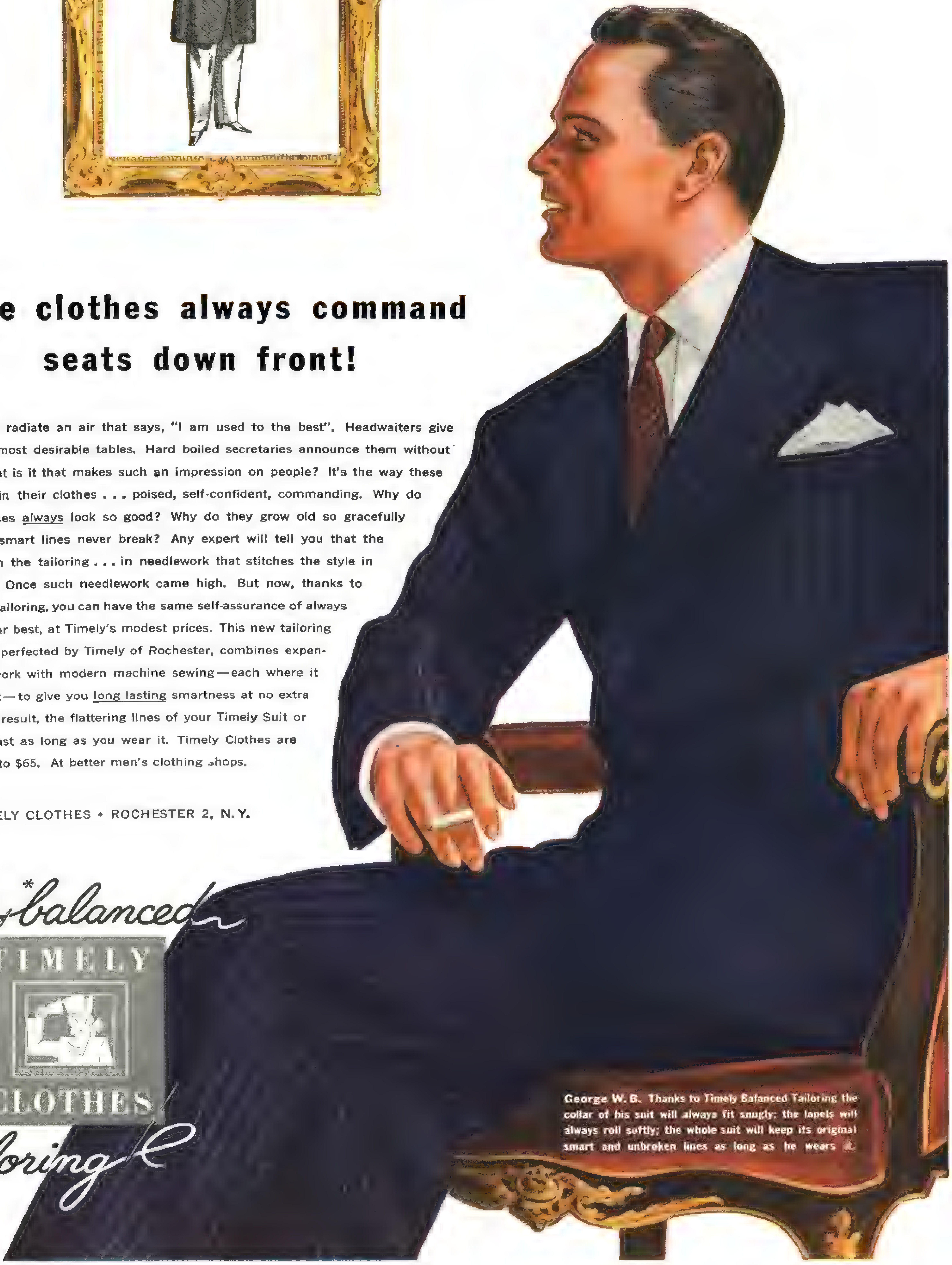
Whitford Beddlington. *He owned the finest collection of fancy waistcoats in Mayfair, but he never knew the advantages of air conditioning, central heating or *Balanced Tailoring.*

some clothes always command seats down front!

Some men radiate an air that says, "I am used to the best". Headwaiters give them the most desirable tables. Hard boiled secretaries announce them without delay. What is it that makes such an impression on people? It's the way these men look in their clothes . . . poised, self-confident, commanding. Why do some clothes always look so good? Why do they grow old so gracefully that their smart lines never break? Any expert will tell you that the secret is in the tailoring . . . in needlework that stitches the style in for keeps. Once such needlework came high. But now, thanks to Balanced Tailoring, you can have the same self-assurance of always looking your best, at Timely's modest prices. This new tailoring technique, perfected by Timely of Rochester, combines expensive handwork with modern machine sewing—each where it serves best—to give you long lasting smartness at no extra cost. As a result, the flattering lines of your Timely Suit or Coat will last as long as you wear it. Timely Clothes are about $35 to $65. At better men's clothing shops.

TIMELY CLOTHES • ROCHESTER 2, N.Y.

*Balanced
TIMELY
CLOTHES
Tailoring



George W. B. Thanks to Timely Balanced Tailoring the collar of his suit will always fit snugly; the lapels will always roll softly; the whole suit will keep its original smart and unbroken lines as long as he wears it.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Printing by hand in the bright, clear colorings of the famous

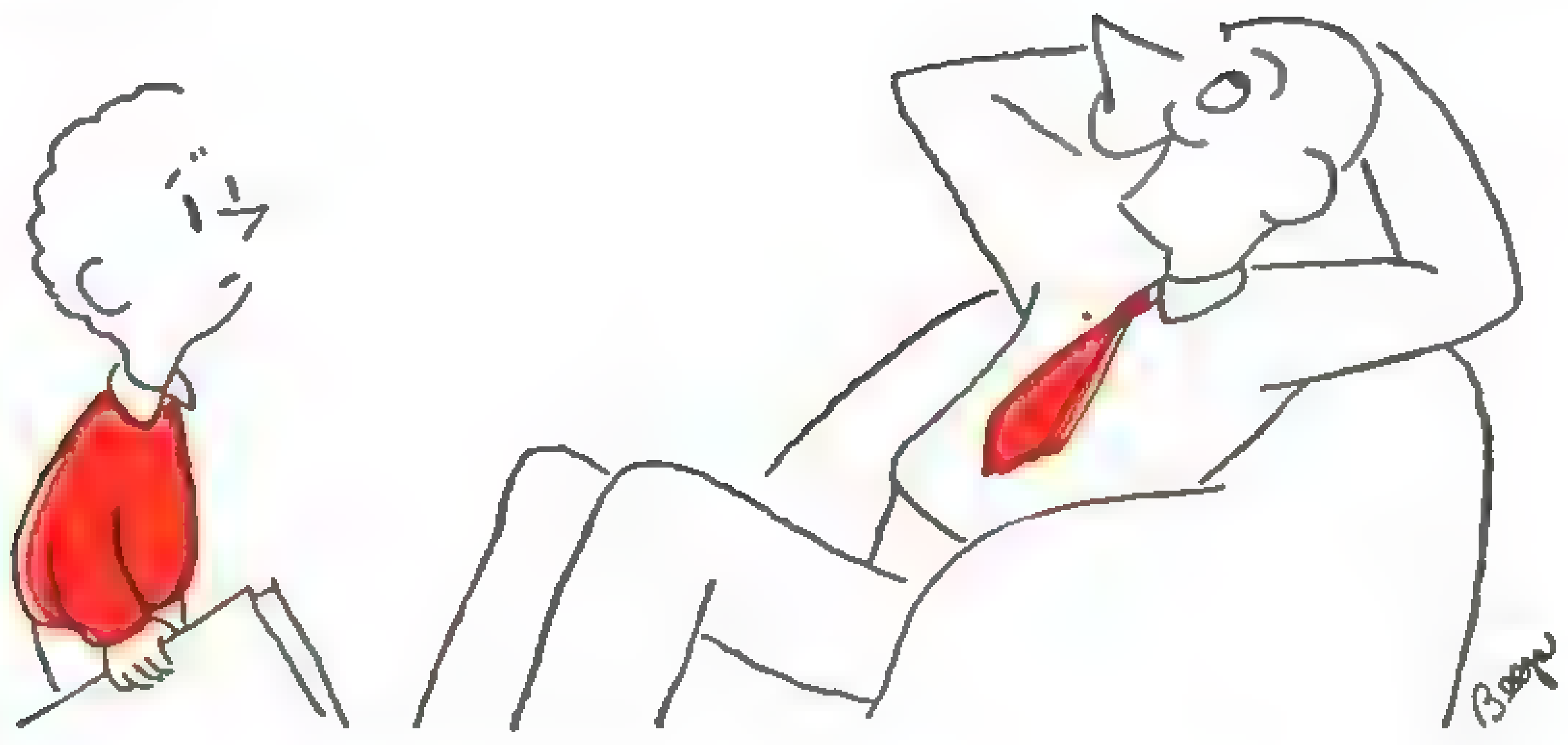
McCurrach

CRYSTAL Crystal Foulard Hand-Printed by McCurrach FOULARDS

$2.00

The few Crystal Foulard ties pictured above, and many more, were all designed, colored and *printed by hand* by McCurrach. This explains the clear, crisp result, never possible by mass machine methods. Insist on the Crystal Foulard label. Write for booklet, "Necktie Notes"... how to tie the Windsor knot, bow tie and other knots . . . what tie colors to wear with your suits and shirts.

McCURRACH ORGANIZATION · DEPT. B · 411 FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK 16, NEW YORK



Will You Just Listen?

"How's that, Junior? . . . What's golf? Well, that's a game I used to play a few years ago . . . Want me to explain it, eh? It's a game I used to play at the Country Club. You know where that is, up on Long Hill Road. The principle of the game is to see how few strokes it takes you to get around the eighteen-hole course . . . What? . . . How did we get around the course? . . . Why, we walked, of course . . . Huh? Wasn't I tired after already walking the six miles from here to the club? Who *said* anything about walking? I drove there in the car.

"Well, first of all you tee the ball up and . . . Did I have a B card? . . . Nope. No B card. . . . What! Look here, Junior, be careful what you say! I did *not* patronize the black market. In those days gas wasn't rationed. As I was saying, you tee the ball up on the first tee, ask the caddie to hand you your driver, and . . . A caddie's a boy who carries your golf clubs for you . . . How did we get hold of caddies? Why, we just hired them, naturally . . . What? Weren't all the boys busy cutting lawns, working in gardens or helping out in grocery stores? No, of course not. So then, after teeing up, you watch the ball carefully, take a careful backswing like this and . . .

"How's that? . . . Who *did* cut the lawns, work in gardens and help out in grocery stores? Why, men, of course. Then when you're ready to hit the ball, you keep your head steady, body relaxed . . . *Now* what? . . . No, all the men *weren't* in the Army and Navy. Then you sock the ball, and . . . huh? . . . What was the ball made of? Well, mostly rubber, of course. . . . Rubber; are you deaf? . . . Don't look at me with that skeptical expression, Junior. It's disrespectful.

"Well, provided my drive was long enough and stayed on the fairway, my next shot would be . . . Yes? . . . How did I find enough time to have a Victory garden and play golf, too? I didn't *have* a Victory garden . . . What? . . . Well, we just bought our vegetables at a store, naturally . . . How—? . . . Listen, Junior, forget the whole thing. I've just been making everything up out of my head as I went along. . . That's right; I wanted to see how gullible you were."

—Parke Cummings

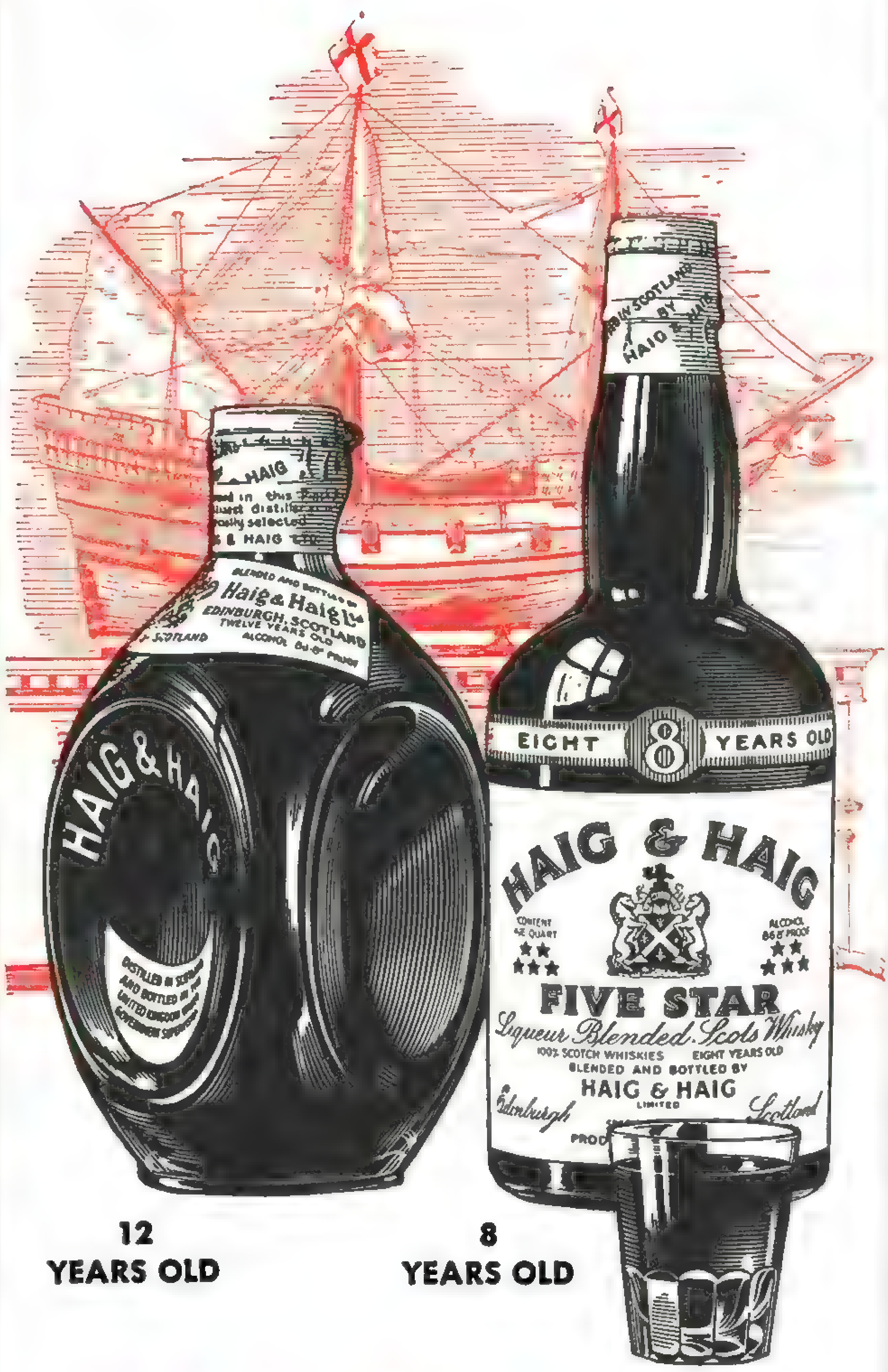
The
"ROBIN HOOD"
by Disney

Only Disney can make a Hat like the "Robin Hood". . . for it takes years of know-how to tailor this extremely supple velvet-like finish into a feather-light Hat.

See the fine "Robin Hood" and other Disney Hats at your local Disney agent.

Disney
HATMAKERS
358 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK CITY

Never missed a day in 316 years



Haig & Haig

The **Oldest** *name in Scotch*
Famous since 1627

BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY 86.8 PROOF • SOMERSET IMPORTERS, Ltd., NEW YORK

New
EXPANSO
Web Belt

FULL INCH STRETCH
1"
CUT AWAY TO SHOW HIDDEN SPRINGS

A new EXPANSO* with a new smart look. It has the right casual style for war-time living . . . for sport, for work, for dress. Made of heavy cotton webbing reinforced with genuine hazelnut pigskin at the buckle. And as a special added attraction, it has the exclusive EXPANSO feature: tiny concealed springs behind the buckle allow your waist-line a full inch expansion as you breathe. A wonderful wearing belt! A wonderfully comfortable belt! In four colors: Khaki, Tobacco Brown, Navy Blue, Wine. **$1.50**

KNOTHE BROTHERS CO., Inc.
24 West 40th Street New York 18, New York
SUSPENDERS • PAJAMAS • BELTS

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. 357542

The Twilight of a God

Continued from page 48

town on the Dutch-Belgian border. It was raining heavily that night. At Eysden a strange thing happened. Wilhelm II, Emperor and King, who had never had to wait for anything in his life, for whose sacred whims the clocks must be pushed forward or backward, was forced to wait six hours while the Queen of Holland went into conference with her ministers. For six hours he paced up and down the railroad station platform at Eysden while the rain beat on the wooden roof and Wilhelmina made up her mind.

Finally permission to enter Holland came from Wilhelmina. The Kaiser handed his sword to a Dutch sentry, entered the special train sent for him and was whisked away to the Castle of Amerongen and the hospitality of Count Godard Bentinck, officially appointed as host to Wilhelm by the Dutch government.

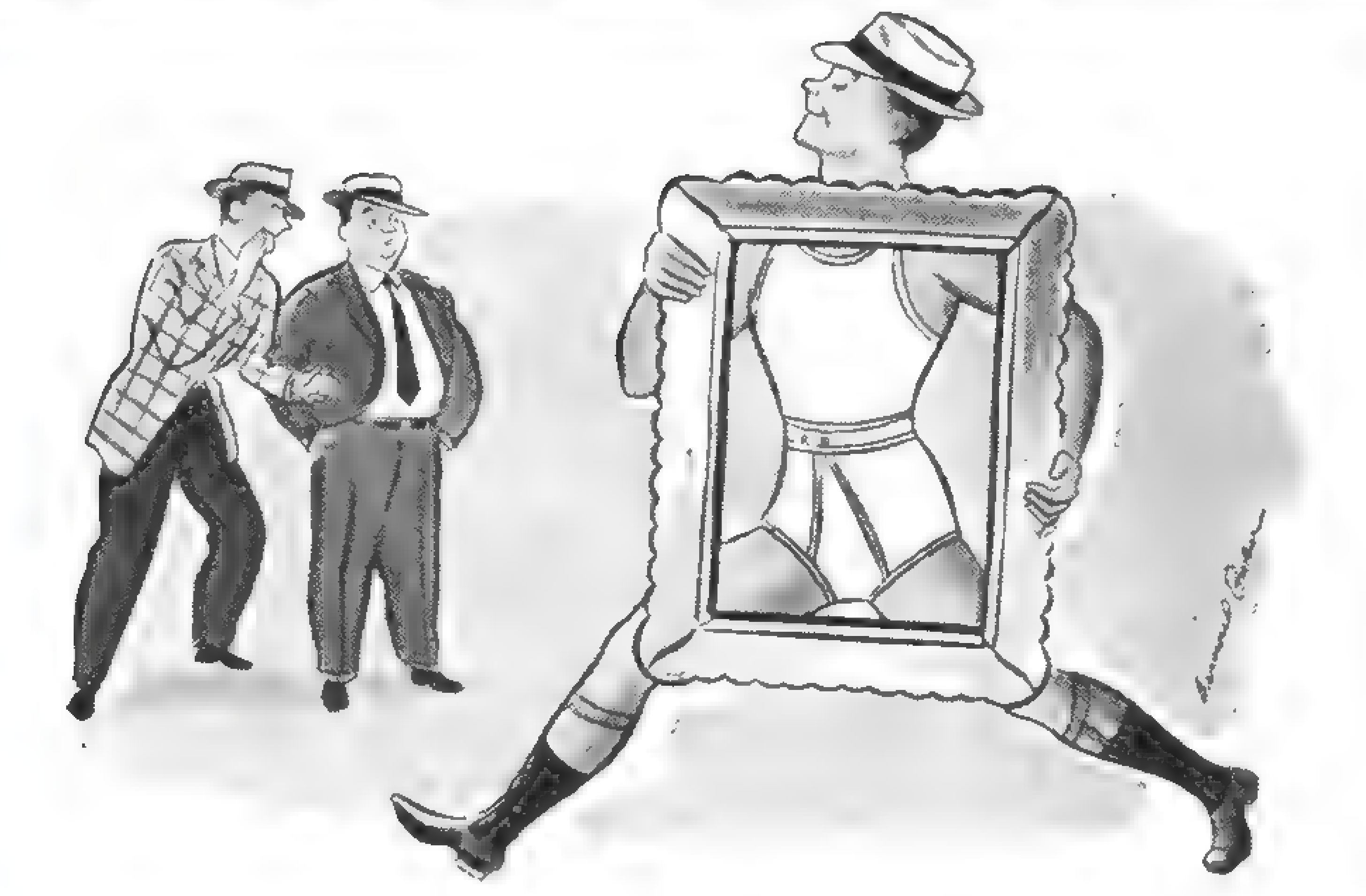
When he arrived at Amerongen he heard that Bentinck kept a Scotch cook. Then he made one of those erratic remarks that have always puzzled psychologists. He, supposedly the supreme Anglophobe of them all, clenched and unclenched his good right hand and said, "Now—now give me a cup of good, hot English tea!"

Bentinck gave him the tea and some Scotch scones. That night he also gave him a dinner. There were forty people present, including the fourteen persons who had come along in the Kaiser's own suite. He slept in a bed once slept in by Louis XIV of France.

Wilhelm stayed at Amerongen for two years. Within a year the hue and cry for his hide began to die down. The passage of time itself served him best. The intensity of everyone's hatred for the Kaiser seemed to taper off. People had other things to think about.

Several times the Allied powers tried to live up to that section of the peace terms which called for an arraignment of "Wilhelm II of Hohenzollern, formerly German Emperor, for a supreme offense against international morality and the sanctity of treaties." Several times the Allied nations asked Wilhelmina to surrender him for trial. Each time she refused. It was first a matter of refusing to violate traditional Dutch hospitality. Then, though she never had any personal affection for the Kaiser, she could not be a traitor to her class. When the Allies asked for the Kaiser there were protest meetings in Germany. The people of the new Republic considered the Allied request a barbaric one. After all, he had been Emperor—and might be again.

At Amerongen the Kaiser and



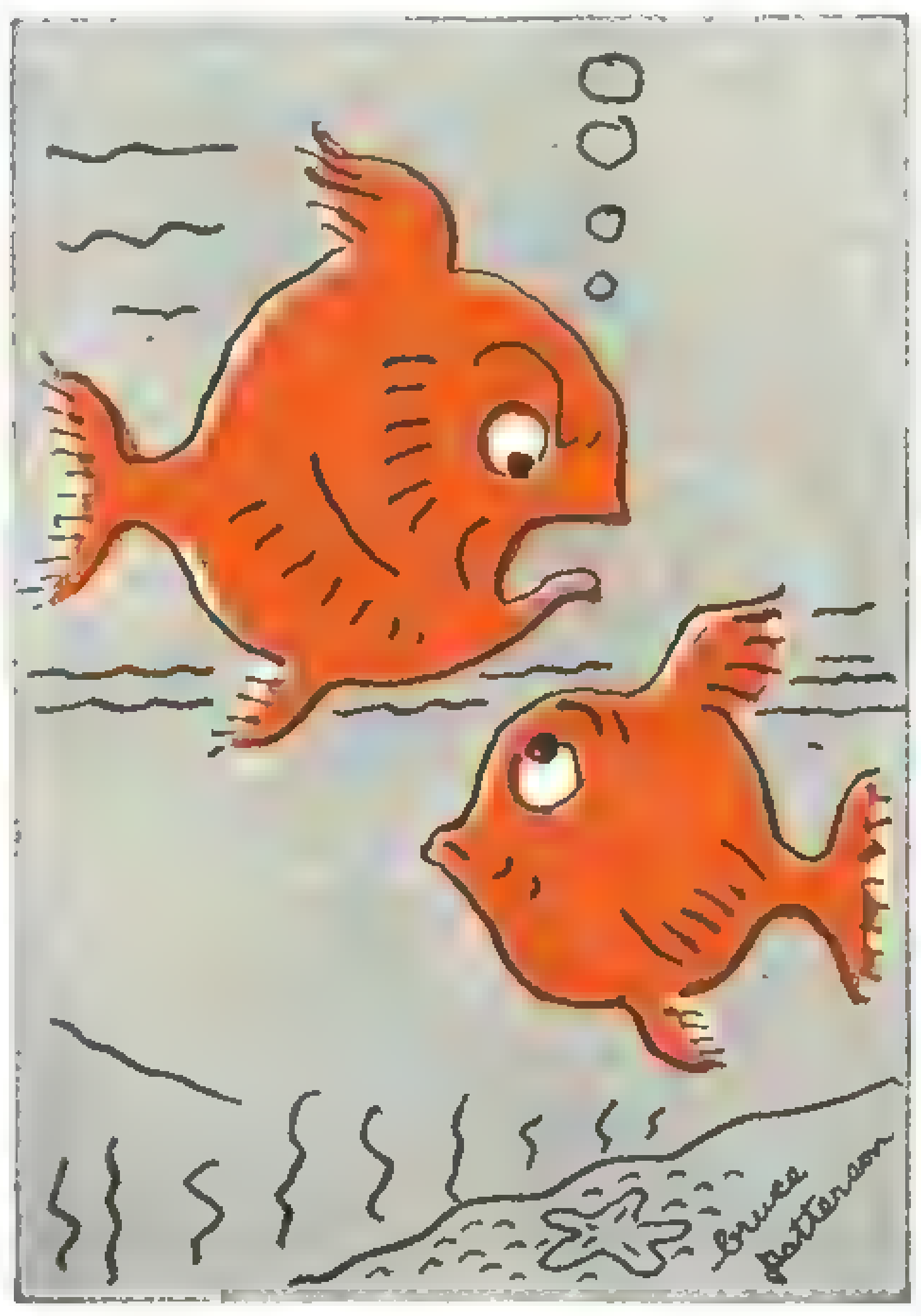
"He's been carrying that frame ever since he heard
REIS *Scandals were a Masterpiece of Workmanship"*

CHANGE TO
REIS
Scandals

REIS
REG U S PAT OFF
UNDERWEAR
PAJAMAS
SPORTSWEAR
HOSIERY
ROBERT REIS & COMPANY · 2 PARK AVE., NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

his handful of the faithful lived a peaceful, country-squirish life. Count Bentinck and the Dutch government spared nothing in his behalf. He was a guest, but he actually ran Amerongen. The Bentincks always deferred to the Kaiser and his needs. It was there that the Kaiser fully developed his talent for wood chopping. In his two years there he sawed down 17.500 stems of trees which had been attacked by caterpillars. The faithful stood by and counted each stem.

His right hand, they say, was unbelievably powerful. He could shoot a rifle remarkably well with the right arm alone. Few men could take his handshake without flinching just a little bit. Few two-handed men could keep up with him when he started to chop wood.



"I hate Fridays"

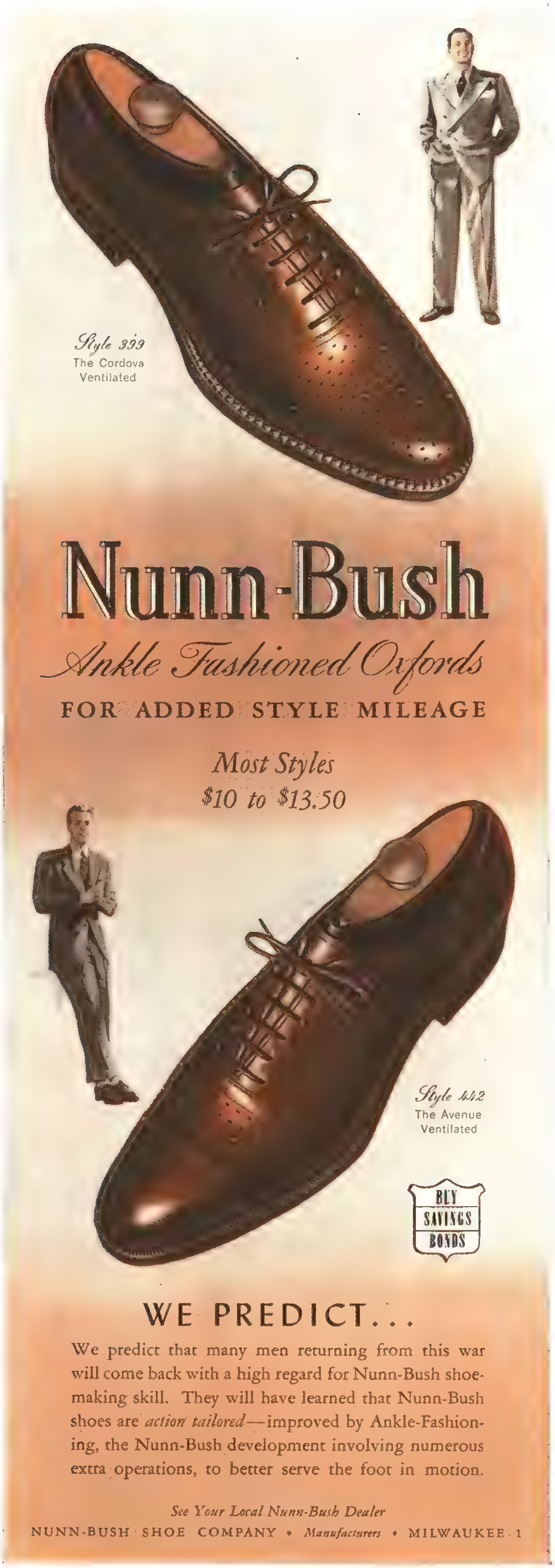
In 1920 the Kaiser moved into an estate at Doorn, just a few minutes drive from Amerongen. For the rest of his life Doorn was to be the Kaiser's substitute for the scaffold.

Doorn was a 13th century estate of some sixty acres in park and meadows. Before the Hohenzollerns could move in, steam heat had to be added, and an elevator for the Empress Augusta Victoria, who had a weak heart. A high barbed wire fence was built round the property and Dutch sentries were assigned to guard it day and night. The house was surrounded by a moat stuffed with water lilies and fat wild ducks. The interior was decorated with furniture and mementos from the Kaiser's different palaces, obligingly forwarded to him by the German Republic. There were portraits of his ancestors on the walls. In one cabinet the Kaiser kept a collection of snuff boxes that had belonged to Frederick the Great.

The life that Wilhelm and his Empress lived at Doorn was a replica in miniature of the life he had lived in his German castles. He insisted on the entire court ceremonial every day of his life. He wore his uniforms and his medals; he even designed a new field-grey marshal's uniform. Posing

Continued on page 146

Middishade
The name that made the BLUE SUIT famous
THE MIDDISHADE COMPANY, INC., PHILADELPHIA, PA.


Style 399
The Cordova
Ventilated

Nunn-Bush
Ankle Fashioned Oxfords
FOR ADDED STYLE MILEAGE

Most Styles
$10 to $13.50

Style 442
The Avenue
Ventilated

BUY SAVINGS BONDS

WE PREDICT...

We predict that many men returning from this war will come back with a high regard for Nunn-Bush shoemaking skill. They will have learned that Nunn-Bush shoes are *action tailored*—improved by Ankle-Fashioning, the Nunn-Bush development involving numerous extra operations, to better serve the foot in motion.

See Your Local Nunn-Bush Dealer
NUNN-BUSH SHOE COMPANY • *Manufacturers* • MILWAUKEE 1

The Twilight of a God

Continued from pages 48-145

for photographs he liked to hold the marshal's baton presented to him by the German princes—the baton many people felt he had no right to bear since he had never won a battle in the field.

The gong always boomed twice to announce meal-time. Food was served by lackeys attired in the old Imperial regalia and the royal household ate off the ancestral gold and porcelain plates. The centerpiece on the table was a huge gold loving cup which had belonged to Frederick the Great. The meals were characterized by what the faithful always referred to as "simplicity." For breakfast the Kaiser liked ham and eggs and the English marmalades. For lunch he had guinea hen, red cabbage, cheese, a glass of special coffee sent from South Africa and his favorite Assmannhaeuser wine. Sometimes he settled for a glass of raspberry juice and sparkling red wine. "Two things sustain me in my exile," he said. "My sense of duty and my sense of honor." His sense of taste also played an important role.

The royal household liked to practice what the faithful called "rigid economy." An example of this economy was the menus for the royal meals. The menu for dinner was printed on the reverse side of the stationery used for the luncheon menu. This saved paper.

The faithful never explained why the Kaiser elected to observe such a rigid economy. Nobody knows how much plate, lace, linen, precious stones, works of art, and sundry items he managed to smuggle out of Germany, or how much of it the always obliging Republic sent to him in exile. Also, he retained vast real estate holdings in Germany. And in 1926 he was awarded 20,000,000 gold marks by the Republic to comfort him in his old age.

But there was something the aging Kaiser could not do in exile—an old passion he could not indulge in—and that was to travel. It was rumored that he sometimes went to Amsterdam to see a dentist. But even if that were true it was certainly the extent of his wanderings in the last years. Consequently, when he wasn't chopping wood, or writing apologies for his life, he spent the time left to him in developing his hobbies. Whatever else might be inscribed in his obituaries, there is no doubt that the Kaiser was one of the world's great hobbyists. He wrote books, including one on the Gorgons, those terrible sisters of mythology. He played with his toy soldiers, which bore the uniforms of every German regiment. He worked on the fam-

"SEAPACK's* got what it takes to take what you've got."

For "shipshape" stowage of valuable personal gear in sub-zero or tropical climates, Hartmann designed "Seapack" luggage in co-operation with the Navy. Made now only for Navy flyers, who report, "It's got what it takes!"

HARTMANN Luggage

HARTMANN TRUNK COMPANY • RACINE, WISCONSIN

*Trade Mark 402,791 Registered U. S. Patent Office by U. S. Navy

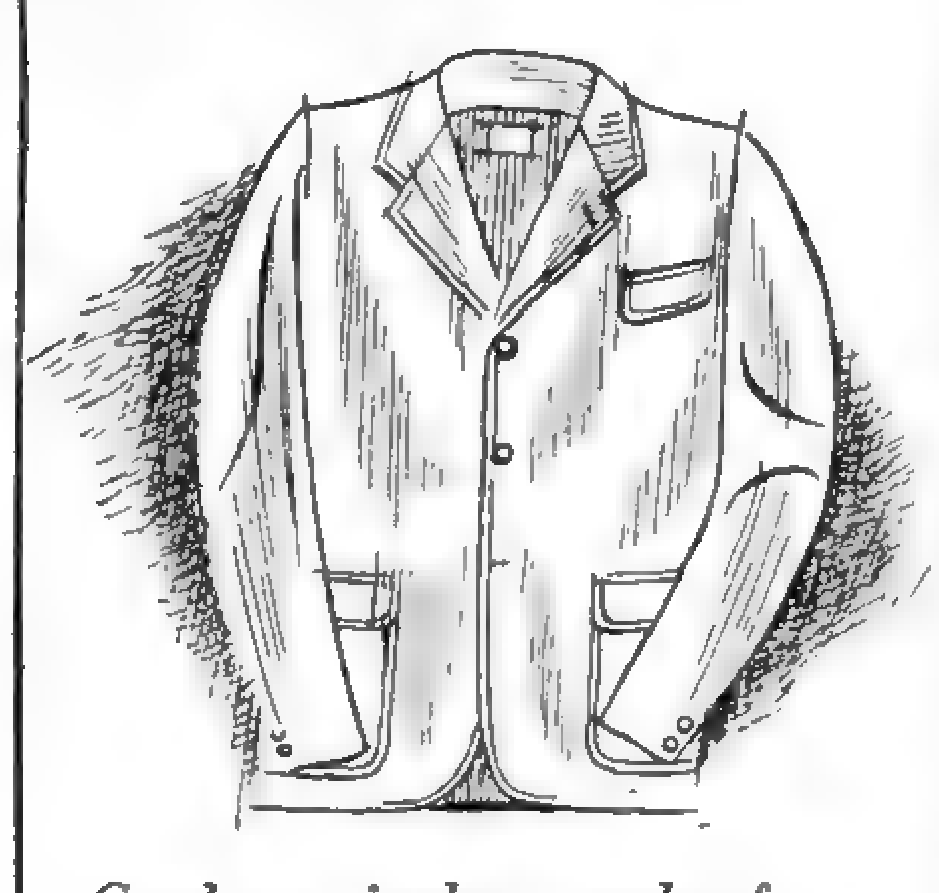
Fieldclub*
Takes Kindly to Harsh Treatment
Wash it if you will
Dry clean it if you will
FAST VAT COLORS • SANFORIZED
PRODUCT OF CRAMERTON MILLS

Remember Me!

I'm noted for taking kindly to harsh treatment. So is FIELDCLUB—that's why you'll find my picture on every pair of slacks or shirt or jacket made of this famous fabric. Look for me in your favorite store. Remember: just ask for FIELDCLUB.

Galey & Lord, inc.
57 Worth St. N.Y.

ily archives. He tended his collection of Prussian army badges, the largest in the world. He had a rosarium and a pinetum on the estate, in which he planted every possible kind of rose and pine tree. He made hundreds of naval drawings. He liked to read the works of P. G. Wodehouse and Anthony Abbott. He wrote thank-you notes for the gifts that poured in on him from admirers all over the world. He wrote papers on archaeology, Islam, Assyria, the Bible, and he wrote his personal reminiscences. Once he wrote a tract on an ancient Sanskrit sign called the swastika. He kept an active interest in a porcelain factory he owned in Kadinen, East Prussia. He liked to show off the strength in his right hand and he liked to impress visitors with the fact that he could gaze straight into the sun without blinking.



Corduroy jacket, made of cotton, gains in popularity in this singlebreasted model with flapped chest pocket.

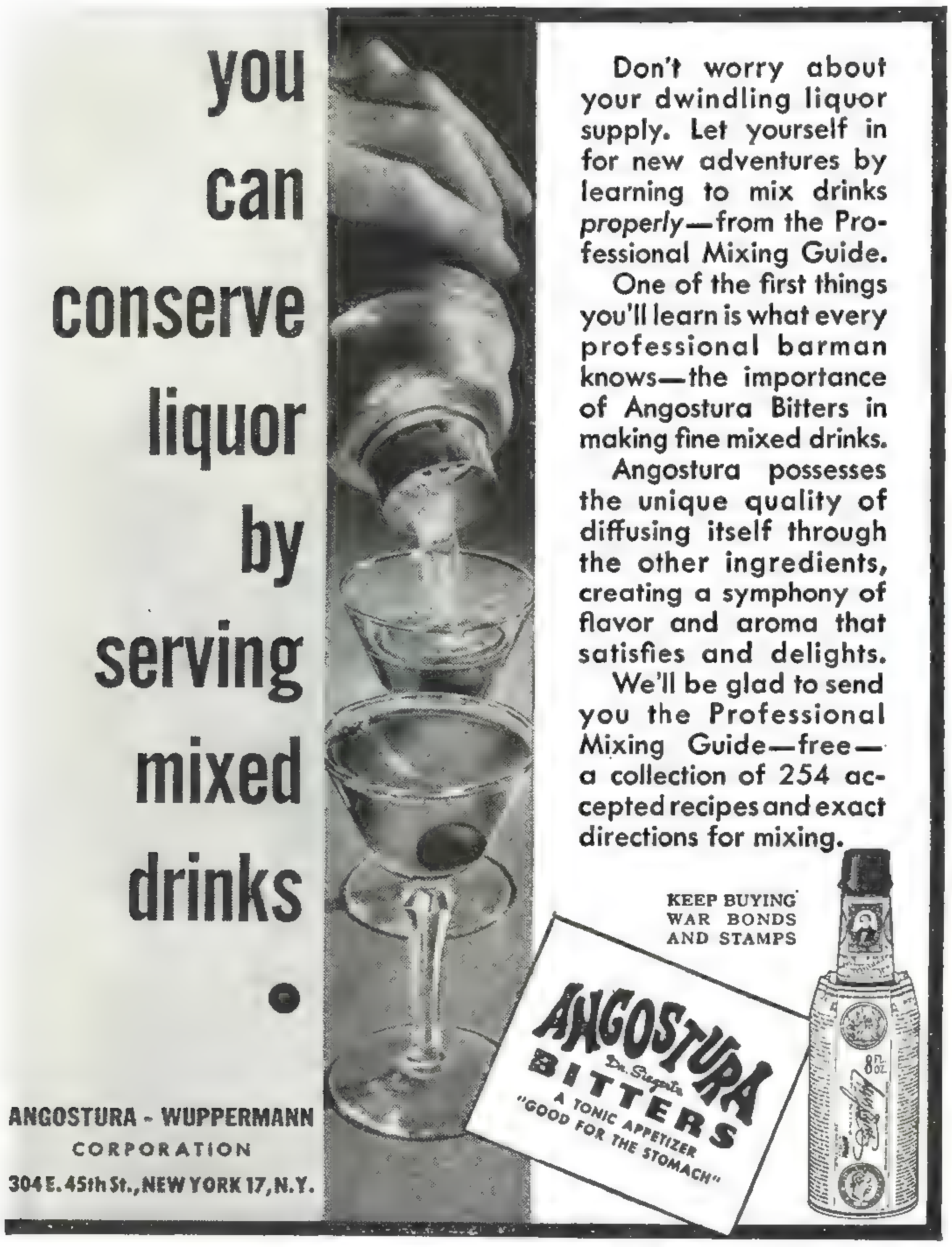
It was a point of pride with him that each tree on the estate at Doorn bore his initials or the initials of the friend who had given the tree. Whenever he presented a book to a visitor he signed his name to it with the old flourish and added "I.R." for "Imperator Rex." As King of Prussia he had been supreme Protestant Bishop. He liked to remember that by preaching sermons from the pulpit in the family chapel.

One welcome visitor was that same George Sylvester Viereck, now in an American jail on sedition charges. Viereck was the Kaiser's chief apologist in this country. In the thirties Viereck described the aging master of Doorn thus:

"A radiant figure, simple, dignified, intellectual, with the physical bearing of an athlete and the mental elasticity of a neophyte paying his pristine devotions at the austere shrine of science."

The Empress Augusta died on April 11, 1921. On November 5, 1922, the radiant figure married Hermine, Princess of Reuss, widow of Prince Schoenaich-Carolath, who was descended from Barbarossa. There were those who thought the Kaiser had violated some of the sacred precepts he cherished so highly by allowing just nineteen months to pass be-

Continued on page 148



you can conserve liquor by serving mixed drinks •

Don't worry about your dwindling liquor supply. Let yourself in for new adventures by learning to mix drinks *properly*—from the Professional Mixing Guide. One of the first things you'll learn is what every professional barman knows—the importance of Angostura Bitters in making fine mixed drinks. Angostura possesses the unique quality of diffusing itself through the other ingredients, creating a symphony of flavor and aroma that satisfies and delights. We'll be glad to send you the Professional Mixing Guide—free—a collection of 254 accepted recipes and exact directions for mixing.

KEEP BUYING WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

ANGOSTURA - WUPPERMANN CORPORATION
304 E. 45th St., NEW YORK 17, N.Y.

ANGOSTURA
Dr. Siegert's
BITTERS
A TONIC APPETIZER
"GOOD FOR THE STOMACH"

SWANEE PRIDE Liqueur

100 PROOF

M. S. WALKER says:

Try these favorite recipes:

Swanee Pride Manhattan
50% Swanee Pride
50% Dry Vermouth
Dash bitters, ice, shake, and strain

Swanee Pride Mint Julep
Use mint as you would serve any ordinary mint julep. Fill with ice. Add 2 oz. glass Swanee Pride. Shake or stir rapidly to frost glass. Add plenty of ice. Garnish with mint and cherry. Serve with straws.

New England Cocktail
½ Swanee Pride
½ unsweetened grape juice
Ice, shake, and serve in cold cocktail glass

THE TOAST OF SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY

M. S. WALKER, INC., BOSTON, MASS.

The Twilight of a God

Continued from pages 48-145-147

tween the loss of his Empress and the acquisition of his Princess. Mr. Viereck's testimony as to the Kaiser's athletic bearing must be borne in mind. Also, that fact that he did some very intensive mourning over Augusta. Her bedroom in the castle was always kept as a shrine and her bed daily bedecked with fresh flowers.

Hermine added vast Silesian estates and several children to the Emperor's assets. The orangerie at Doorn was enlarged and handed over to the children.

The Kaiser grew old and grey and the neighbors knew him as the good grey Master of Doorn. He grew older and greyer, and gradually white. He did his daily wood-chopping chore; he was photographed and interviewed on his birthdays by the newspapers of the world. He was stiff and straight always but towards the end he developed a kindly old smile for the photographers and he looked like nothing more than a benevolent professor of some abstract topic. In his last days he followed closely the progress of the new German armies which were running over Europe. He listened constantly to the news reports over the radio. The new German armies, on their way to Rotterdam, were ordered not to touch Doorn—except to place a guard of honor around this estate.

The Kaiser died on June 4, 1941. He was eighty-two years old. The Hohenzollern flag was flown at half-mast from the Doorn flagstaff. His coffin was covered with purple velvet emblazoned with the shield of the Imperial coat of arms in black on a yellow background. He was laid out in a grey field marshal's uniform of the Garde du Corps. The room was filled with lilacs. He was buried with full Lutheran and military honors, with the rank of Field Marshal and a twenty-one-gun salute. Delegations from the new German army, navy, air corps, and a full honor regiment, were in attendance.

At the time of his death he was Germany's biggest landholder and biggest taxpayer, and the wealthiest resident of Holland. His properties went to his heirs.

The English newspapers carried the news of his death on the front pages, along with reports that the Germans had just taken Crete, that the rats of Tobruk were still under siege, that 12,000,000 tons of British shipping had been sent to the bottom in two years of warfare. The English obituaries, on the whole, were very kind and forgiving. They seemed to think he hadn't been such a bad sort after all. #

PIONEER
presents distinguished
BRACES
of
Genuine Box Cloth
IN THE ENGLISH TRADITION
PIONEER

Your choice of Gray or Fawn Box Cloth . . . Trimmed with genuine pigskin . . . Elastic back. $3.50

PIONEER
"FOR MEN WHO CARE WHAT THEY WEAR"
BRACES • BELTS • GARTERS • WALLETS
PHILADELPHIA

INSPIRED BY MEXICO
Amigo colors in socks

Clocks for Mañana
and
Fiesta Stripes
styled by
HOLEPROOF
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

KNIT TO FULL FOOT SIZE SO THEY WEAR LONGER

From "South of the Border" came the inspiration for these new striking color patterns in socks. They're knit for comfort of soft, finely-knit cotton yarn that's highly absorbent, and with feet full size. That avoids strain, hence increases the long wear. To be sure of getting these newest, smartest socks, go to your nearest Holeproof counter.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO.
MILWAUKEE 1, WISCONSIN
(In Canada, London, Ontario)

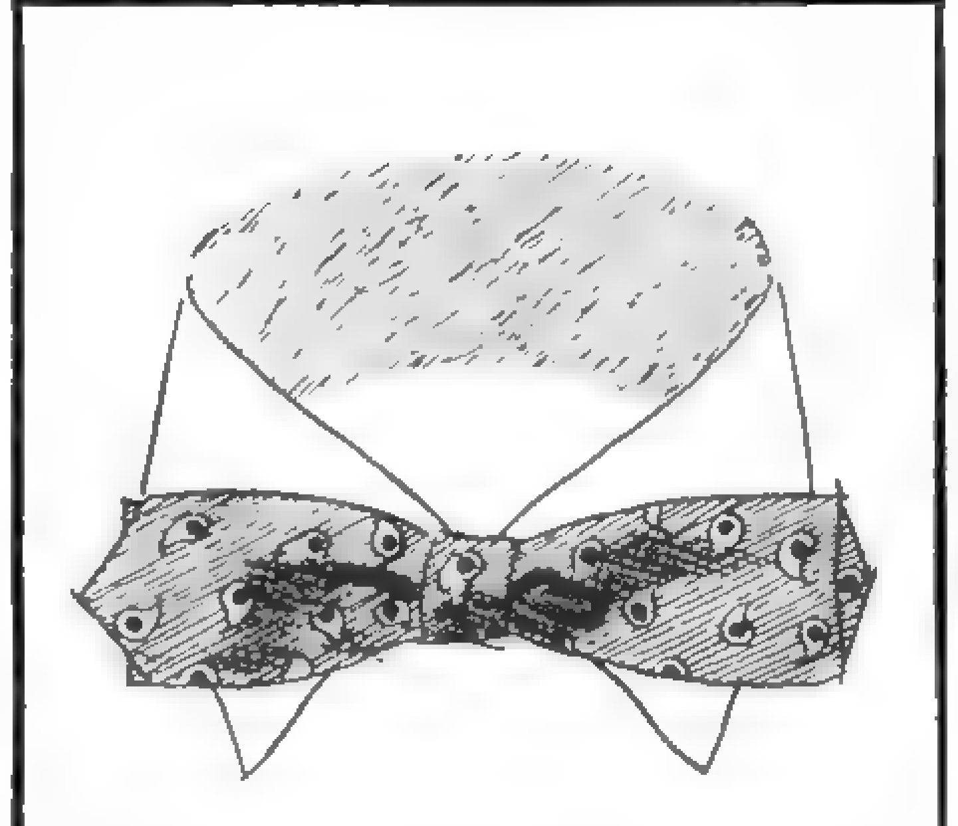
TESTED HOLEPROOF SOCKS
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
KNITTING 71 YEARS
Pacer (the sock with garter attached) will be back

Blatas: Artist as Parent

Continued from page 83

tance in the cultivation of talent.

He didn't understand Cubism nor any of the intellectual movements. But eventually he learned, through Cubism, to understand and appreciate the Old Masters, in whose designs he perceived Cubist construction. The Impressionists and the neo-Impressionists were closer to his own vision. He floundered—then decided to work by himself. He attended the Julian Academy. He discarded Cubism because he preferred to work by instinct and temperament. He had brought with him from Russia memories of darkness and somberness, and this mood he wed to the sunny mood of the Impressionists, creating something new, if not fresh, in the womb of which only the most perceptive might have anticipated the Blatas of 1944.



Bow ties of figured foulard will reach a new high in civilian acceptance this spring.

Blatas was only sixteen when a painting of his was included in a group show at Kaunas. And in 1927, not yet twenty, he signed his first contract with a Paris dealer, receiving a monthly stipend for a certain number of pictures.

In the fourteen years of his Paris residence (1925-1939) Arbit Blatas rang most of the usual changes from boyhood to manhood, from apprenticeship to maturity, from youthful irresponsibility to head of a home and fatherhood. There was a first one-man show in Kaunas before he was twenty, since when his native land has treated him as a favorite son. He was in his early twenties when his work was shown in Germany and in Paris and discerning Swiss and English collectors put their seal upon him as a coming painter. (Later his English connections were to save him from the hazards of coming to this country as a refugee.)

One of the swankier Paris galleries gave Blatas his first Parisian one-man show when he was only twenty-five, an exhibition which he recalls as a "moral success." The following year, 1934, he visited the United States to

Continued on page 150

★★★
HENNESSY
COGNAC BRANDY
84 PROOF

Through all the devastating wars, business peaks and depressions since 1765, the name ★★★ Hennessy has been synonymous with Cognac Brandy at its best.

Though no shipments of ★★★ Hennessy Cognac have been made from France to the United States since May, 1940, it is possible that your local dealer may still have a bottle of genuine ★★★ Hennessy Cognac for you.

It is suggested that the incomparable flavour, bouquet and "clean taste" of ★★★ Hennessy be reserved for special occasions that merit nothing less than this fine Cognac.

★ QUALITY
★ BOUQUET
★ CLEAN TASTE

Distilled and bottled at Cognac, France. JAS HENNESSY & Co, Est. 1765

SOLE U. S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

WINTHROP
PASSES THE PORK

Feast your eyes on Winthrop's latest "dish"—it's the famous Klomp in rustic, rugged "Razorback" pig—"done to a turn" in Winthrop's inimitable way. For a snappy diet of tasty styling, smooth comfort and long wear ask for the Klomp in "Razorback".

WINTHROP SHOES *$5.50 to $9.50*
WINTHROP JRS. for boys *$4.50 to $5.50*
Some Higher

The Style Endures

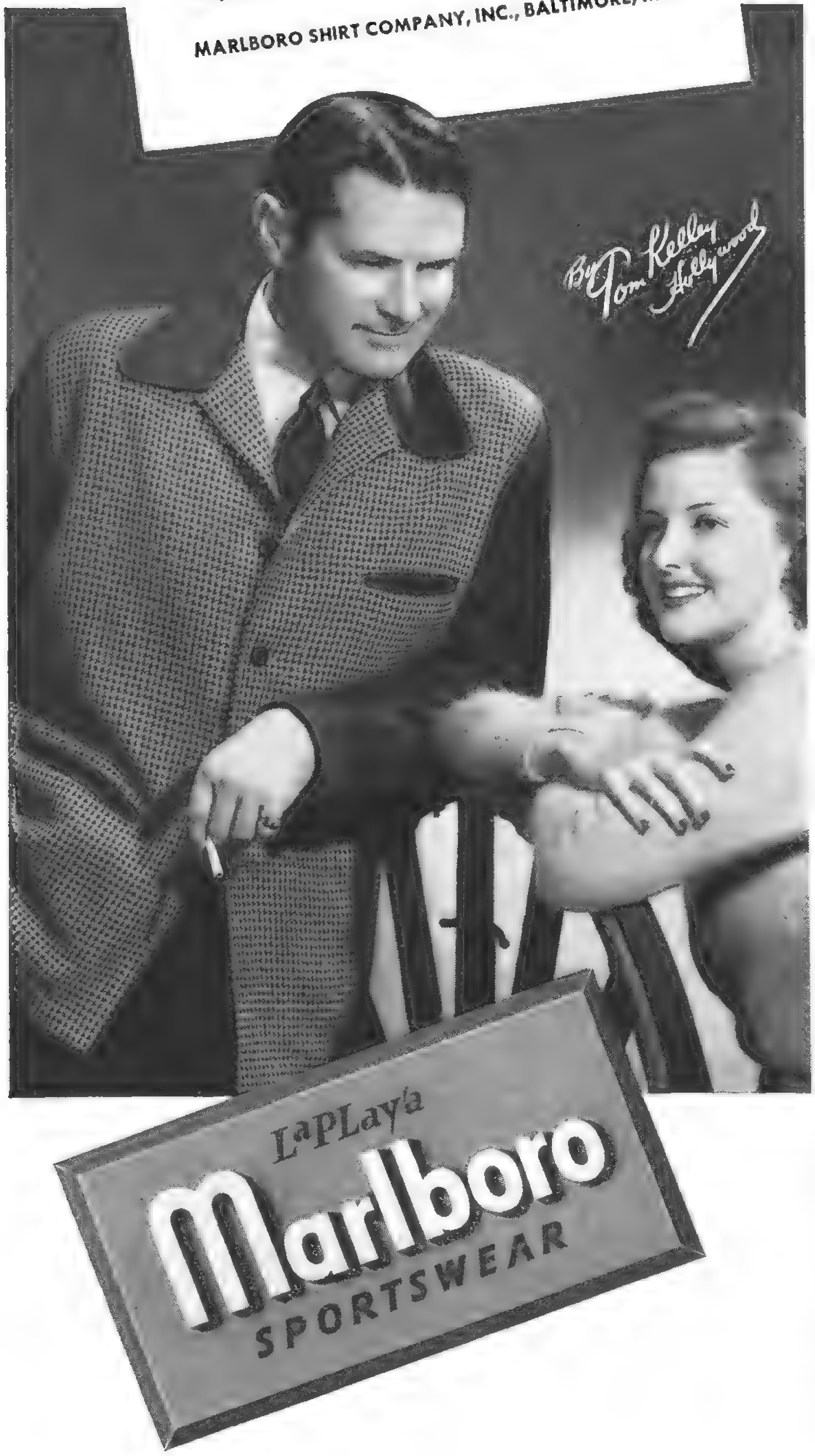
Winthrop Shoes

WINTHROP SHOE COMPANY, DIV: INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY, SAINT LOUIS

Marlboro
SPORTSWEAR
gives you both rhythm and reason!

Marlboro Sportswear has that indefinable something! We call it rhythm!—and you'll call it reason. It's all in the way Marlboro's distinctive style blends so richly with Marlboro's beautiful colors—with Marlboro's fine tailoring and highest quality fabrics. This unmistakable balance of harmony gives you indisputable reason for always buying Sportswear by Marlboro.

MARLBORO SHIRT COMPANY, INC., BALTIMORE, MD.



Blatas: Artist as Parent

Continued from pages 83-149

attend his first American one-man show at the Pierre Matisse Gallery in New York. From his second Parisian one-man show Blatas extracted the distinction of being the youngest artist to be honored by a purchase from the French government for the Luxembourg Museum. The Grenoble Museum also committed itself to the art of Blatas, both by purchase and aesthetic advocacy. Throughout these years Blatas was trotting all over the map, spending winters in the towns of the Pyrenees along the Spanish border and visiting Switzerland, Italy, Lithuania, the south of France and the United States, appearing as a modest talent for whom his paintings did the talking.

It was on one of his transatlantic comings or goings that he met the young woman who became Mrs. Blatas and who came to live with him in that little house in Paris overlooking the courtyard in which the horses of Louis XIV had once been tethered.

In the September of Munich, 1938, there was born to the Blatases a little girl named Dorothée. She was two months old when the eyes of the father taught the artist that here was a model worth the painting. With that first painting of his daughter, Arbit paid his doctor's bill. The father does not appear to be a demonstrative parent but he shows a more than usual interest in his daughter as subject matter. Upon the walls of his latest exhibition (at the Associated American Artists Galleries) he declared his possessive and vigilant parenthood.

Now a stranger, indiscriminately hauled in from the street, might be uncertain whether Blatas was a good or a bad painter, a Russian or a Frenchman, a young man or an old man, a hermit or a lover of crowds, but the walls declared beyond the slightest possible shadow of doubt whatever that he was a father. Anyone could see that these canvases represented something more than the exploitation of an opportunity or a commission.

Children used to make Blatas nervous and irritable; having discovered the diamond-like facets of his own daughter, he has become somewhat less insensitive to the world of other children. He has painted all the playmates of Dorothée and Dorothée herself in all the unrehearsed discoveries of, and relationships with, the universe of her parents' home, her toys, her pets, her playmates, the furniture, the outdoors. He has even painted Dorothée placidly seated on her potty.

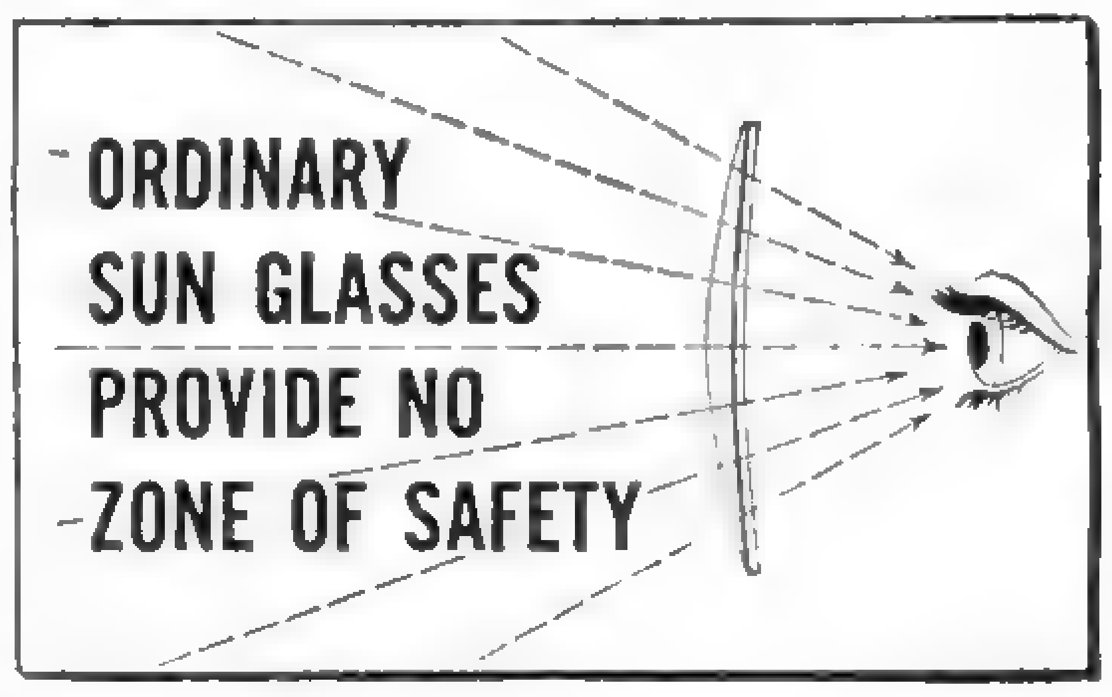
He has used her as a point of departure, rather than as a model, for experiments in sculpture. Throughout, the fond father is subordinate to the artist, although both are contained within the same man and declared in the

PLAY SAFE!

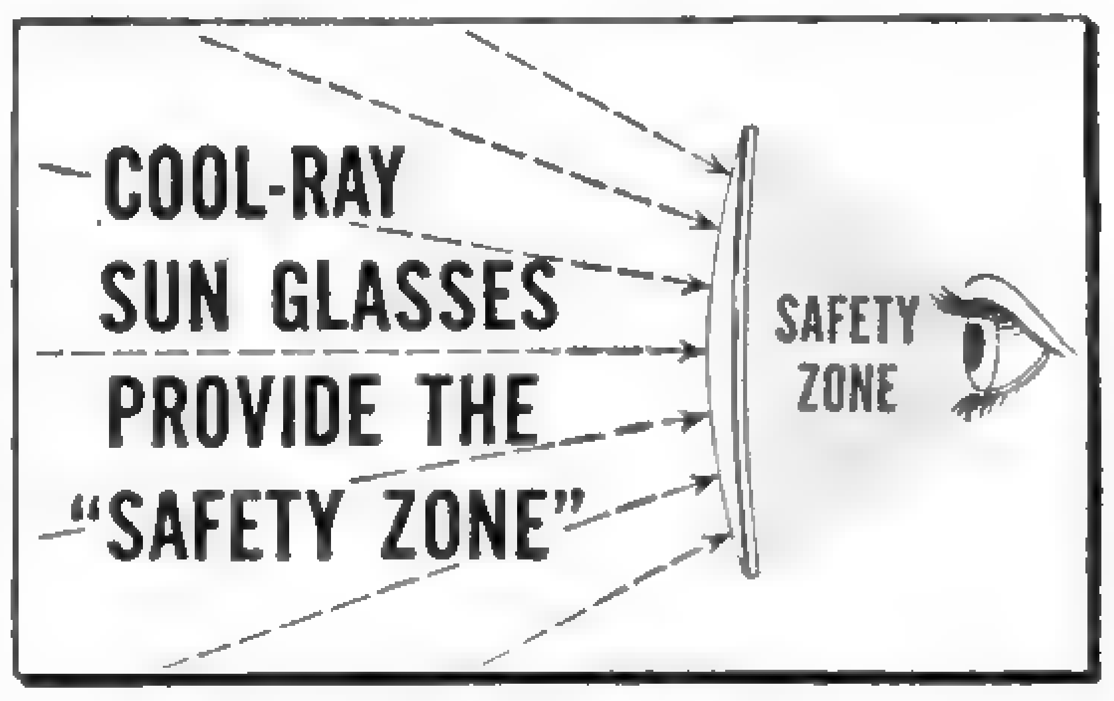
COOL-RAY SUN GLASSES KEEP YOUR EYES IN THE

"SAFETY ZONE!"

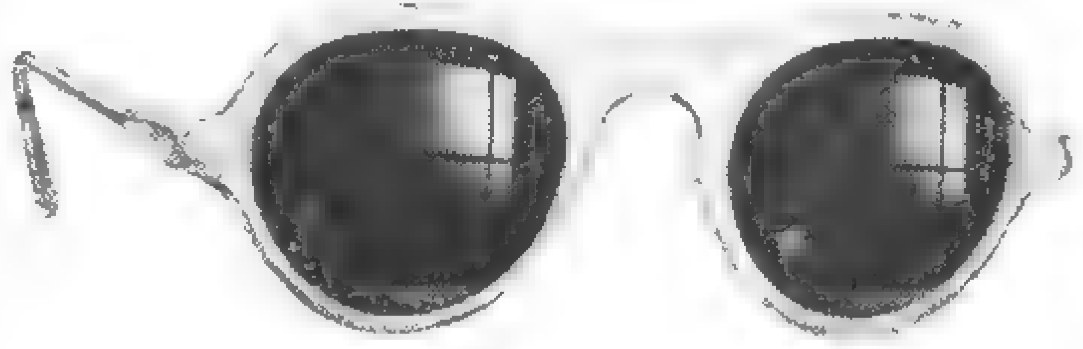
SUMMER OR WINTER PLAY (or work) may be hard on your eyes. For ordinary sun glasses—regardless of how "dark" they are—can admit annoying and harmful rays from the sun.



BUT COOL-RAY SUN GLASSES made by American Optical*—provide the eyes with a "Safety Zone." For these A. O. glasses have lenses made from specially compounded glass that absorbs ultra-violet (sunburn) and infra-red (heat) rays and excessive light. The "Safety Zone" keeps your eyes cool and comfortable.



A. O. COOL-RAY SUN GLASSES do something else. They *admit* plenty of "seeing" rays—light that lets you see more comfortably and without annoyance. A. O. Cool-Ray Sun Glasses are being supplied to our armed forces—so the civilian supply is limited. They're $1.95 up.



COOL-RAY
SUN GLASSES
Provide "The Safety Zone"

American Optical
COMPANY
*World's largest makers of ophthalmic products

same canvases. Blatas has painted his daughter, not gushed over her. The artist is constantly aware of the new opportunities in his daughter, sees something new in her every day.

The daily unpredictable steps in her development tug both at the father's heart strings and at his palette arm to do another Dorothée, and one wonders what in the world he found to paint before she saw the light of day. She has been painted also by Marquet, her godfather, and Soutine has sketched her. As a result Dorothée is sophisticated beyond her years, is already aware of the distinction between types of painting, speaks both French and English and understands Russian when her parents speak it. She probably wonders what the fathers of her playmates find to do when they don't paint pictures.

The Blatas family came to the United States by the accidental intervention of the Redfern Galleries of London, which, in 1939, arranged for a Blatas exhibition. Taking his canvases with him to London, the artist salvaged them, at least from the Germans who entered Paris. There was no London exhibition, but it was somewhat easier to reach New York from London than it might have been to reach it from German-occupied Paris. Today the Blatases are as deeply integrated into the art life of New York as if they had lived here for a decade.

Blatas is not an intellectual type. He rarely reads in any language, not even newspapers. He is typically the painter in that he is centered on his career, which his social life feeds. One of the things I find most likeable about him is that he doesn't run with the hares and hunt with the hounds. He does not pretend to be anything but a French painter transplanted in America and living the most vivid part of his social life amidst those who share a common memory of another land. He is direct, he is honest, he is simple. There is neither four-flushing, nor pyrotechnics in his art. He performs at least as much as he promises. #

Full Measure

Time is a taskmaster . . . on which Victory depends . . . the more exacting the moment, the more rapid its flight. To bring full measure to minutes, choose Rolex Oyster or Rolex Oyster Perpetual . . . for either gives superb timekeeping of scientific accuracy . . . Dependable and precise, this magnificent wrist watch serves ranking American and Allied Officers everywhere . . . A limited number are still available for civilian purchase . . . also some lovely designs in the Ladies Oyster and several new models in dress watches for men and ladies in gold or stainless steel. Visit your local Rolex jeweler.

Priced from 30.00

The Masterpiece of Watch Craftsmanship ROLEX

SOLD EXCLUSIVELY BY QUALITY JEWELERS

A great Rum is born
DON Q
PUERTO RICAN RUM
86 PROOF

DON Q RUM

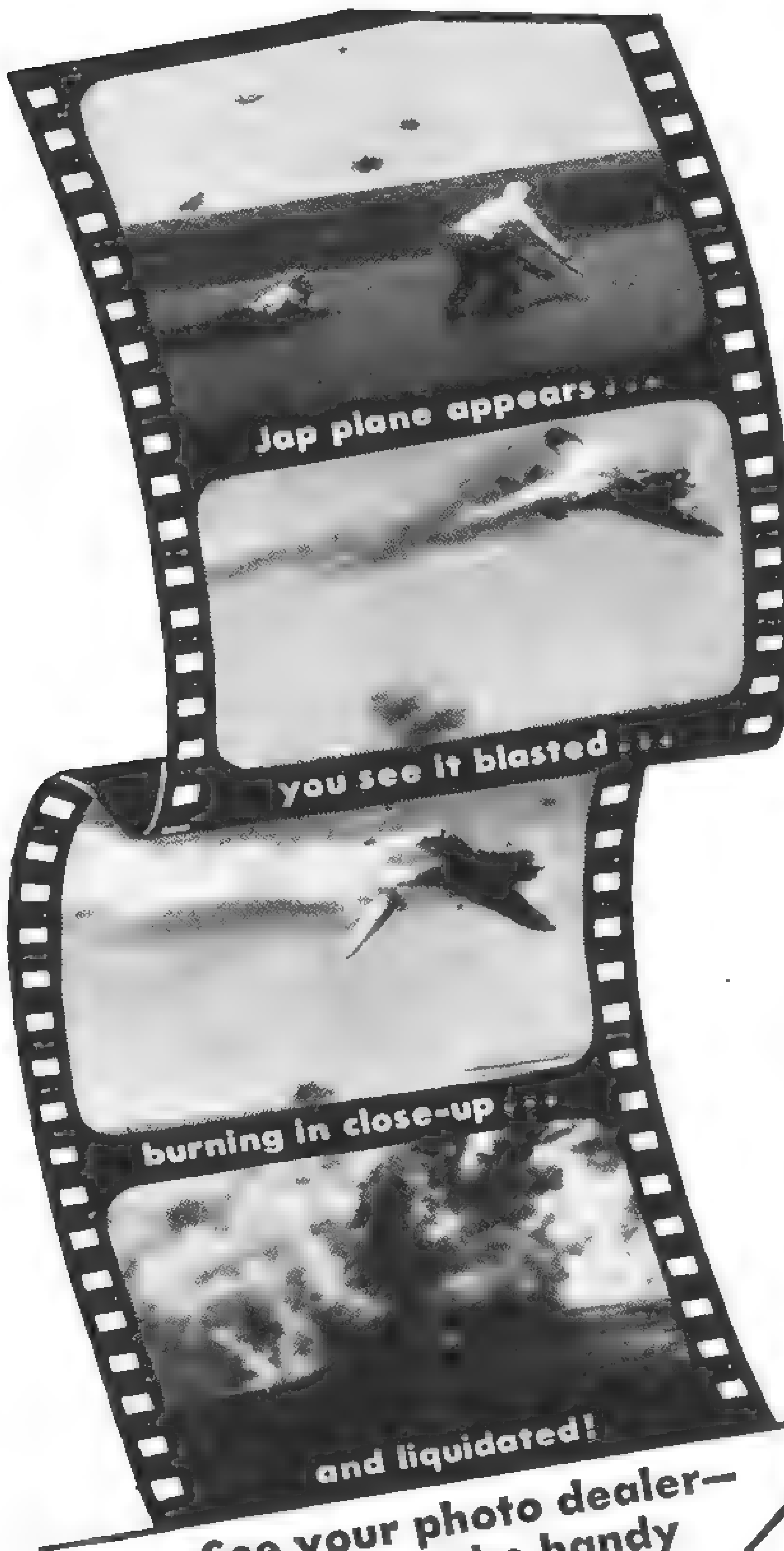
From the fertile sugar plantations of Puerto Rico come the superb ingredients of Don Q Rum. These, plus skilled distillation, result in Puerto Rico's favorite quality rum. Don Q is a masterpiece of the distiller's art.

Product of DESTILERIA SERRALLES, INC., Ponce, Puerto Rico, U.S.A.

SOLE U. S. DISTRIBUTORS: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

DO YOU OWN
An 8 mm. or 16 mm. Projector?

Then Own
CASTLE FILMS' THRILLER
"SALUTE
TO THE NAVY!"



HERE IS the most amazing close-up destruction of Jap planes ever recorded by a movie camera! An inspiring tribute to the world's greatest navy! A prize for every sailor and every sailorman's family! A treasure for all! From the training of Bluejackets to the final breath-taking spectacle of flaming action, you see your Navy in unleashed might *on your own screen! Own* this astounding home movie! It's for now and posterity!

FREE! New De Luxe Castle Films' Catalog, describing 98 thrilling home movies you can own and give!

See your photo dealer—
or send the handy
order form
TODAY!

CASTLE FILMS INC.

RCA BLDG. NEW YORK 20
FIELD BLDG. CHICAGO 3
RUSS BLDG. SAN FRANCISCO 4

ORDER FORM

8 mm.	
☐ 50 feet . . .	$1.75
☐ 180 feet . . .	5.50
16 mm.	
☐ 100 feet . . .	2.75
☐ 360 feet . . .	8.75
☐ Sound, 350 feet	17.50

Send Castle Films' "SALUTE TO THE NAVY" in the size and length indicated.

*Name*______________________________

*Address*____________________________

*City*__________________*State*__________

E-4-44

Heroes of the Inland Seas

Continued from page 56

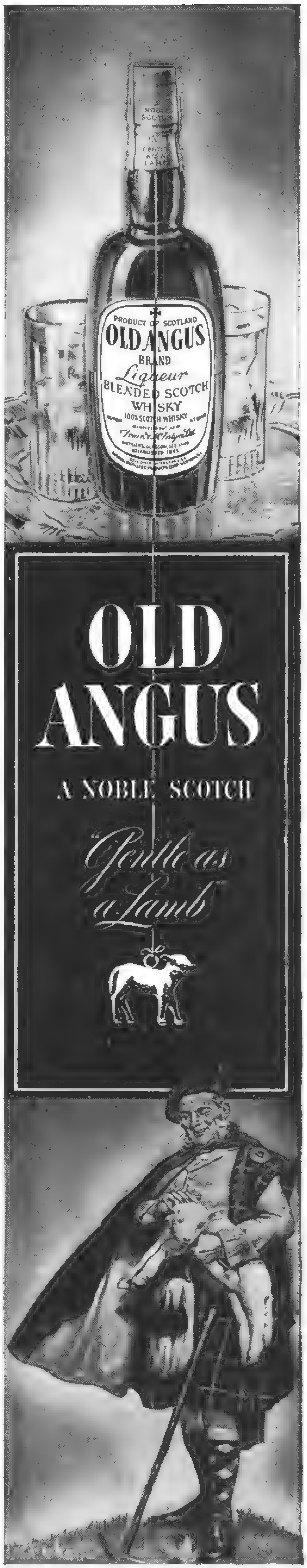
she made port about 4:00 a.m., a crowd was on hand to present her captain with a trophy. Years ago the first boat in meant an end of the ever-present threat of starvation. Men on the tops of the low, round iron hills or the craggy copper cliffs watched for her smoke. When she arrived, the whistles at the mines were tied down and the whole town turned out. The captain got a new hat and her crew got all they could drink in the miners' saloons. But when highways and railroads insured communication during the ice-locked winter, the custom died. Now, in wartime, it has been revived. For the men and women of the iron towns know that iron ore means steel and steel means victory.

When the *Colonel* neared Marquette, the *Presque Isle* Escanaba, the *Frontenac* Superior, the *Charles S. Hebard* Duluth, watchers on the steep cliffsides reported smoke on the horizon and crowds congregated at the docks and presently cheers went up as the blunt bows of the vital freighters nosed in toward the docks.

In the 1942 season navigation opened March 25, earliest ever, and did not close until mid-December. That year the freighters moved more ore than ever before in history—the staggering total of 92,076,781 gross tons, perhaps more ore than was produced by the rest of the world combined and nearly half again as much as the previous peak Great Lakes movement. In 1943 the War Production Board asked for 95,000,000 gross tons, plus more coal and grain than in 1942.

The 1942-43 winter hung on and on, delaying shipment a full month. It became apparent that the goal was impossible. The quota was sliced to 86,500,000 tons. Even that looked like a wild dream by early May, when ice still clogged the lock gates at the Soo Canal and jammed in floes even outside Buffalo harbor. Thirteen days of heavy fog set an all-time record for June on Lake Superior, and thunder storms struck eleven times. A 30-mile-an-hour gale buffeted the boats June 12. By the end of the first week in June, shipments were some 8,500,000 tons behind the 1942 operations. Last winter the steel mills were chewing up ore at a rate which meant they might be forced to shut down. Washington officials thought it looked almost hopeless. But the 11,000 officers and men on the boats kept on pounding up and down the lakes. In an ordinary year they would have tied up to wait for the weather to turn.

Inevitably, disaster overtook some of the great fleet of 300-odd boats. On the night of June 14, the *George M. Humphrey*, more than a block long and bound for Gary loaded down with ore till



Old Angus Brand Blended Scotch Whisky, 86 Proof
National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

her decks were awash, was cut down in the blackness of the Straits of Mackinac by the *D. M. Clemson*, upbound light. Captain H. Dennis reversed the *Humphrey's* engines but too late; the boats collided with a splintering crash that hurled seamen from their bunks. A few minutes later the water closed over the *Humphrey* and her precious cargo of ore. Her crewmen were rescued.

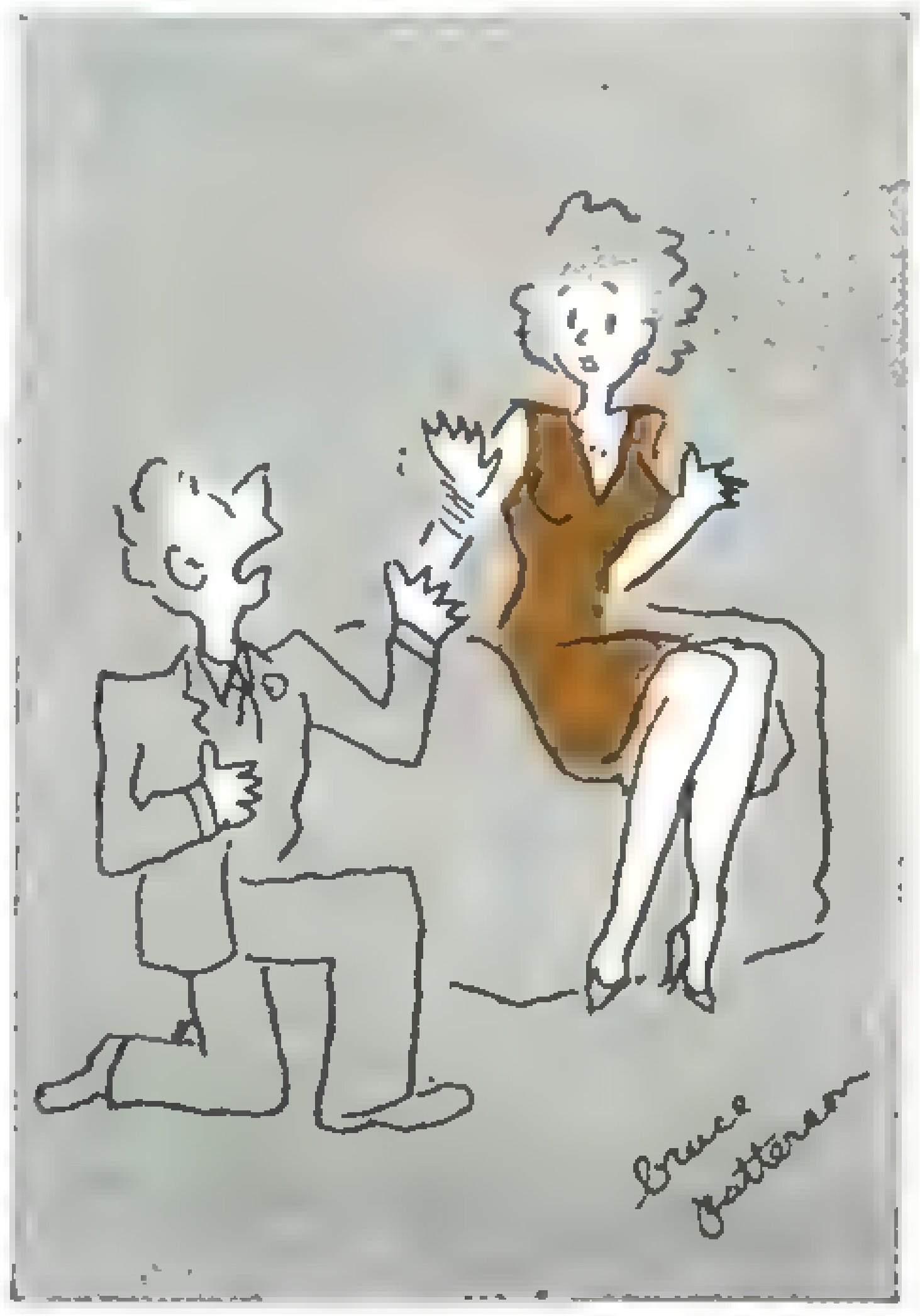
Not far away, perhaps (nobody knows exactly where), LaSalle's storied *Griffon* disappeared beneath the grey waste of waters never to be seen again, except, of course, on moonless nights today, when seamen standing watch see her scudding across the waves, her sails full-bellied though there is no wind, her tiller firm though no hand grasps it.

In the space of three days ending June 2, ten lake boats were damaged by collisions or groundings. One went aground May 31 in the St. Clair River near Detroit, one in Lake St. Clair, and one in Lake Michigan. A collision during a heavy fog in Cleveland harbor wrecked two boats June 1. The same day the *Prindoc* sank in the icy waters of Thunder Bay in Lake Superior after a collision with the *Battleford*. The next morning a vessel ran aground in St. Mary's River near the Soo, while two ore-laden boats crashed into each other not far away. The new steamer *Brewster* was rammed and sunk by the *W. D. Calverly, Jr.* near where the *Humphrey* went down in the straits. Three boats went aground in rapid succession because of fog, blocking the downbound ship channel in the St. Mary's River below the Soo.

The owners cried for more boats. Shipyards up and down the lake worked day and night, and by early July, six vessels had been put into service and ten others were on the way.

Always a nightmare was the knowledge that saboteurs might wreck the twin locks at the Soo Canal. Even in peacetime, this canal carried more tonnage than Suez and Panama combined. In

Continued on page 154



"Miss Mugenfuss, will you be my stenographer?"

THE MARLY
DRESS JACKET
IS THE ONLY ONE MADE OF CORDUROYAL
IT'S AN ORIGINAL Ayrostar FASHION...

... precision-styled for men who dress with distinction, for wartime Americans with weather-eye to the practical, for the man who wants his money's worth! Because when you mix or match Marly with different slacks you get any number of smart outfits that are handsomely correct for work, for play, for informal dates. Made of CORDUROYAL, a rich, supple, corduroy used EXCLUSIVELY for Ayrostar fashions, that wears like iron. Full-lined, impeccably tailored, and weatherized by Cravenette. In Sand, Saddle Brown, or Lovat Green.

$13.50

IT'S A ONE-COAT WARDROBE!
AT BETTER STORES
Ayrostar ORIGINAL
by ARROW IMPORTING CO. INC. · CLEVELAND
CORDUROYAL ARISTOCRAT TRADE MARK OF CORDUROYS

Remember this One?

1st GIRL:
He was in his Business Suit!

2nd GIRL:
What's his business . . . a *B.V.D. salesman?

*B. V. D. IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF THE B. V. D. CORPORATION

It pays to be up to date on B.V.D.!

Today that familiar label is your guarantee of top quality in pajamas . . . in style-setting Ruggers Shirts and swim trunks, too! Just as in the famous B.V.D. underwear — you get tops in comfort — *plus* smart styling and expert tailoring, too. It's time you knew what B.V.D. can do for you!

The "Ombre Blazer" pajamas by B.V.D.*

THE "OMBRE BLAZER" pajamas by *B.V.D. Smart stripes in a brilliant new design. Notched and collarless for comfort . . . tailored from long-wearing broadcloth for long service. Tested and guaranteed washable by the American Institute of Laundering. $2.97

Other B.V.D. Pajamas $2.47

MADE FOR THE B.V.D. BEST RETAIL TRADE
REG US PAT OFF
AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF LAUNDERING

"Next to myself, I like B.V.D. best"
UNDERWEAR · PAJAMAS · SPORTSWEAR · SWIM TRUNKS

Bridging the centuries

Since 1758, seven generations of the Scotch family of Keith have been making shoes in New England, and have carefully passed down the tradition of conscientious craftsmanship. Nothing has been spared to make Keith Highlanders the finest that can be produced. Master workmen, using only the finest materials, are the creators of today's Keith Highlanders — shoes that fully express 186 years of knowledge, skill, and integrity.

The distinctive appearance, exceptional durability and downright comfort of these famed shoes make them first choice of men who give precedence to quality.

KEITH *Highlanders*

THE PROUDEST NAME IN SHOES

Priced from $13.95

Geo. E. Keith Company, Brockton 63, Mass.

Heroes of the Inland Seas

Continued from pages 56-153

wartime it became suddenly America's Achilles heel. The government set up the Soo's outer defense bastion in far-off Iceland, and surrounded Sault Ste. Marie itself with an elaborate military establishment that included barrage balloons. But still the two side-by-side locks were too vulnerable. Moreover, they were not deep enough for the enormous new vessels. So the Army and the Great Lakes Dredge and Dock Company started work on the MacArthur Lock, named for General Douglas MacArthur. Engineers estimated thirteen months to do the job. The builders licked a housing shortage and 40 below zero cold and finished the job seven months ahead of schedule. On July 11 a bottle of champagne was smashed on the steel and concrete gate.

By August first, Washington could announce that they had moved an all-time record-breaking total of 13,688,000 tons of ore to lower lake ports in July.

All over the lakes men were straining to help them. On the Marquette Range in Michigan where a hundred years ago iron ore first was found in the Lake Superior region, on the Gogebic Range and the Menominee Range of Michigan, on the Vermilion and the Cuyuna and the vast Mesabi Ranges of Minnesota—the Swedes and Irish and Finns and Slavs and Italians were working three shifts a day thousands of feet underground to bring the ore to the surface, or in the yawning open pits to scoop out the red "Lake Superior mud." The Mountain Iron Mine, first important shipper on the great Mesabi Range in 1892, was reopened after 33 years. Old explorations were tested and opened anew on all the ranges. It was like the Eighties and Nineties when the Ranges were new. The saloons were crowded. Miners made $300 a month. Stores were jammed on Saturday nights. Trains of ore cars a mile long wound down from the Mesabi Range to the docks of Duluth and Superior and Two Harbors. Records were set daily. Loading time even for the block-long 15,000 ton freighters was figured in hours and minutes. At Duluth and Two Harbors they loaded 1,628,860 tons in a single week, the most in history, and during the first three days of July alone 781,674 tons of ore were delivered to 75 boats.

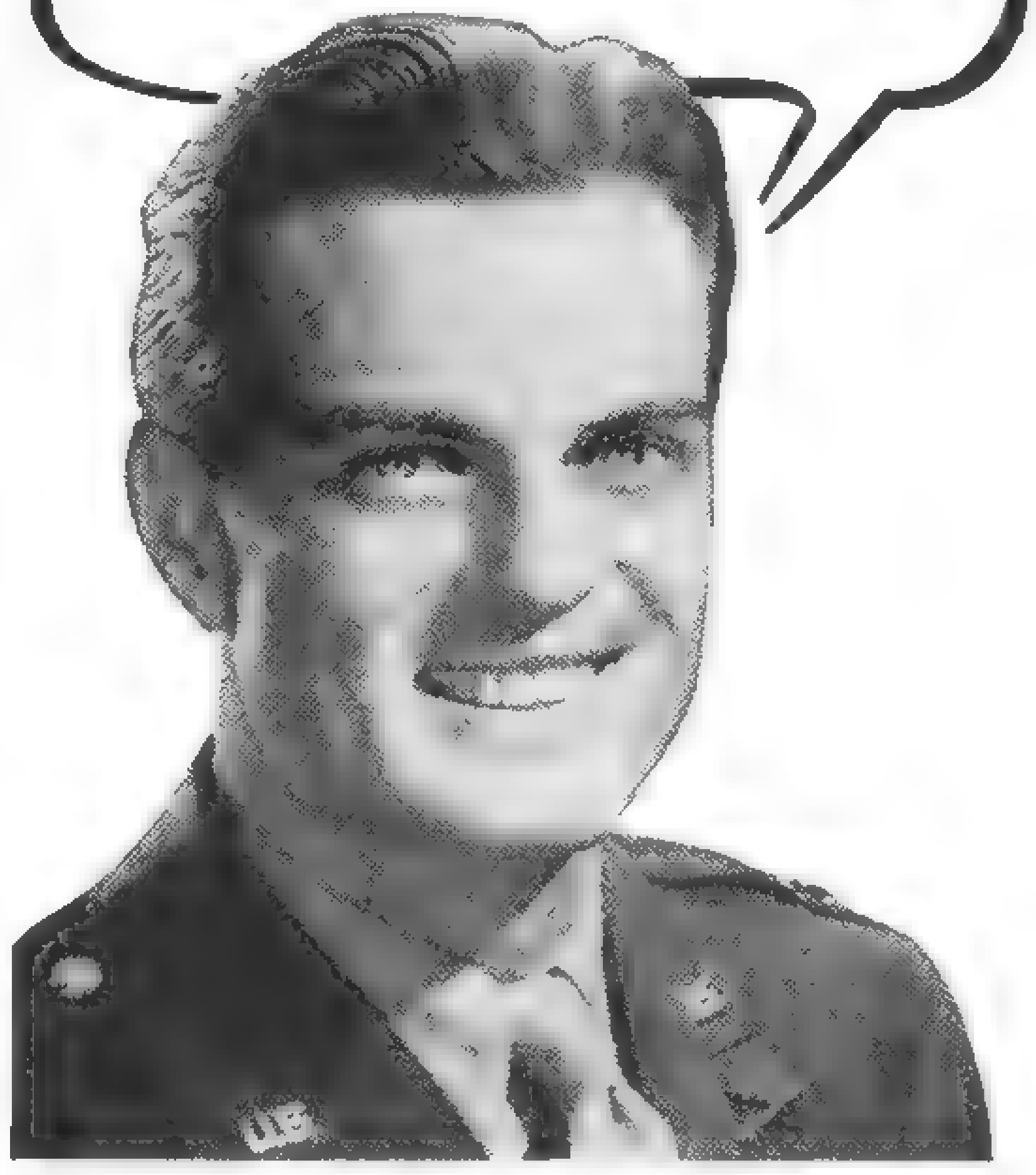
In all this welter of activity, there was a subdued note. There was an air of restraint about even the men who crowded into the taverns on Saturday night. This country, known so long as a boom-and-bust region, was serious. Men, watching the statistics that showed the progress of the race of tonnage against time, studied the figures as carefully as a horse-player studies form.

Despite the conspiracy of the

CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE "FINGERNAIL TEST?"

1. Scratch your head and see! If you find signs of dryness or loose, ugly dandruff, you need new Wildroot Cream-Oil-Formula. Grooms, relieves dryness, removes loose dandruff! Two sizes, 60¢ and $1.00.

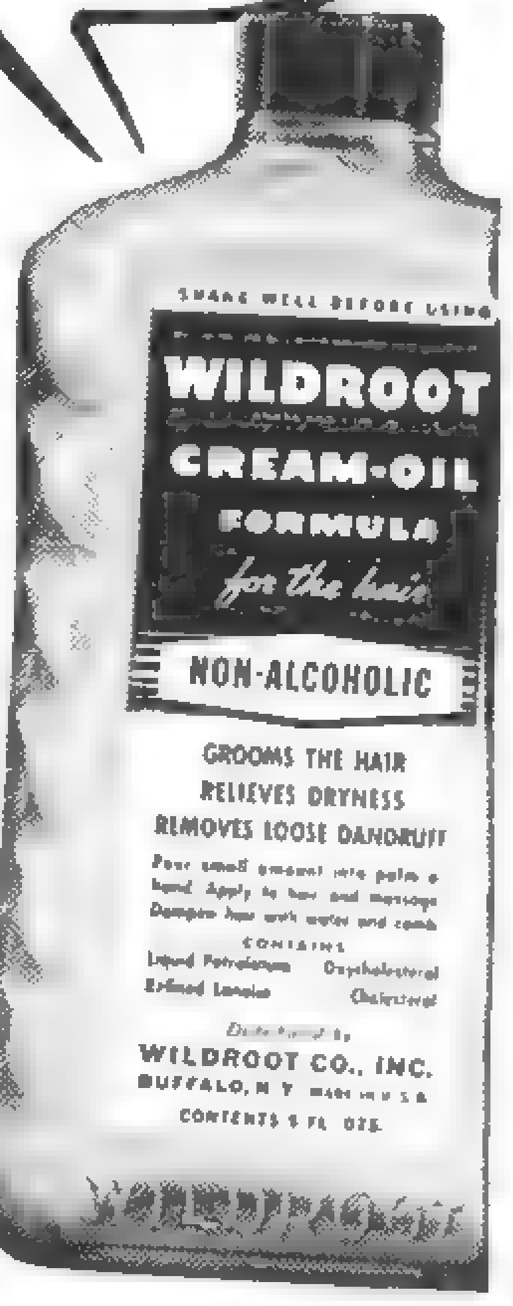
YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS WITH NEW WILDROOT CREAM-OIL



2. Keeps your hair well combed all day long, and without a trace of that greasy look! And grooming without grease means no more stained hatbands, no greasy pillow slips! Your hair looks good and feels good!

NON-ALCOHOLIC CONTAINS REFINED LANOLIN!

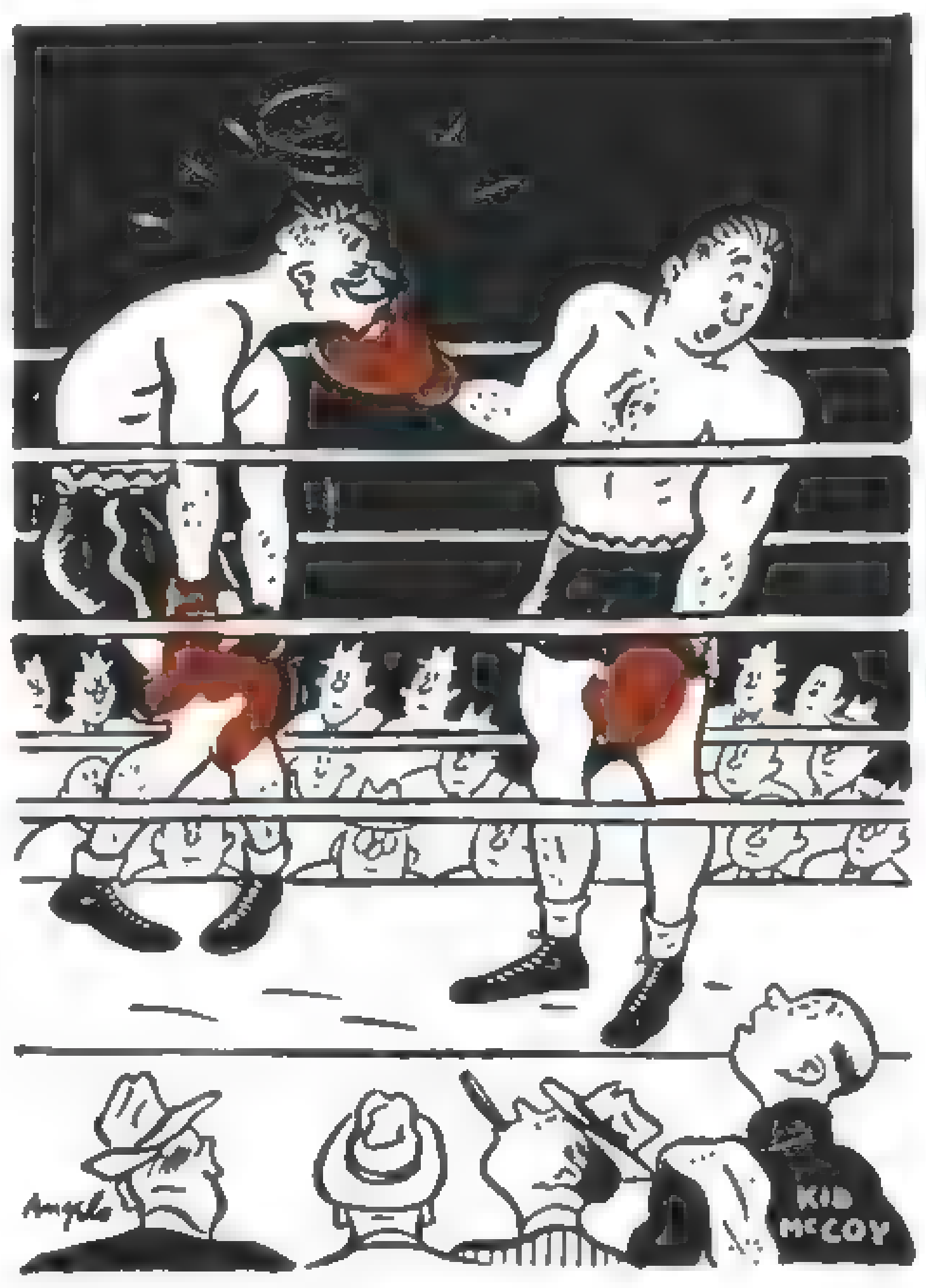
3. Refined LANOLIN has long been prescribed because of its soothing qualities, and because it closely resembles the oil of the human skin. Wildroot Cream-Oil is also homogenized for uniformity. No wonder 4 out of 5 users in a nation-wide test prefer it to the preparations formerly used. Get it today from your barber or druggist.



NEW! WILDROOT CREAM-OIL

BUY MORE WAR BONDS NOW!

elements, despite bad luck and the accidents inevitable to overstrained men and ships, they were getting the job done. By August you could stand at the foot of Woodward Avenue in Detroit and see one of the long, low ships pass by every fifteen minutes. You could sit atop the highest peak of the copper country, Brockway Mountain near the tip of long narrow Keweenaw Peninsula in Michigan, and against the sunset you would see a string of freighters moving like cattle homeward bound, smoke black on the red horizon, the last of the group hull down in the grey distance. All passed closer to the treacherous reefs than before, cutting quite a few precious miles off the distance.


KID McCOY
Angelo

"Now?"

Everything was that way. Running time was shortened unbelievably. Forced draft became so common it was not mentioned. Activity was ceaseless.

It's a thousand miles from Duluth to Buffalo by water; the boats covered the distance in 96 hours, unloaded in a half dozen roaring hours, took on a cargo of water ballast or coal and headed back up the lakes. One ship traveled 61,887 miles during the short season, equal to about eight trips between San Francisco and Sydney, Australia.

Ships do not move without men. It is the sleepless men, the tireless stokers of the black gang, the officers of the bridge, the expert engineers who nurse the great pulsing engines beneath the decks, the deckaroos who perform the countless tasks of seamanship—it is these men who fought this battle for ore. Soft men, fresh-water seamen? Nearly always in sight of land, yes. But any sailor knows that danger lies near land; long stretches of open ocean provide a time for relaxation. So close-spaced are the rocks and reefs, the narrow rivers and canals and harbor entrances which the lake boats thread, that master and crew alike must be constantly vigilant. Only for brief spaces can the captain relax.

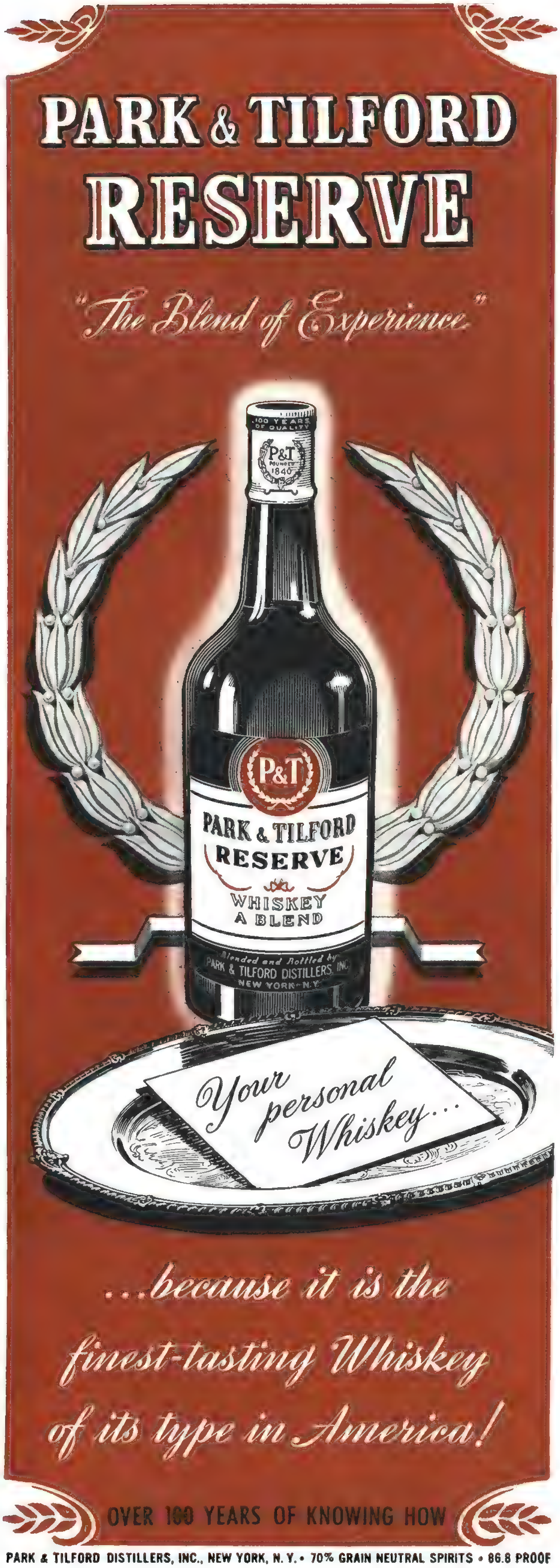
By early November it looked as

Continued on page 156

MIDO WINDS AS YOU GO
Mido
MULTIFORT SUPER-AUTOMATIC
©1944 MIDO WATCH COMPANY OF AMERICA INC

Every movement you make winds your Mido. It's the 100% waterproof watch that winds itself. Shockproof, non-magnetic, 17-jewels, it is sold and serviced in 65 countries. Only a very limited supply available.

Write for illustrated booklet, A-44, Mido Watch Co. of America, Inc., 665 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N. Y... In Canada, 410 St. Peter St., Montreal.



PARK & TILFORD
RESERVE
"The Blend of Experience"
PARK & TILFORD RESERVE WHISKEY A BLEND
Blended and Bottled by PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC. NEW YORK-N.Y.
Your personal Whiskey...
...because it is the finest-tasting Whiskey of its type in America!
OVER 100 YEARS OF KNOWING HOW
PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y. • 70% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • 86.8 PROOF

Actual view of Buchsbaum *laboratory* showing complete, modern equipment for analyzing, testing and developing Buchsbaum quality products.

TOMORROW'S MIRACLE

ELASTI★GLASS*

Braces and Belts

Comfortable *controlled stretch,* remarkable wearing qualities and advanced styling are found in these accessories of the future. And you can have them *now!* Elasti-Glass is modern chemistry's *miracle material* . . . highly resistant to perspiration, waters, oils and acids. Your dealer has or can quickly obtain limited quantities of smartly fashioned Elasti-Glass accessories for you. See him *today!*

Elasti-Glass Braces—Attractive ribbed effect in newest solid pastel shades: Navy Blue, Light Blue, Brown, Green, Grey, Maroon. Clip or button ends........................$1

Elasti-Glass Belts—In ribbed effect to match braces. In Brown only. The "STRATTON" with patented, positive grip slide buckle in hammered effect design.....................$1

*Elasti-Glass is an ORGANIC GLASS and although of almost living elasticity contains no silica or rubber. (Trade Mark Registered U. S. Pat. Off. Made from Vinylite† Brand Resins. †Trade Mark Reg. C. & C. C. C.) Covered by U. S. Pat. No. 2,288,313.

Style King
REG. TRADE MARK
BELTS and BILLFOLDS

Matched Western Design Belt and Billfold Set

The Saddle Belt—Full grain Western leather lined on cowhide. Saddle stitched. Western embossed hand tooled design! 1" width. In Golden Tan only..........................$1.50

Matching Embossed Western Design Billfold—Genuine soft, supple leather in California saddle finish. Has roomy currency compartment, identification card window, two card and stamp pockets, two double transparent card and photo pockets. No. X1076......................$2

S. Buchsbaum & Co.
MANUFACTURERS SINCE 1888 · CHICAGO

Dealer's Note: Limited stocks on hand at our New York, Chicago and Los Angeles Offices

Heroes of the Inland Seas

Continued from pages 56-153-155

if they might make their incredible quota. They set an all-time record for October, moving 11,612,542 tons of ore and carrying the season's total up to 76,714,837 tons. True, that was behind last year's tonnage and with only uncertain weeks or days remaining before the ice closed in. The men said quietly, "That's all right. We've got maybe another month yet, if we get a break on the weather."

But in November the storms struck Superior. On the 7th and 8th a sixty-mile gale piled up the heaviest seas seen on the lake since 1905. Thirteen inches of snow fell in Duluth and 65 ore steamers were held in Duluth harbor. Tonnage for the month dropped to 6,940,503. December 11 another storm brought in the winter with a sixty-mile gale and temperature dropping from 32 degrees to 10 below zero. Forty grain boats were caught in the storm on north Superior. One, loaded with barley, trying to round the Keweenaw peninsula, was driven on a reef off Point Isabel and lost. So came the end of the season. They had to settle for 749,912 tons of ore in December, only 113,683 tons more than in 1942.

Report of the Office of Defense Transportation gives the final record. Figured in net tons, 94,533,434 tons of iron ore were delivered. Steel men said it was ample to keep the mills going through the winter. As against the 103,125,990 net tons of 1942 it was an eight per cent loss, but setting that against the virtually twelve per cent loss in navigation time it was a new record. "Lake conditions were the worst in twenty years," said A. T. Wood, director of the ODT's Great Lakes division. "Ice in the spring, prolonged dense fogs and early winter, with below zero temperatures early in November, entailed a full month's tonnage loss."

High water levels and the opening of the MacArthur Locks were the only favorable conditions. Nevertheless, Great Lakes vessels transported 175,690,915 tons of freight in 1943, within four per cent of the 1942 record tonnage. The grain request was met triumphantly with 421,961,725 bushels carried, an increase of forty-one per cent over 1942. Lakes men will talk for many years of those mid-season miracle months when the iron ore really moved. What this means in actual power to this country is shown by the ODT report.

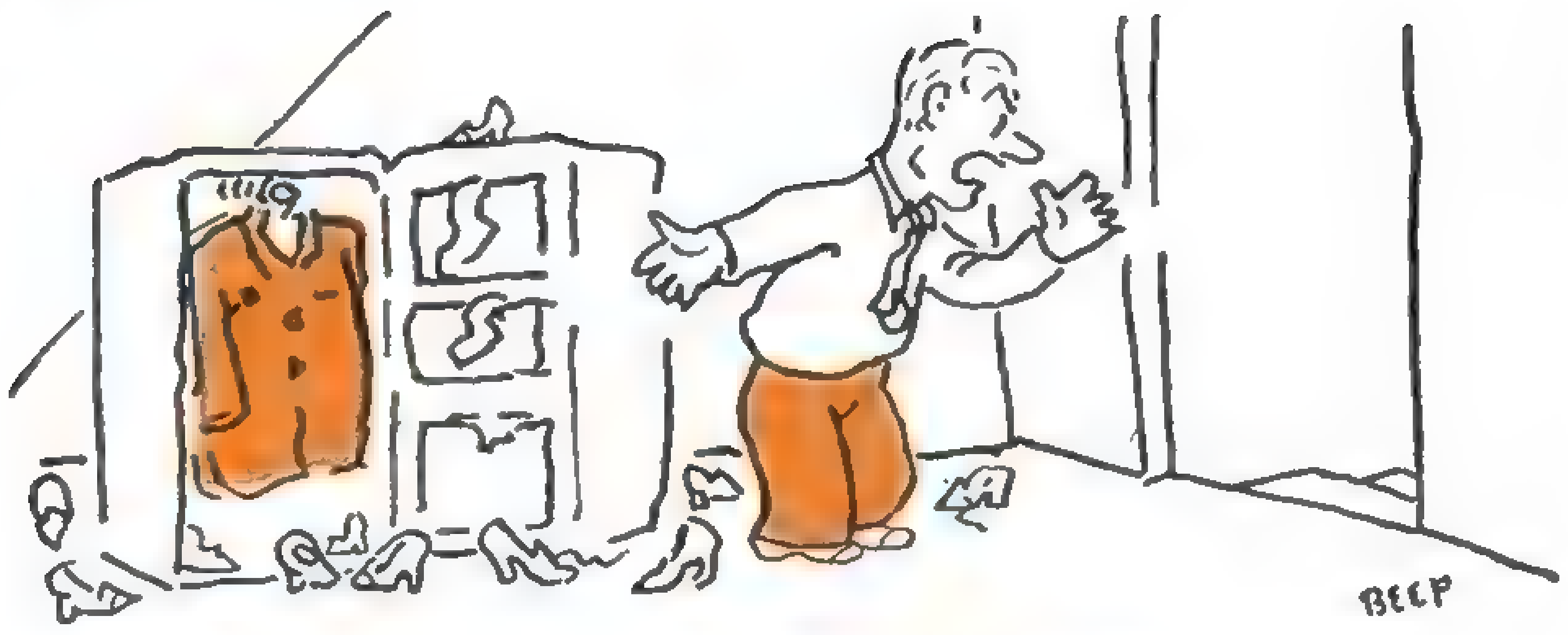
"Potential capacity of the United States and Canadian Lake fleets," Mr. Wood said, "is revealed by the ore moved in the four-month period from July 1 to October 31, when shipments totalled 52,000,000 gross tons, or more than had ever been moved in an entire season up to the beginning of World War II." #

RENAULT
Extra Dry American Champagne

Pour it into your finest
stemware, this pale gold of the
vintner's sun. Twirl the glass and
catch its delicate bouquet. Then
sip it reverently. Nearly three
quarters of a century's experience
has gone into the making of this
delicious champagne, naturally
fermented in the bottle.
Write for a free copy of our
24-page Wine Recipe Book.
Address Dept. 31,
L. N. Renault & Sons, Inc.,
Egg Harbor City, N. J.
Distributed through
McKesson & Robbins, Inc.,
New York.

Buy War Bonds

Enjoy Renault—the Wine without Fault



How to Find Your Wife's Evening Slippers

Go to the attic, open wife's wardrobe trunk as directed, and look in top drawer for her green high-heeled evening slippers. Keep looking. Call down and ask if she is sure she meant top drawer. Wife will say, "yes." Look some more and report you cannot find them. Wife will say she should have known better than to send you for them, you're as blind as a bat; why the other day you looked ten minutes for her brown mesh bag and it was on the sofa right in front of your eyes.

Keep looking for slippers. Call down and tell wife you can't find them. Wife will suggest looking in other three drawers. Tell wife you already have. Wife will say it is positively uncanny the way you can look *right smack at* a thing without seeing it; last week you tried to find the carpet sweeper and you tripped right over it and if it had been a bear it would have bitten you.

Remove all drawers from wardrobe trunk, empty all contents and ask does she perhaps mean kind of grayish-looking slippers with low heels. Wife will say she distinctly said *green evening slippers* and she'll have to come up and look and she was a fool not to have looked in the first place, it would have saved her a lot of time and breath and she doesn't see how anybody with your eyesight can possibly do office work or play tennis or anything like that.

Empty all other trunks in attic, search all contents thoroughly, call down that you still can't find evening slippers and wife will say honestly why she had to go and marry a man who ought to be carrying a cane and studying Braille, for goodness sakes use your eyes and—wait a minute, never mind, she's just found them down in her bedroom closet, sorry.

Pursue one of two courses: (a) Laugh loudly, gloat boisterously and remind her of the incident continually for the next three weeks. (b) Do and say absolutely nothing. A survey of 2,362,483 American husbands indicates that 97.42% approve (b).

Including me.

—Parke Cummings

Right Dress!

FOR FUN • FOR WORK. .

Seven Seas

SLACKS • ENSEMBLES • SLIMLINES*

Trim slim Seven Seas slacks make a whole wardrobe of smart outfits when they're mixed or matched with odd coat, sweater, or sports jacket. They'll fit comfortably, hang right, hold their press, wear like iron and look like a million when they're Seven Seas!

*SLIMLINES are for the ladies

Seven Seas SLACKS

Moyer MFG. CO. • YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

GOOD...
BETTER...BEST!

That every man, in these shoe-important days, can't enjoy the superlative qualities of Footsavers is regrettable. For their return on investment—as measured by eye, foot, or length of life—makes any other shoe expensive. Because Footsavers *are* "best" they cost more. But in return, they'll feel well and look well long after their cost is forgotten. *Fenworth*—the handsome quarter-brogue below—gives you an eye-idea of what we mean. $11.50 to $12.95. Footsaver Shoes, Whitman, Mass.

Footsaver Shoes

BOSTONIANS AT THEIR FINEST

weather forecast: rain
fashion forecast:
Axel
RAINWEAR
LEON A. XEL, LTD • 200 FIFTH AVE • NEW YORK 10, N.Y.

Handy Andy Pafko

Saved from Sunday School fire by chum who lost his life, rooky now stands on threshold of fame

by BRAVEN DYER

Every time Andy Pafko of the Cubs, generally rated the No. 1 rooky prospect of the year in the majors, thinks of his budding success in baseball, he reverently thanks Paul Yurik. Andy and Paul were chums in Boyceville, Wisconsin, where Pafko was born on February 25, 1921. On Andy's seventh birthday he and Paul were attending Sunday School. It was cold and the gas stove in the school was turned on full blast. Suddenly there was an explosion, followed by a terrible fire. Paul pulled Andy from the burning room. Paul died a few hours later.

Andy was blind for an entire week and his face is still scarred, but his sight is perfect. "I owe my life to Paul Yurik," he never forgets.

Boyceville is a little town of 750 not far from Minneapolis. At high school Andy played football, basketball and baseball. "In those days," he recalls, "I liked football best. I weighed around 180 and played halfback. Minnesota offered me a scholarship, but I began playing baseball at Eau Claire in the Northern League."

From Eau Claire Pafko went to Green Bay where he batted .349 in 1941. The Milwaukee Brewers bought him and after spring training of '42 shipped him to Macon, Georgia. There he caught the eye of Clarence Rowland, Cub scout and Los Angeles president.

When the Coast League season of 157 games closed last year, Pafko was the circuit's leading hitter at .356. He topped all batters in total hits with 215, and led also in runs-batted-in with 116. The Helms Athletic Foundation named him on the All-Pacific Coast League squad, and *The Sporting News* tabbed him the Coast's most valuable player.

Andy did some remarkable things in the Pacific Coast League last year. When the Angels established a new league record of 20 straight victories, he made 40 hits in those 20 triumphs, scored 21 runs, batted in 26 runs and hung up an average of .435 for that stretch. Through seven full weeks from May 23 through July 5 he batted over .400. He had two exceptional hitting streaks, one when he got 29 hits in 15 consecutive games and another when he bagged 21 blows in 14 games. Sparked by Pafko's great hitting, the Angels won the pennant, finishing 21 games ahead of the second place club.

Wid Matthews, Brooklyn scout, declares: "Pafko's my candidate for the No. 1 young player of 1943. He can do everything. I watched him in Seattle one week. Bill Skiff, the Seattle manager, told me before the first game of the series that he had ordered his pitchers to throw 'high and tight' to Pafko that day. That's the toughest ball to hit in any league. Well, sir, Pafko hit two of those pitches for home runs."

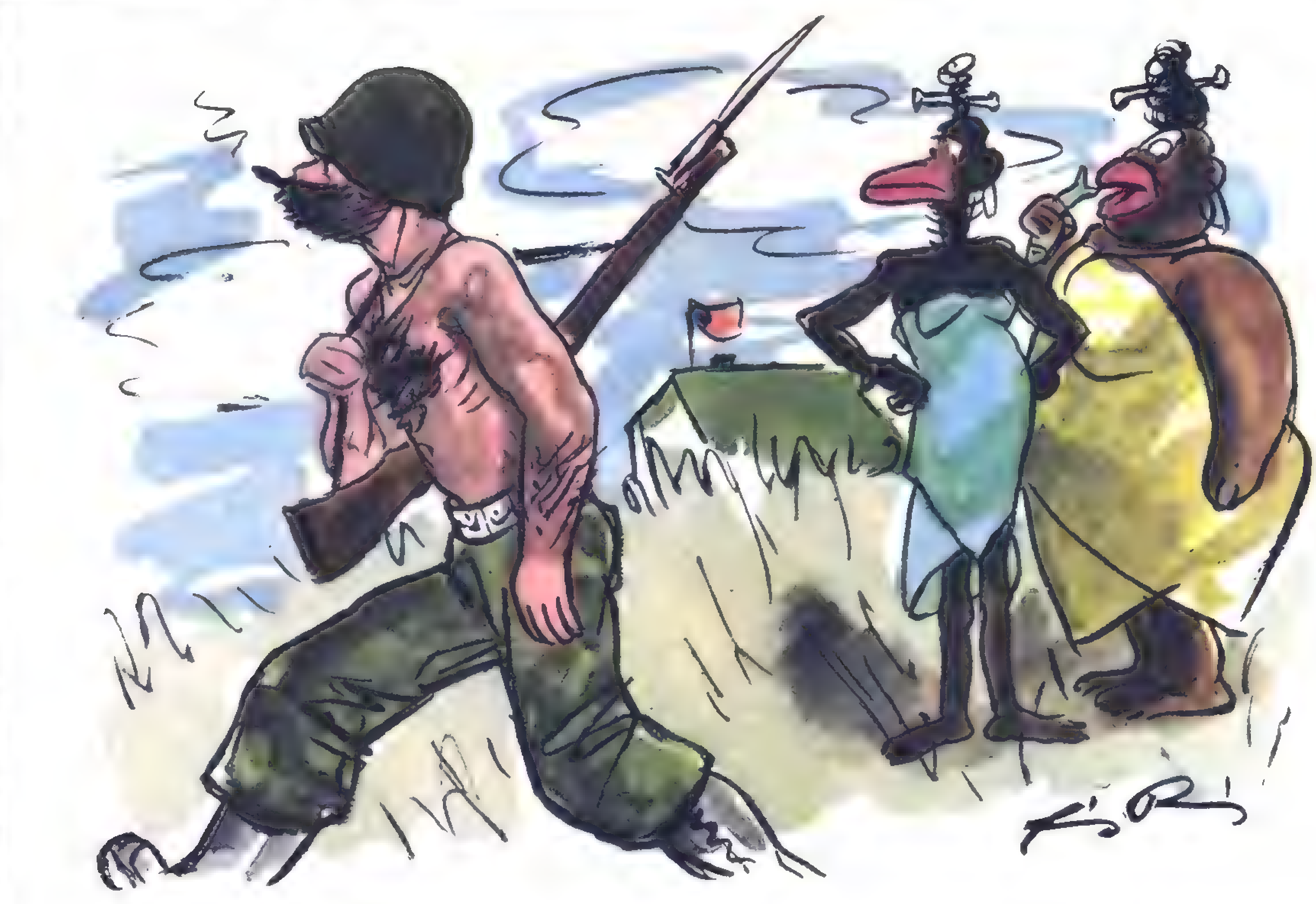
Pafko himself gives Bill Sweeney, his manager at Los Angeles, credit for the improvement he made last year. "I used to stand too far away from the plate," Andy relates. "Bill got me up close and it was much easier then."

Pafko hit the first big league pitch he ever saw for a first-inning single that drove in two runs when he reported to the Cubs last fall. In 58 times at bat in the National League he made 22 hits for a .379 average. He is rated the best-looking young right-handed hitting outfielder to come into the league in years.

Andy has twice been rejected for military service because of high blood pressure and a perforated ear drum. If he continues to slug the ball, Handy Andy is likely to cause high blood pressure among a lot of National League pitchers this year. #

FIFTH AVENUE ON EASTER SUNDAY ➧

The crowds of people strolling up and down Fifth Avenue, New York, after church services on Easter Sunday, make a kaleidoscope panorama. The varied hues of the clothes worn by civilian men and women are punctuated by the olive drab, forestry green, Navy and Air Force blue of the uniforms of men and women in the military services of this country and other Allied nations. In the foreground of the Robert Goodman drawing on the opposite page: the man at left wears a grey herringbone tweed topcoat with peaked lapels, oxford grey worsted suit, white shirt, starched collar, maroon and silver small-patterned tie, capeskin gloves, grey turned-up brim hat and black shoes. Outfit of the man at the right consists of chalk striped blue worsted suit with long roll lapels on jacket, white broadcloth shirt, starched collar, polka dot foulard tie, covert cloth topcoat, chamois gloves, black Homburg hat and shoes. The woman sports a purple suit, shoes to match, floral hat, mustard hued gloves.



"Discouraging, isn't it—I always thought American Marines looked like they pictured them in the movies!"

◀ CHENNAULT'S FLYING TIGER THROWS A CLOUD ON THE RISING SUN

MAJOR GENERAL Claire Lee Chennault is reported to have said: "We beat the Zeros with our P-40's but if we had Zeros and the Japs P-40's, we would change our tactics and still beat them." While never questioning this statement of the cool, resourceful general, Americans are glad that Chennault and his Fourteenth Air Force rather than the Japanese have the P-40 on their side for the war in China. Its heavy armor, its great fire power and high diving speed have helped the Yanks, despite limited supplies, to carry on effective defensive warfare against vastly superior numbers of the Japanese.

From December 7, 1941, until they were inducted into the American Army, these "Flying Tigers" under the then-Colonel Chennault never had more than one hundred pursuit planes, including replacements. Yet by July, 1942, they could chalk up two hundred and twenty-five Jap planes on the ground and two hundred and seventy-two in aerial combat plus plenty of damage inflicted on Japanese supply and ground installation facilities by bombing. The figures were thus: thirty-four Japanese planes for every P-40 destroyed; ninety-seven Japs killed for every American pilot.

This hard-hitting ship has a single, liquid-cooled engine and a wingspan of thirty-seven feet. It has gone through six major changes, with vast improvements each time. The types now in wide use are the Kittyhawk which uses an Allison engine, and the Warhawk, powered by a Rolls Royce Merlin engine. This later model has a top speed of about 350 miles per hour and is armed with six heavy caliber machine guns. The P-40's are used on occasion as bombers, and have been dubbed by the R.A.F. as Kittibombers.

The Curtiss-Wright makers of the P-40 are proud of its record of "firsts," among them:

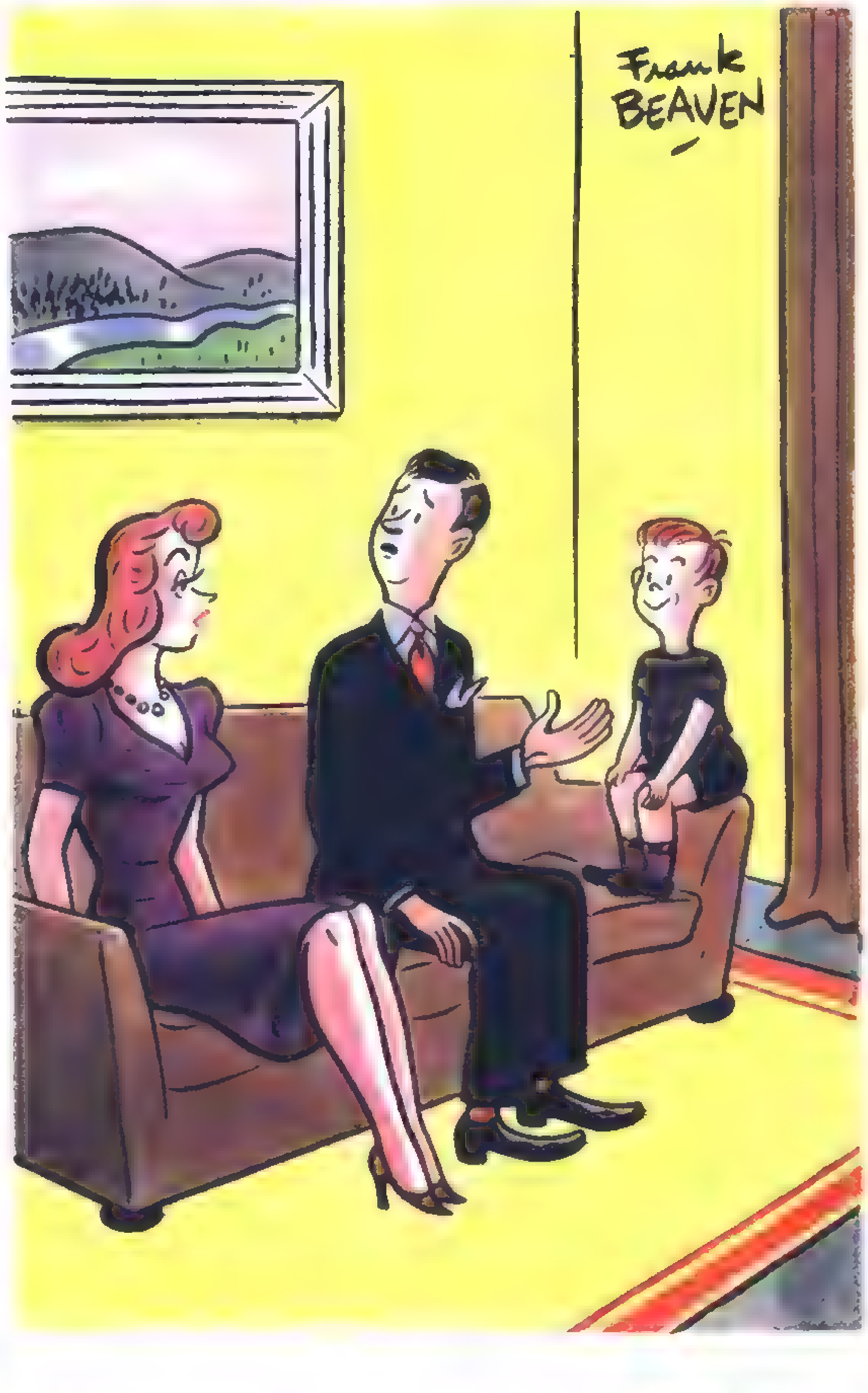
A P-40 flown by a British pilot shot down the first German Messerschmitt 109 in the first dogfight over Iraq.

The late Lt. Col. "Buzz" Wagner, America's first World War II ace, scored all his victories with P-40's in battle over the Philippines and the approaches of Australia.

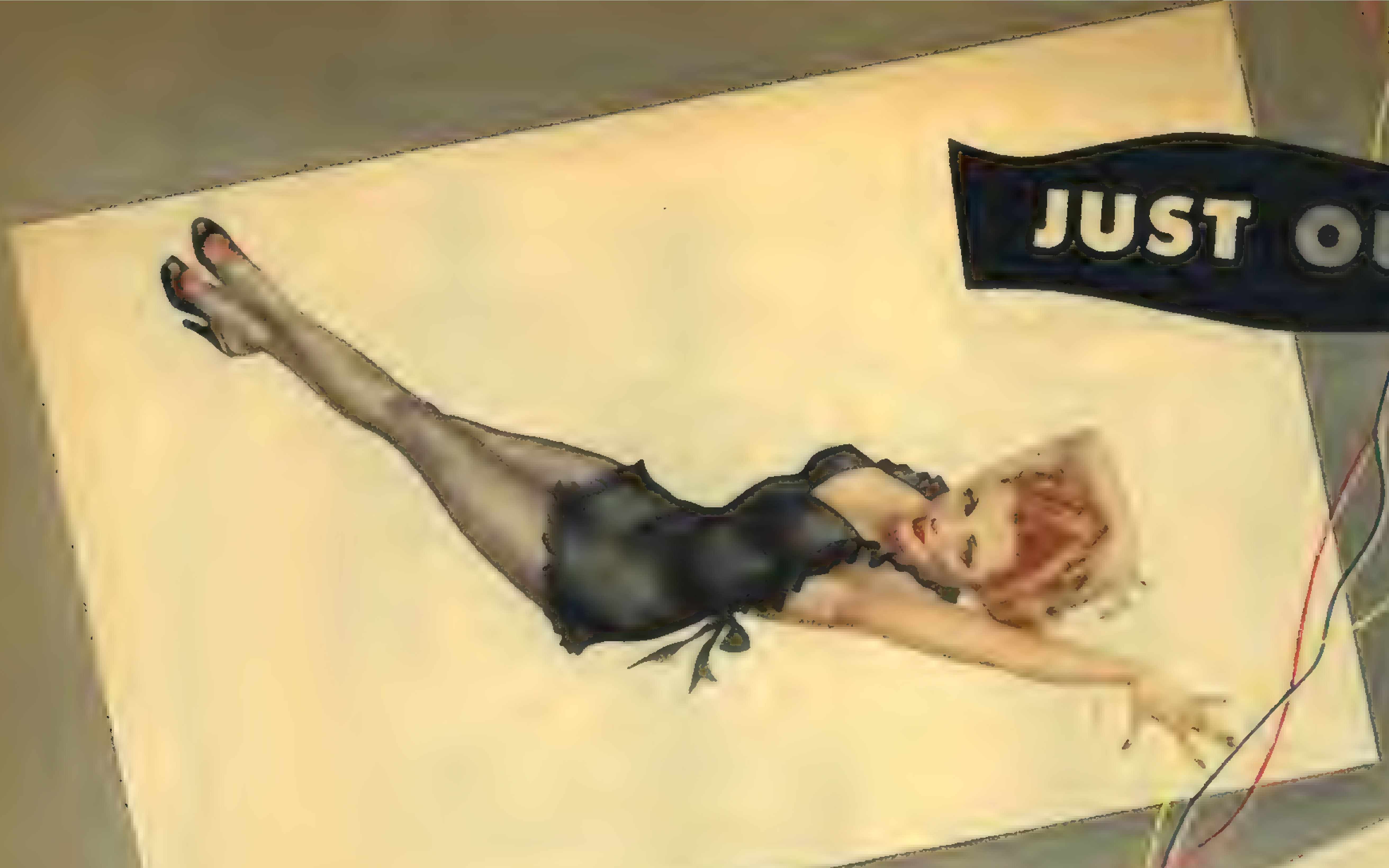
P-40 Pilot Lt. Alvin Watson scored the first American aerial victory over India.

The first German Focke-Wulf 190 shot down in Africa was brought down by a P-40 pilot in the South African Air Force group.

Last October Lt. William P. Benedict, American P-40 pilot, shot down the first German plane over Yugoslavia since the Balkan campaign in April, 1941.



"When I offered him a dime if he'd run along, he offered me a quarter if he could stay!"



JUST OUT!

6 new Varga Girl drawings

6 new Waxman Girl photographs

25¢ a set

6 new Hurrell Girl photographs

3 brand-new sets of SENSATIONAL Esky-Cards PIN-UP POST CARDS

THEY'RE JUST OUT! Three completely new sets of Esky-cards from Esquire's gorgeous glamor girl series Sleek, shining, and streamlined to giant 4 1/2" x 7" proportions are six delectable new Varga girl drawings . . . six dramatic new Hurrell girl photos . . . and six knockout new photographs of American lovelies by Henry Waxman . . . each set sampled here. These new postcards come in addition to the original Esky-card sets of six Varga drawings, Hurrell photographs, Szyk caricatures, Bohl watercolors, Waxman dog photographs, and Esquire cartoons. As always, all Esky-cards are conveniently packaged in special envelopes and printed in color on heavy deluxe chromecoat stock. Send your letters-a-day the quick, eye-filling Esky-card way. Whip off Esky-cards for pin-ups . . . or keep them for showings in your own special collections. Esky-cards cost just six cards for a quarter . . . or $1 for your choice of any five sets. So clip the coupon . . . order your Esky-cards now

ESQUIRE, P. O. BOX 1719, CHICAGO 90, ILLINOIS

Please send me the sets of Esky-cards checked below, at 25c for each set of six, or $1 for my choice of any five sets—30 different cards in all. I enclose $_____, payment in full. U. S. ORDERS ONLY. NO STAMPS PLEASE

- ☐ set of 6 new Varga Girls (set #7)
- ☐ set of 6 new Hurrell girls (set #8)
- ☐ set of 6 new Waxman girls (set #9)
- ☐ set of 6 new 1943 Varga girls (set #1)
- ☐ set of 6 Bohl watercolors (set #2)
- ☐ set of 6 1943 Hurrell girls (set #3)
- ☐ set of 6 Esquire cartoons (set #4)
- ☐ set of 6 Waxman dog photos (set #5)
- ☐ set of 6 Szyk caricatures (set #6)

SOLD IN SETS ONLY

My Name ______________________________

PLEASE PRINT

Address ______________________________

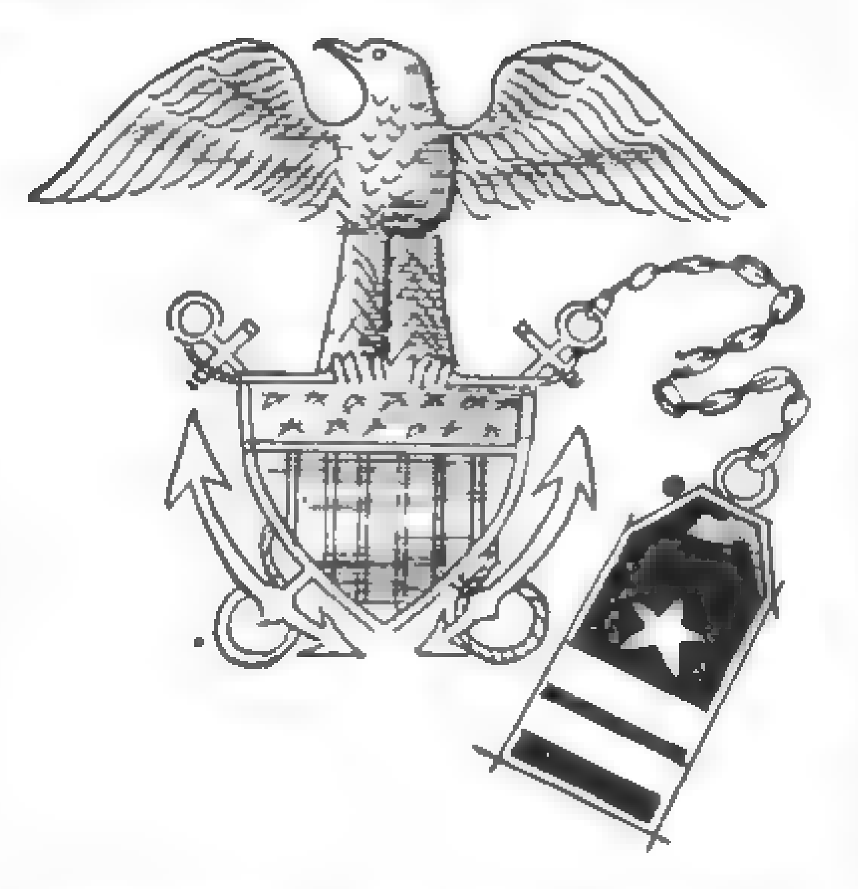
City and State ______________________________

Land Free for the Brave

Continued from page 37

who has been so discharged is entitled to have deducted from the three years residence requirement the whole term of his enlistment even though he may have been in the Army only a short time.

When a homesteader has fulfilled all the requirements, he submits proof that he has done so. As when making his first entry, he must again pay a commission of from one to two dollars for every forty-acre tract he wishes to prove he has homesteaded, the cost of advertising his proof notice, and a testimony fee of fifteen cents for each hundred words in the written proof he submits. The total fees for an eighty-acre farm would come to about fourteen dollars, including those paid when first making the entry. This means the government gives you the land at about seventeen and one-half cents per acre.



Sweetheart pin has shoulder board of rank attached with chain to Naval insignia.

Homesteading is not the only way an American can acquire land from the public domain. In Alaska, placer mining claims can be purchased at two and a half an acre, and at five dollars per acre for lode claims. Coal lands, islands for fur farming, timber rights, and oil, gas, sodium, potash and phosphate deposits may be leased from the government. The General Land Office has maps, bulletins and complete information.

People everywhere are wondering what is going to happen after the war to those soldiers and sailors who may not be able to adjust themselves to everyday jobs. Familiar with danger and used to action, toughened by long months living in the open, resourceful, confident and ambitious, these men may well find a future for themselves clearing and cultivating and building on land which still lies waiting for the ax and the plow of the pioneer.

Once our fighting men were recruited from frontiersmen. Today it is very possible that our new frontiersmen will come from the ranks of our Armed Forces. #

OMEGA
the most accurate watch in the world
Winner of First Place in the Famous British
National Observatory Accuracy Tests
At Your Jewelers.
OMEGA
Fifth Avenue
New York

BERN
HARD
HAVANA CLUB BRAND
Straight Cuban
R
HAVANA CLUB BRAND
U
HAVANA CLUB BRAND
M
HAVANA CLUB BRAND
Distilled and bottled by
JOSÉ ARECHABALA · S · A ·
CARDENAS · CUBA
Sole Agents for U. S. A.
CONTINENTAL IMPORT DIVISION,
R. C. WILLIAMS & CO., INC.
New York, N. Y.
86 PROOF

FRENCH SHRINER & URNER
TRADE MARK
EXTRA QUALITY

THE MARK OF
DISTINGUISHED SERVICE!

TODAY most of our shoes are going to the men who are winning tomorrow's victory. When that comes, you too, will be able to enjoy — without restrictions — the distinguished service for which F. S. & U. shoes are so famous.

In the meantime . . . if you are fortunate enough to be wearing French, Shriner & Urner shoes . . . give them the extra care they deserve.

- *Keep them treed when not in use*
- *Wear alternate pairs every other day*
- *Clean and polish them regularly*
- *Wear rubbers in wet weather*
- *Watch for needed repairs*

And . . . when you must have new shoes, bring in your coupon. We'll do our best to fit you to the finest value it can buy.

Factory and Executive Offices — 63 Melcher Street, Boston
Stores, Dealers and Departments — Coast to Coast

FRENCH, SHRINER & URNER
"AMERICA'S FINEST SHOES FOR MEN"

★ ★ ★ ★
YOU'VE DONE YOUR BIT—NOW DO YOUR BEST
★ BACK THE ATTACK BUY WAR BONDS ★

The Yankee from Georgia

Continued from page 53

becomes a study in concentration. "I think of only two things," he says. "First, I set my mind on the batter—what to throw him. Second, I anticipate what play to make if the batter hits the ball back to me. As long as I think only of the batter, I don't have much trouble."

Such concentration was the cause of an unfortunate accident in 1942. Pitching in Chicago, Spud, as usual, was bearing down with all he had, completely oblivious to everything except the man at the plate.

He reared back and let go his fast ball. The batter hit a short foul near third. Chandler started for it at full speed.

At the foul line he crashed into Umpire Harry Geisel. Both of them fell to the ground. Chandler hopped back up. But Geisel was hurt—and his thirty-three year umpiring career ended there.

Only once have the bruises of adversity motivated him to threaten retirement. That was in the spring of 1937. For five seasons he had been shunted around the Yankee chain, and was fast becoming a never-never pitcher.

Chandler decided to quit. He was through with baseball, through with the Yankees. He hopped into his automobile and headed for Buford, Georgia. There he conferred with John Allen, wealthy shoe manufacturer whose chief hobby is his semi-pro nine.

"Mr. Allen," Chandler told him, "I'd like to pitch for the Shoemakers."

"All right, Spurgeon, let me think it over. We might be able to use you. I'll let you know."

Two weeks later Chandler read Allen's offer and shook his head. It wasn't enough. He turned back to the Yanks for a living.

That spring Spud went to St. Petersburg for his second year of training with the Yankees. This time he worked harder than ever. He talked to the older pitchers, questioned the coaches, gradually supplemented his diamond knowledge. He felt he was coming along again. So did Joe McCarthy, New York manager.

"Chandler," he told the Georgian, "you're going back to New York with us."

The club returned to start the season, but it was May 6 before Chandler was called from the bull pen. Against the Tigers in Detroit, he appeared briefly in the relief role—just another line of type in the box score.

In his first start he pitched a magnificent game May 9 against the White Sox, losing 2-1 when Zeke Bonura slapped a fast one into the left field pavilion.

However, Chandler followed with a 4-0 victory over the Sox and then hurled another shutout against Cleveland.

He notched seven victories. Then came that fatal afternoon

Westminster
AMERICA'S FINER SOCKS

What do you do on Easter morn?
Parade, parade, parade.
Your wife in her new spring outfit
Winning every accolade.
Of course you'll want to look *your* best,
Impeccable top to toes—
So don't overlook the *final* touch—
Wear smart Westminster Hose.

What does he do when he's on leave?
He dates a WAC or WAVE.
It makes you proud to look at them
So confident—so brave.
His uniform is faultless
And you'll pardon us if we boast
That he probably wears Westminsters
Sold in stores from coast to coast.

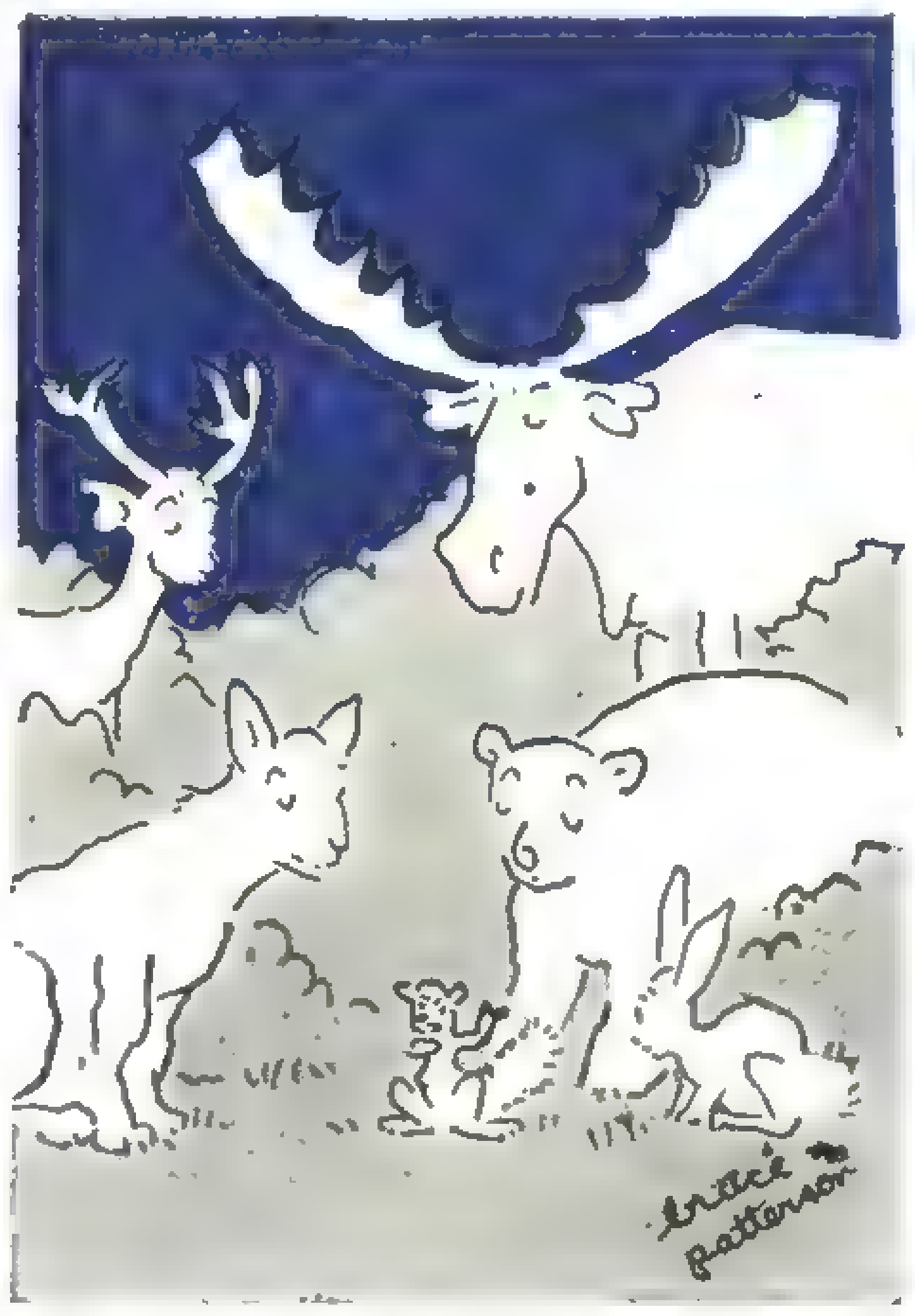
Westminster
AMERICA'S FINER SOCKS

in Cleveland. Chandler faced Johnny Allen of the Indians in a hurling duel. In the fourth inning with Sam Hale on first and one out, Frank Pytlak laid down a bunt in front of the plate. Chandler pounced on the ball.

"To second! Second!" yelled catcher Bill Dickey.

Chandler turned. He saw it was too late to make a play at the keystone. He pivoted again, and lost his balance. With Pytlak racing to first, Chandler threw. As the ball left his hand, he felt a twinge in his right shoulder.

The injury sent Chandler back to Newark. His shoulder mended in time for him to notch two victories against one loss and to hurl an 11-1 triumph over Columbus in the little World Series.



"I say, if the hunters won't come after us, let's go after them"

In 1938 Chandler returned to the stadium. After he started the season with the champion Yankees he became aware of a new pain—this one emanating from bone growths in his right elbow.

"It was so intense," he explains, "that after pitching a game I couldn't raise my arm to eat or tie my tie."

However, before each tilt Spud would thoroughly massage his elbow with his left hand, then go out on the mound and fog 'em by the opposition. Despite his painful bone growths, Chandler captured fourteen wins against five setbacks.

After the 1938 World Series Dr. Robert Emmett Walsh, Yankee club physician, removed the growths from Spud's elbow. But hard luck still dogged the Georgian's trail. During the winter, Spud returned to the University to obtain the few credits he needed for his B.S. Ag. degree. As usual, to keep himself in shape, Chandler followed a routine of throwing and running. In February, while jogging around the cinder track, he stepped in a hole. His ankle buckled beneath him—and snapped.

The injury kept him out of the lineup until past mid-season. Calcium tablets, hot paraffin oil baths, and plenty of rest enabled Chandler to negotiate on his an-

Continued on page 166

MY FACE LOOKED LIKE A BATTLE MAP—
before I got wise to "stay-moist" lather!
WITH WHISKERS LIKE BALE WIRE — AND MY TENDER FACE SORE FROM WIND AND WEATHER — SHAVING IN COLD WATER MURDERS ME!
WHAT YOU NEED, PAL, IS LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM. EVEN IN COLD WATER IT MAKES A RICH "STAY-MOIST" LATHER. SOAKS TOUGH BEARDS SOFT IN NO TIME. TRY IT!
LIFEBUOY SURE IS A HONEY! ITS SOOTHING, LONG-LASTING LATHER MAKES SHAVING SMOOTHER, EASIER ON MY SENSITIVE SKIN THAN THIN, QUICK-DRYING LATHERS
DOESN'T DRY OUT—HOLDS MOISTURE LIKE A CAMEL
120 TO 150 SHAVES IN THE BIG RED TUBE
TRY LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM'S HEAVY, "STAY-MOIST" LATHER
LIFEBUOY Shaving Cream
NO USED TUBE NEEDED

26TH DIVISION
88TH DIVISION
97TH DIVISION
35TH DIVISION
29TH DIVISION
3RD DIVISION
79TH DIVISION

Insignia Blue IN Wembley Ties

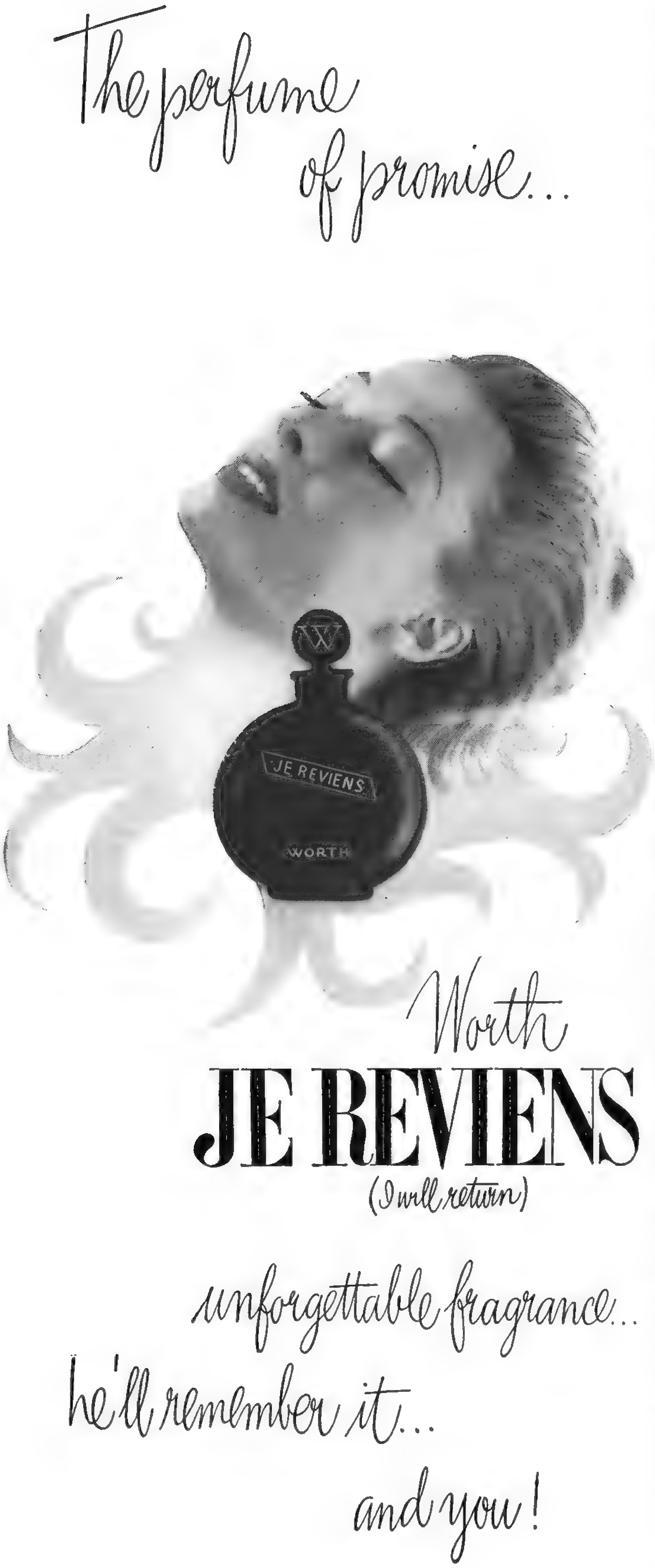
$1

Here is a brave blue borrowed from the divisional insignia worn on a soldier's sleeve. Insignia Blue Ties are made of Wembley's new war-time fabric, a favorite (in uniform khaki and black) of American fighting men. The quality and craftsmanship are all you'd expect of a tie that bears the most popular name in neckwear—Wembley.

• BUY BONDS—SPEED THE VICTORY

Wembley Ties

Copyright 1944, Wembley, Inc., New Orleans



Worth
JE REVIENS
(I will return)
unforgettable fragrance...
he'll remember it...
and you!

The Yankee from Georgia

Continued from pages 53-165

kle again. However, he worked in only nineteen innings in eleven games, winning three tilts and dropping none.

Again in 1940 McCarthy used him sparingly. His record was eight victories and seven losses.

Then came the crucial season of 1941 when Chandler's mid-season discovery of the slider led him to his long-sought glory.

Chandler's early environment may have played a part in his success. Born September 12, 1909, at Commerce, Georgia, he moved with his family eight years later to Carnesville, which is not far from the home town of Georgia's greatest gift to the diamond—Ty Cobb.

It was only natural that every kid who ever stubbed his toe in those red clay hills had as his hero the Great Cobb. Chandler was no exception. At the age of fourteen he was pitching for Carnesville High and, because of his power at the plate, doubling in the outfield.

In the spring of 1926 came Chandler's first big baseball thrill. Carnesville journeyed to neighboring Royston for a game, and Cobb himself was in the stands. Chandler, who had banged out seven home runs in the ten previous games, tried hard, but his best was a long foul.

Still, he'd played before Ty Cobb, the fiery and determined Georgian after whom he was to pattern his own career. The first indication of Spud's resoluteness showed itself when, in the face of his father's passive resistance, Spud continued to play high school football, although it meant finishing his chores on the farm in complete darkness. Then, in his second year, an opposing halfback planted his cleats in Chandler's left hand. He couldn't use it for three weeks.

"That settles it," his father told him. "Either you quit football or you don't get a penny from me for your education."

"All right," retorted the determined youngster. "But if you'll let me play football, I'll pay my own way through college."

After Spud became a star halfback at Georgia his proud father never missed a game in Athens.

Instead of going to Georgia, Chandler almost attended Clemson. Josh Cody, then coach of the Tigers, had offered him an attractive scholarship and the Carnesville farm boy was packing to go to Clemson when a rabid Bulldog follower, Lawrence Costa of Athens, came to see him.

"Why not go to the University?" Costa asked.

"I couldn't get a scholarship there," Chandler told him.

"Well," answered Costa, "you come over to Georgia and if you need any help, see me."

Chandler didn't need help. Coach Harry Mehre of the Bull-

Busy Men Prefer
POCKET SECRETARY

Secret Pocket
BILLFOLD
A secret pocket for big bills, so hidden it defies detection . . . plus all the better features of fine billfolds . . . cleverly tailored in smart leathers.

Swing-it
POCKET SECRETARY
Memo pad swings to outside cover, providing a smooth writing surface; at the same time locking in valuable papers. Pockets for tickets, passes and paper currency. Three sizes in a variety of leathers.

Ask Your Dealer for Leather Goods by
ENGER-KRESS COMPANY
WEST BEND, WISCONSIN
E-K
BUY WAR BONDS
BUY WAR STAMPS

dogs was so impressed by his freshman performance on the gridiron that he put him on a scholarship soon after Christmas.

Mehre didn't regret his move, for Chandler became an All-Southern back, especially adept at pulling the Bulldogs out of tight spots. Football fans still talk about Spud's 92-yard, out-of-bounds punt against N.Y.U. in 1929. It was that prodigious boot which decided the issue in the Bulldogs' favor, 7-6.

In the summer following his sophomore year, Spud, pitching for the semi-pro Tuccoa nine against Newry, South Carolina, hurled his only perfect, no-run, no-hit game.

On the team with Chandler were Johnny Mize and Cy Grant, later to reach football stardom at Georgia. After the game Frank Rickey, Card scout, offered all three contracts. Cy and Chandler refused, but Johnny signed.

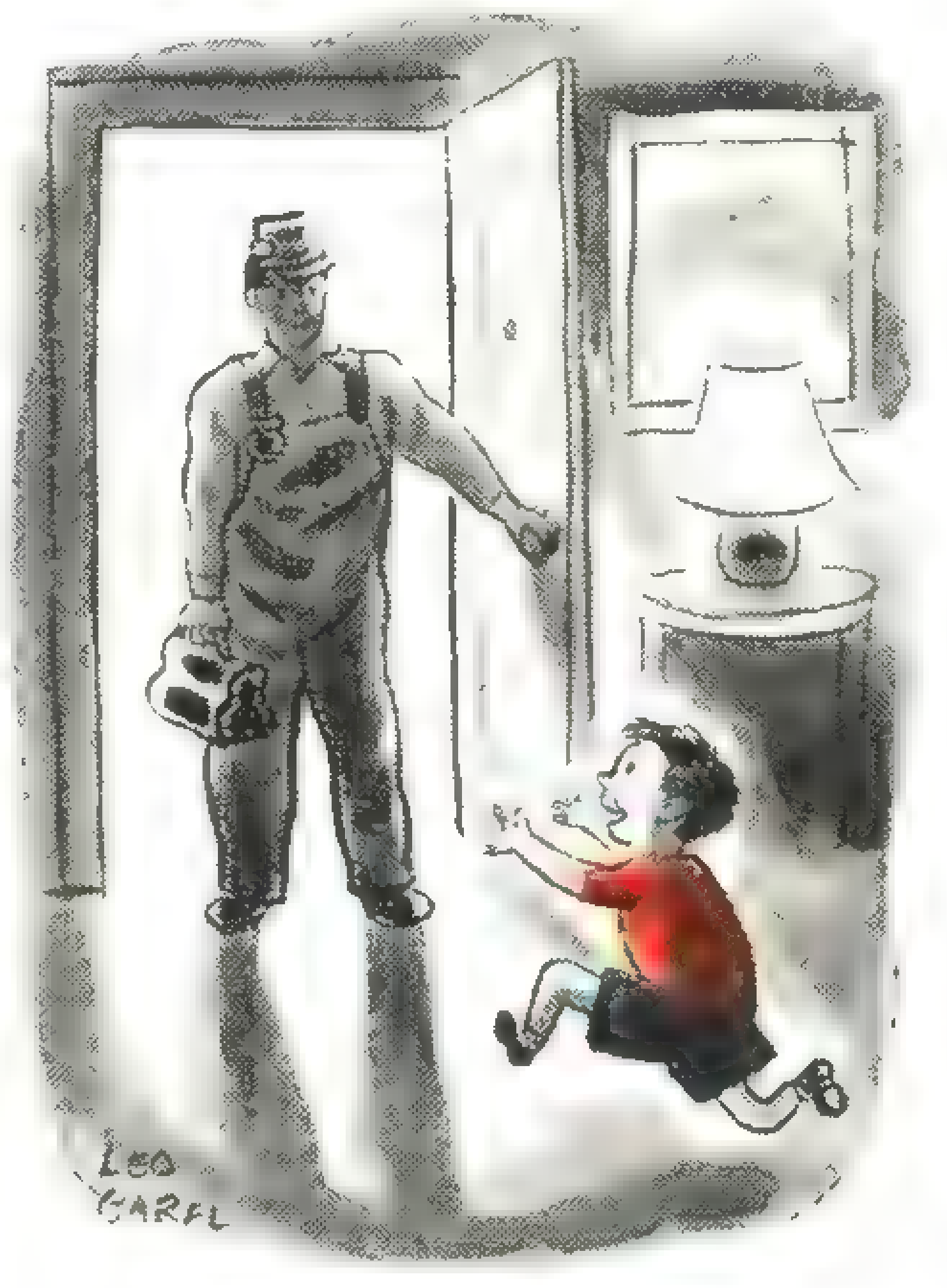
Chandler was signed two years later by Johnny Nee of the Yankees. He was known in the trade as Spurge Chandler (and still signs his name that way) until 1936 when a Newark sportswriter hung the Spud tag on him.

The Georgian is an intelligent, observing young man who might be a successful lawyer, salesman, doctor or business executive. His hobbies off season are hunting and hiking. During the diamond campaign he pairs with Swampy Donald and challenges the best of the Yankees at bridge.

Sharing Spud's current success are his wife and his two-year-old son, Frankie. Pretty Mrs. Chandler met Spud when both were patients of Dr. Robert Emmett Walsh at St. Elizabeth Hospital.

Today Chandler has everything. Baseball has been good to him, and he agrees with the diamond adage that "it's great to be a Yankee."

When he looks back over his career of hardships, setbacks and frustration, he remembers the vision of the Southern kid who wanted to be a Yankee—and became one. #



"Daddy? Momma?"

Lt. Blake puts you "AT EASE"

You work better when you rest *right*. To some, relaxation is golf. To others, it's a stimulating walk. And many prefer just lounging about, indoors or out. For all, there's one loafer coat that fills the bill...Revere's new "Lt. Blake" model! Its colorful checked front with solid Shetland back and sleeves will lift your spirits at first glance! It's as light as Spring...yet warming as a cup of hot coffee!

• • •

LT. BLAKE..about $10.95
In brown and natural • sizes 36-46

Better Department Stores and Men's Shops everywhere feature these two famous labels

Revere

"travelo" KNIT JACKET
100% VIRGIN WOOL
REVERE KNITTING MILLS INC
MALDEN, MASS.

REVERE KNITTING MILLS, INC.
Malden, Mass. • 302 Fifth Ave., N. Y. • 833 Merchandise Mart, Chicago

Historic Draper Hall

Draper Hall, Oconomowoc, Wis., still retains its hospitable traditions... and the happiness, charm and gayety of days of old. In the glittering nineties, it was the scene for many gala and impressive occasions. It was here the famous ballad, "After the Ball", was composed by C. K. Harris.

Years of Preference

Miller HIGH LIFE

MILLER BREWING COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

HANAN HURDLER

Only QUALITY can Bridge Time's Gaps!

For 94 years men wise in the ways of better buying, have had one habit in common: Insistence on Hanan Shoes . . . Behind the sparkling style and action-easing Hurdler construction of Hanans for 1944, is old-fashioned, unchanging devotion to one kind of quality—*the highest*. Today, when shoes must give extra service with extra comfort, men rely more than ever on the long-proven security of the Hanan name . . . a certified bond of satisfaction.

The HURDLER illustrated comes in Black or Tan Calf.

Hanan

by HANAN & SON, INC., CHICAGO, 22, ILLINOIS

Sportdom's Scapegoat Talks Back

Continued from page 90

own house throughout the years.

There is a tendency by some anti-racing writers to single out screwballs and identify them as THE racing element, thereby attempting to prejudice the public against the sport's followers. Script writers for movies and radio dramas have consciously or unconsciously fallen in with this unfairness.

"I know that every horse player keeps on betting because he expects to get rich with a 'killing' some day!" said a sports columnist once. This, of course, is absurd. But it illustrates the effort to stigmatize the millions of racing fans with the earmarks of a few screwballs.

As a matter of fact, the people who constitute the real bulwark of racing are from the highest social and economic positions. Critics of racing try to convey the false impression that people in the racing game are a disreputable lot. The real backbone of racing, without which it could not continue on its present high plane, consists of the wealthy stable-owners, breeders, state racing commissioners and members of the New York Jockey Club, which is the sport's Palladium. These people have invested time and money in racing. They lend it dignity and integrity.

Names like Vanderbilt, Raskob, DuPont, Chrysler, Whitney and Widener are prominent vertebrae in the sport's backbone. Charles T. Fisher, the Fisher Body builder of Detroit; W. E. Boeing, who builds Flying Fortresses for Uncle Sam; Louis B. Mayer of Hollywood; Crispin Oglebay, the shipping magnate from Cleveland—these are prominent racing people.

There are other names to be conjured with—names like Marshall Field, Warren Wright, Mrs. Ethel V. Mars, Mrs. Dodge Sloane, Bing Crosby and former Ambassador Joseph P. Kennedy—who are interested in racing. Herbert Bayard Swope, former editor of the old New York *World* is head of the Turf Committee of America. Lieut. Gen. George S. Patton, Jr. was once a steeplechase jockey at Pimlico in his younger days.

And while on the subject of respectable people in racing, it is altogether fitting to point out that the leading money-winning racing stable-owner of 1942 in England was none other than King George VI himself!

An example of how persons owning a superficial knowledge of racing spread false notions about it is contained in the following incident. When the New Orleans Fair Grounds opened last winter, favorites had an amazing run of luck during the first two weeks. They won 50 per cent of all the races. This bestirred a prominent Eastern writer to attribute the phenomenal percentage of winning favorites to the honesty of the race track's new owners

WEAREVER
FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE ON EVERY FRONT
14K MADE IN USA

By America's Largest Fountain Pen Manufacturer

$1.95

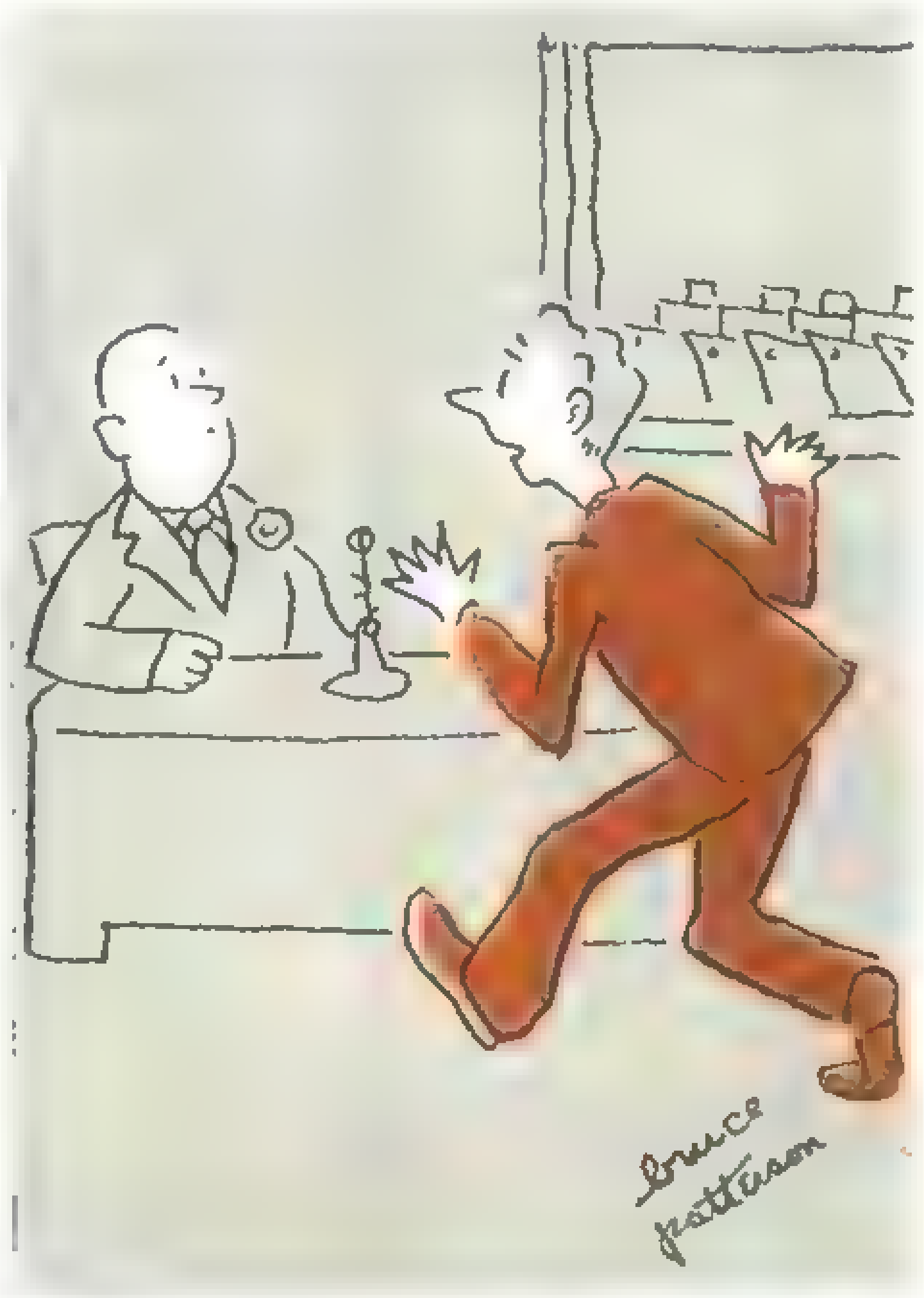
WEAREVER Zenith

Did you write him today?

Home-front hint: When you put down this magazine, pick up a pen and write your service man a letter *right away!* Be chatty, optimistic . . . send good news. It's all-important for his morale! Perhaps you will write with a Wearever Zenith pen—ruby-topped, beautiful, an efficient writing tool. But *whatever* pen you use, write him today if you can. Wearever Zenith is made in limited quantities for civilian needs by DAVID KAHN, Inc. (est. 1896)

Wearever Zenith Pen and Pencil Set in attractive gift box $2.75

and anyone thoroughly familiar with racing knows that the percentage of winning favorites has little connection with honesty of the track's owners. Furthermore, this was proved at the very same New Orleans track during the next few weeks when the percentage of winning favorites tailed off to the normal percentage that prevails throughout turfdom—although the very same honest owners were still in possession of the track. In its implications, the Eastern writer's article was an insinuation against all other race courses. To the ignorant it would appear that all the racing fan needs is an honest track owner and the favorites pop in.



"Mr. Kaiser, we are running out of ocean!"

Then there's the instance of the official who opposed granting of racing dates to Pimlico last spring because "it will increase absenteeism in Baltimore war plants." Newspaper writers caught up the phrase. Somehow, however, Pimlico was granted dates. At the end of the race meeting's first week, interested parties made a check-up and—lo and behold!—absenteeism had actually DECREASED in the war plants.

We move on now to consider the second category of racing critics—those biased against it because betting is involved. And the first thing to strike the notice of one who knows this group is the fact that these critics apparently don't permit their right hand to know what the left hand is doing.

They play poker, bridge, pinochle or hearts for money. They bet on their golf, on baseball, prize fights, football pools—and they consider it fun. But betting on horses! Well, that's different!

The word "gambling" should not horrify people. Our economic life is based on the principle of risking money for the purpose of making more. The man who opens a store is gambling. So is the man who builds a factory, starts a newspaper, digs an oil well, opens a bank, purchases real estate or invests in stocks.

We come now to a study of the third group of turf critics—the

Continued on page 170

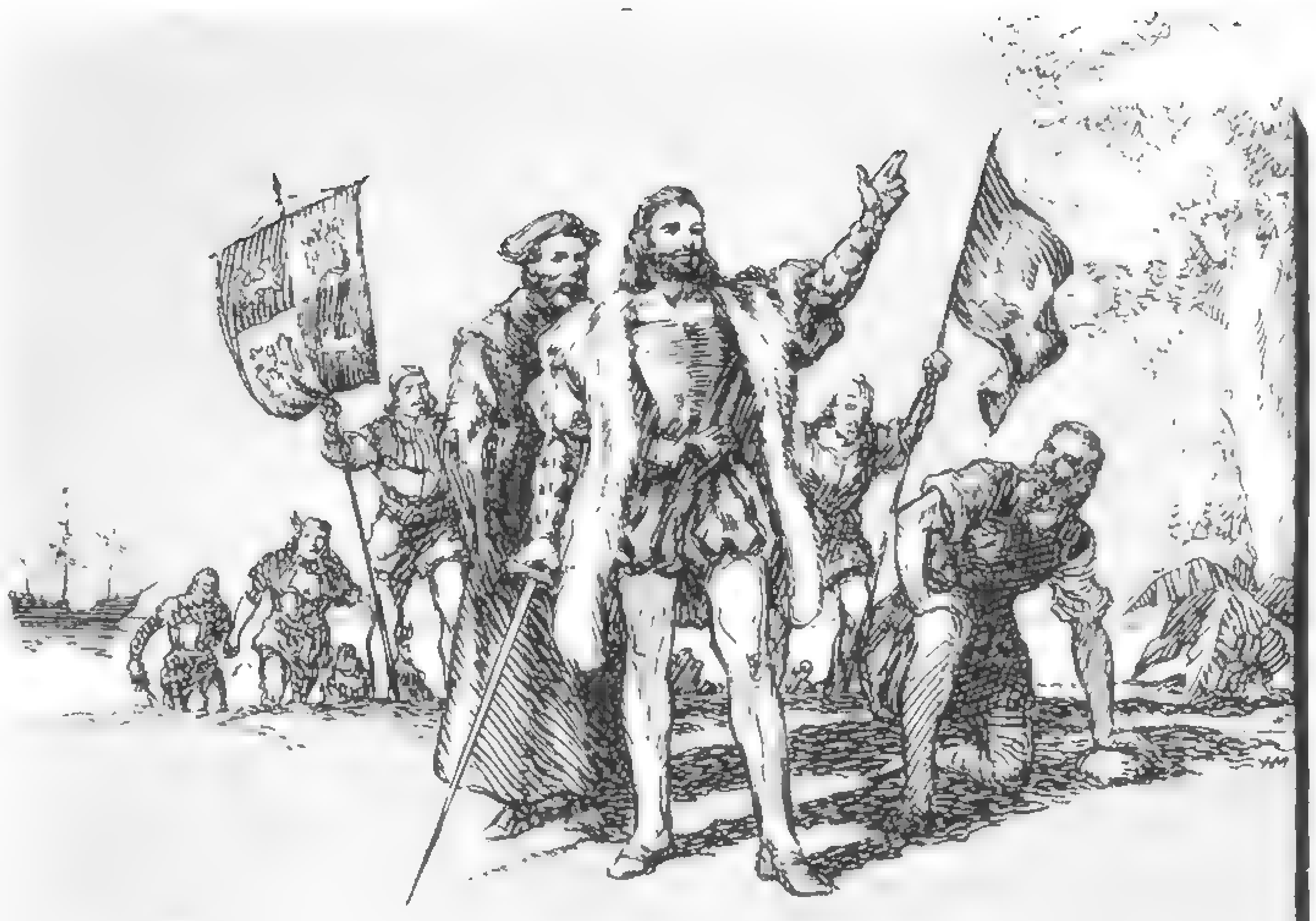
REGAL SPLENDOR

CASTLE KING
Styled by
O'ROURKE of CALIFORNIA

The *Castle King* is carefully blocked from the finest fur felt . . . every stitch and seam done in the precise perfection of manner that is *O'Rourke of California*. A blended harmony of the popular tone-on-tone technique . . . the up-to-the-minute brim width is edged in fine grosgrain. In all the popular Home Front colors $10

Write for name of your nearest dealer

O'ROURKE of CALIFORNIA • 34 FREMONT ST • SAN FRANCISCO 5, CALIF.



Older, by two centuries, than the discovery of America

If 1492 seems a long time ago, think of this: the making of fine wines was already a two-hundred-year-old tradition with the ancestors of the present Marques del Merito, at the time when Columbus's treasure-seeking caravel fetched the shores of this "new land." Today, across the same seas, from Portugal and Spain, come ships that now carry treasure to us—superb ports, marvelous sherries, bearing the centuries-old name—Merito.

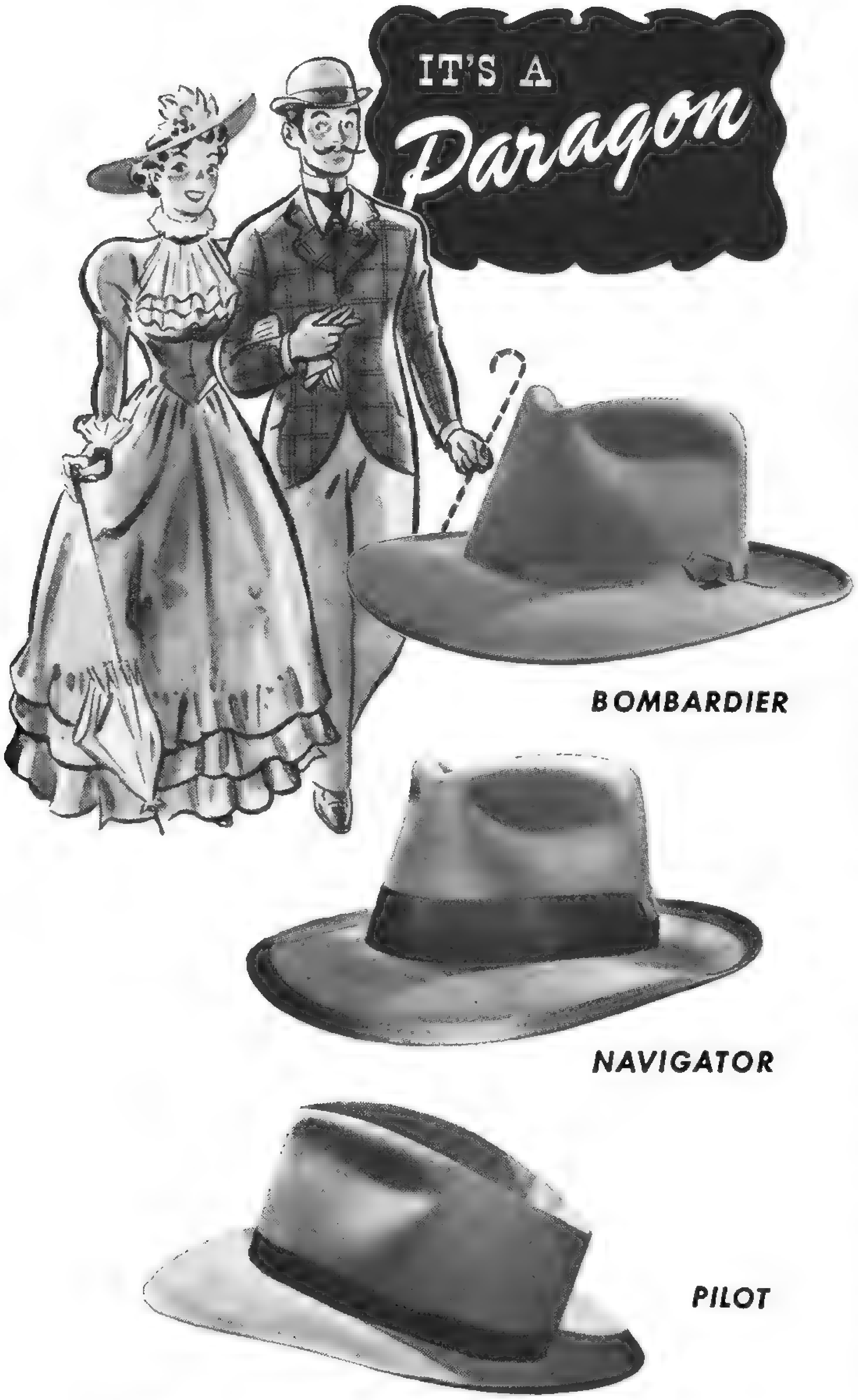
Each Merito label carries helpful information on taste, color and use. Look for the Merito label when you buy wine.

MERITO
NO 120
SHERRY
MERITO
NO. 120
TAWNY PORT

MERITO
Imported
SHERRY *and* PORT WINES

NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION NEW YORK

ON THE AVENUE
ANY AVENUE...



Paragon Pete says:

Your Paragon along with her bonnet will make the rotogravure. Seasons come... seasons go... the "Easter Parade" is a melody untiring. You'll step out smartly in this season's Easter Parade with a Paragon Navigator ...Bombardier...or Pilot. These headliners of the times are expertly styled with an easy, light, comfortable fit. See these spring Paragons at your favorite men's shop.

Paragon Hats
314-316 S. FRANKLIN STREET • CHICAGO 6, ILLINOIS

Sportdom's Scapegoat Talks Back

Continued from pages 90-169

baseball partisans. Theirs has been the most vitriolic tirade against racing, particularly since last spring when major league ball parks were yawning caverns of emptiness while Eastern race tracks were each drawing anywhere from 10,000 to 20,000 fans on week days and 30,000 or 40,000 on Saturdays.

The nature of the barbs cast by baseball partisans reveals that pure jealousy is the motivating factor.

Some months ago a writer for one of the country's better known magazines authored a savage attack on racing. It sounded like the righteous indignation of a true patriot. His thesis was that racing is a disgrace because, while railroads are heavily overburdened, some insidious influence is permitting race horses to enjoy travel unhampered by the war exigency.

He cited the availability of stable cars (of pre-war make) for shipping horses, ignoring the fact that these stable cars were specially constructed for horses and would require time and money for conversion into freight cars. His zeal betrayed him into an untrue statement in at least one instance and urged him into false interpretation of facts in others.

"No case has been recorded," said he, "where a horse failed to make an engagement at a track because transportation wasn't available."

The newspaper files of Sept. 12, 1942, will reveal that Alsab failed to keep his engagement in the 25,000 dollar Narragansett Special because transportation facilities weren't available to get him there in time to prepare for the race. If more instances are wanted, they can be furnished.

In another paragraph he deplored the fact that "Although the ODT had ruled that no railroad accommodations would be afforded racegoing travelers to Louisville in the week before the Derby, trainers, jockeys and owners seemed to have no difficulty getting to Louisville."

The fact is that the ODT ban on reservations and special trains to the Derby was enforced. If trainers, owners and jockeys traveled to Louisville by train, they were engaged in occupational traveling and they took their chances on standing in the crowded day coaches along with everyone else.

What discredited the entire philippic against race travel, however, was one omission which looms large. Throughout the article there was not one word of resentment against travel by baseball clubs. One would have thought that a sincere person, opposed to all unessential travel, would have included trips by teams and fans for baseball, football, etc. But racing was singled out for attack.

From spring to fall, dozens of

Tho' you may not own a Ronson
You may rightly have surmised
That your lighter will work better
If you keep it
RONSON-ized

For Better Service
USE
EXTRA-LENGTH
RONSON REDSKIN 'FLINTS'
RONSONOL quick-lighting FUEL
RONSON high-absorption WICKS

Avoid Inferior Imitations

If your RONSON needs attention send it to Ronson (Dept. S, Newark 2, N. J.) for servicing at minimum cost.

FOR ALL LIGHTERS
RONSON
LIGHTER ACCESSORIES
BY RONSON • WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

FILL...
DON'T SPILL!

No, you just don't fill a fountain pen that way! The proper filling of any kind of fountain pen takes just a simple *know-how*—if you expect it to "do its stuff" for years on end with ease and satisfaction.

Take Inkograph...a fine precision writing instrument...All it asks of you is that you *fill it the right way.*

PROPER FILLING MAKES
GOOD PENS WILLING!

An Inkograph Instruction Sheet from your dealer (or send us a 3c self-addressed envelope for one) will show you how to fill your Inkograph correctly . . insure performance equal to that of any high-priced fountain pen.

If your dealer happens to be out of Inkographs today, keep trying!

The name Inkograph stamped on the barrel identifies the genuine. Sorry, no mail orders—only dealers can supply you.

Use *any pen* to sign up for more WAR BONDS!

INK-O-GRAPH $2
Inkograph Co., Inc., 200 Hudson St., N. Y. 13

major and minor league ball clubs are constantly traveling about. The New York Yankees go to Cleveland, move on to Detroit, then to St. Louis and Chicago, after which they return home and play host to the Western clubs. The St. Louis Cardinals invade New York, then Boston, Brooklyn and Pittsburgh. And so it goes. When one multiplies this travel through all the leagues in operation, it amounts to a substantial bit of journeying that is as unessential as horse travel. A major league baseball entourage embraces about thirty persons, including players, coaches, manager, trainer, traveling secretary and reporters. These entourages occupy seats which could readily be utilized by soldiers, sailors, WACs, WAVES, Spars and their loved ones enroute to and from camp. But baseball partisans prefer to ignore this when they're agitating against racing.

"Looks like the Mediterranean campaign is going the way we said it would, Mr. McCloskey"

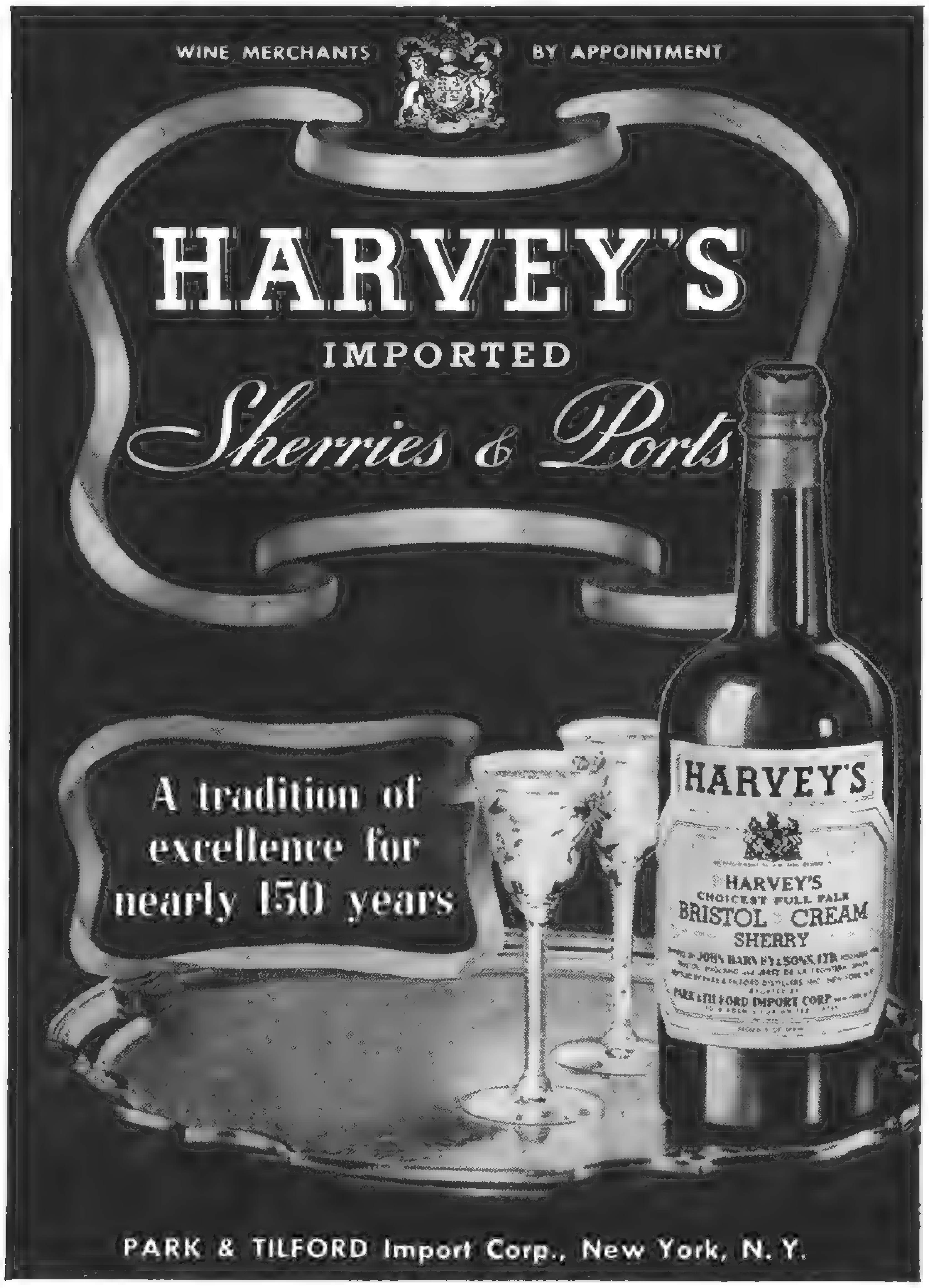
When there was no pleasure-driving ban, racing was ridiculed for claiming it was being "persecuted" and "singled out for attack." Yet here are some facts. Autoists could drive to baseball games, theaters, picnics, night clubs, etc., without molestation on their pleasure-driving allowances. In the midst of this an OPA official in New England demanded that Narragansett race track close its parking lot.

Narragansett asked if it were true that autoists could use their pleasure-driving allotment in any way that suited them. The OPA had to admit this was true. Whereupon Narragansett declared its lot would remain open to any autoists, the drivers themselves to assume the risk of questioning by OPA inspectors.

"Narragansett Defies OPA!" screamed newspaper headlines. But if this wasn't discrimination against racing, what was it?

In Cleveland last autumn 14,000 persons came to the local race track by auto on the opening day of a nineteen-day meet. The OPA acknowledged that autoists were entitled to drive to the track on their pleasure-driving allowance

Continued on page 172



WINE MERCHANTS BY APPOINTMENT

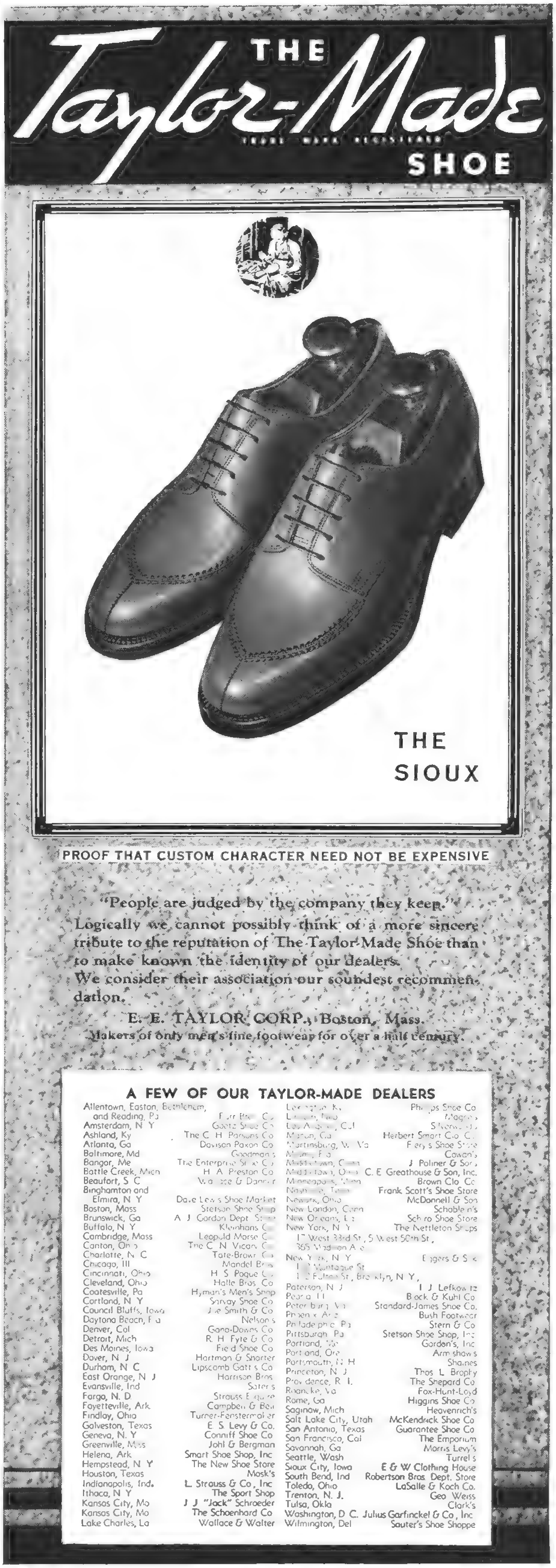
HARVEY'S

IMPORTED

Sherries & Ports

A tradition of excellence for nearly 150 years

PARK & TILFORD Import Corp., New York, N. Y.



THE Taylor-Made SHOE

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

THE SIOUX

PROOF THAT CUSTOM CHARACTER NEED NOT BE EXPENSIVE

"People are judged by the company they keep."

Logically we cannot possibly think of a more sincere tribute to the reputation of The Taylor-Made Shoe than to make known the identity of our dealers.

We consider their association our soundest recommendation.

E. E. TAYLOR CORP., Boston, Mass.

Makers of only men's fine footwear for over a half century.

A FEW OF OUR TAYLOR-MADE DEALERS

Allentown, Easton, Bethlehem, and Reading, Pa	Furr Bros. Co
Amsterdam, N. Y	Goetz Shoe Co
Ashland, Ky	The C. H. Parsons Co
Atlanta, Ga	Davison Paxon Co
Baltimore, Md	Goodman's
Bangor, Me	The Enterprise Shoe Co
Battle Creek, Mich	H. A. Preston Co
Beaufort, S. C	Wallace & Danner
Binghamton and Elmira, N. Y	Dave Lewis Shoe Market
Boston, Mass	Stetson Shoe Shop
Brunswick, Ga	A. J. Gordon Dept. Store
Buffalo, N. Y	Kleinhans Co
Cambridge, Mass	Leopold Morse Co
Canton, Ohio	The C. N. Vicary Co
Charlotte, N. C	Tate-Brown Co
Chicago, Ill	Mandel Bros
Cincinnati, Ohio	H. S. Pogue Co
Cleveland, Ohio	Halle Bros. Co
Coatesville, Pa	Hyman's Men's Shop
Cortland, N. Y	Sanvay Shoe Co
Council Bluffs, Iowa	Joe Smith & Co
Daytona Beach, Fla	Nelson's
Denver, Col	Gano-Downs Co
Detroit, Mich	R. H. Fyfe & Co
Des Moines, Iowa	Field Shoe Co
Dover, N. J	Hartman & Shorter
Durham, N. C	Lipscomb Gatti's Co
East Orange, N. J	Harrison Bros
Evansville, Ind	Sater's
Fargo, N. D.	Strauss Esquire
Fayetteville, Ark	Campbell & Bell
Findlay, Ohio	Turner-Fenstermaker
Galveston, Texas	E. S. Levy & Co.
Geneva, N. Y	Conniff Shoe Co
Greenville, Miss	Johl & Bergman
Helena, Ark	Smart Shoe Shop, Inc
Hempstead, N. Y	The New Shoe Store
Houston, Texas	Mosk's
Indianapolis, Ind.	L. Strauss & Co., Inc
Ithaca, N. Y	The Sport Shop
Kansas City, Mo	J. J. "Jack" Schroeder
Kansas City, Mo	The Schoenhard Co
Lake Charles, La	Wallace & Walter
Lexington, Ky	Phillips Shoe Co
Lincoln, Neb	Magee's
Los Angeles, Cal	Silverwoods
Macon, Ga	Herbert Smart Clo. Co.
Martinsburg, W. Va	Fiery's Shoe Store
Miami, Fla	Cowan's
Middletown, Conn	J. Poliner & Sons
Middletown, Ohio	C. E. Greathouse & Son, Inc.
Minneapolis, Minn	Brown Clo. Co
Nashville, Tenn	Frank Scott's Shoe Store
Newark, Ohio	McDonnell & Son
New London, Conn	Schoblein's
New Orleans, La	Schiro Shoe Store
New York, N. Y 17 West 33rd St., 5 West 50th St., 365 Madison Ave	The Nettleton Shops
New York, N. Y [illegible] Montague St [illegible] Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.,	Eggers & Silk
Paterson, N. J	I. J. Lefkowitz
Peoria, Ill	Block & Kuhl Co
Petersburg, Va	Standard-James Shoe Co.
Phoenix, Ariz	Bush Footwear
Philadelphia, Pa	Stern & Co
Pittsburgh, Pa	Stetson Shoe Shop, Inc
Portland, Me	Gordon's, Inc
Portland, Ore	Armshaw's
Portsmouth, N. H	Shaines
Princeton, N. J	Thos. L. Brophy
Providence, R. I.	The Shepard Co
Roanoke, Va	Fox-Hunt-Loyd
Rome, Ga	Higgins Shoe Co
Saginaw, Mich	Heavenrich's
Salt Lake City, Utah	McKendrick Shoe Co
San Antonio, Texas	Guarantee Shoe Co
San Francisco, Cal	The Emporium
Savannah, Ga	Morris Levy's
Seattle, Wash	Turrell's
Sioux City, Iowa	E & W Clothing House
South Bend, Ind	Robertson Bros. Dept. Store
Toledo, Ohio	LaSalle & Koch Co.
Trenton, N. J.	Geo. Weiss
Tulsa, Okla	Clark's
Washington, D. C.	Julius Garfinckel & Co., Inc
Wilmington, Del	Sauter's Shoe Shoppe

Clothes that command respect

There is no greater asset in business or in society than clothes that command respect, clothes of impeccable quality. One of the surest guarantees of quality is a Skinner lining. Skinner has been lining the best-grade men's coats for generations. Men who know good clothes look for the famous label because they know that Skinner linings look well, keep their shape and wear for years and years. William Skinner & Sons • Established 1848. New York 3, N. Y.

WHEN NOTHING BUT THE BEST WILL DO

Skinner's
RAYON SATIN

Sportdom's Scapegoat Talks Back

Continued from pages 90-169-171

if they so desired. The track was only a five-minute drive from the city limits.

Nevertheless, an afternoon newspaper sprang to the attack with a four-column layout of pictures of parked autos and racing fans, along with comments about the patriotism of the people thus wasting gas and rubber.

Within the next few weeks Cleveland was host to the Ohio State-Purdue and the Notre Dame-Navy football games. From out of town came thousands of travelers to these games, driving many miles on the highways—wasting more rubber and gas than the racing fans had done. License plates from the neighboring state of Pennsylvania were a common sight at the football games. And by railroad came several thousand grid fans from distances ranging as far away as Chicago and New York—in direct violation of a government request against such rail travel!

But did this Cleveland afternoon newspaper breathe a single word of criticism? Don't be silly.

No other sport is more conscious of its obligation to support the war effort than is racing. Tracks have established blood banks, promoted the sale of millions in War Bonds, paid many purses in bonds and donated out of their own funds an aggregate of approximately 8,000,000 dollars to war relief funds during 1942 and 1943. Racing's donation to war relief funds is thus greater than that of all other sports combined.

In the face of all this, some baseball partisans have invented a new "line." They have arbitrarily decided that racing isn't a sport, after all. They have declared that "horse racing is not a sport; it is an excuse for gambling." More than one of them has contended that if all gambling were stopped, baseball and football would continue just the same, but racing would not.

Webster's dictionary defines sport as ". . . a diversion of the field, as fowling, hunting, fishing, racing, games . . . Any game or contest . . . involving individual skill and physical prowess, on which money is staked."

Their contention that horse racing wouldn't survive without gambling betrays ignorance of sports history. Horse racing DID exist before public betting became associated with it and the sport would continue tomorrow without gambling, although reverting back to the smaller dimensions of the hunt-club polo games and horse shows. But continue it would. Betting did not create racing. It only expanded it.

Why is racing booming in popularity? Abundance of money in wartime has helped, but the growth began long before the war. To the increasing millions of turf

KENTUCKY
OLD FITZGERALD

OLD FITZGERALD

Old Fashioned
BUT
STILL IN STYLE

BOTTLED IN BOND
100 PROOF
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
BOURBON WHISKEY

A copy of the beautifully colored, historical map of Kentucky, shown above will be sent you on request.

WRITE DEPT. E.
STITZEL-WELLER DISTILLERY, Inc.
SHIVELY, KENTUCKY

Flagg Bros GENUINE *"Longhorn Leather"*

"FLIGHT BOOTS"

Hand-finished with our famous waxes and oils!
$5.40

EXCHANGES GLADLY MADE.. YOUR MONEY WILL BE CHEERFULLY REFUNDED IF YOU ARE NOT ENTIRELY SATISFIED.

- FULL LEATHER LINED
- SIZES 6 TO 12, B, C, D, E WIDTHS

Flagg's Genuine "Longhorn Leather," is your assurance of endurance!

ORDER BY MAIL

FLAGG BROS.
120 EWING AVE., NASHVILLE, TENN.

SHOE SIZE ☐ WIDTH ☐
CHECK ☐ CASH ☐ C.O.D. ☐

Current RATION STAMP Must Accompany Every Mail Order . . . Include 25¢ Extra for Postage.

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY STATE

fans, theirs is the most exciting, thrilling of sports. No other sport offers the spectator the same close feeling of participation. No other sport offers the same combination of a social as well as sporting occasion. One doesn't sit still for hours at the race track. There's promenading between races, greeting old friends, dining, exchanging judgments on the ponies, then the exciting rooting during the race and the friendly chiding among friends about each other's judgment when it's over.

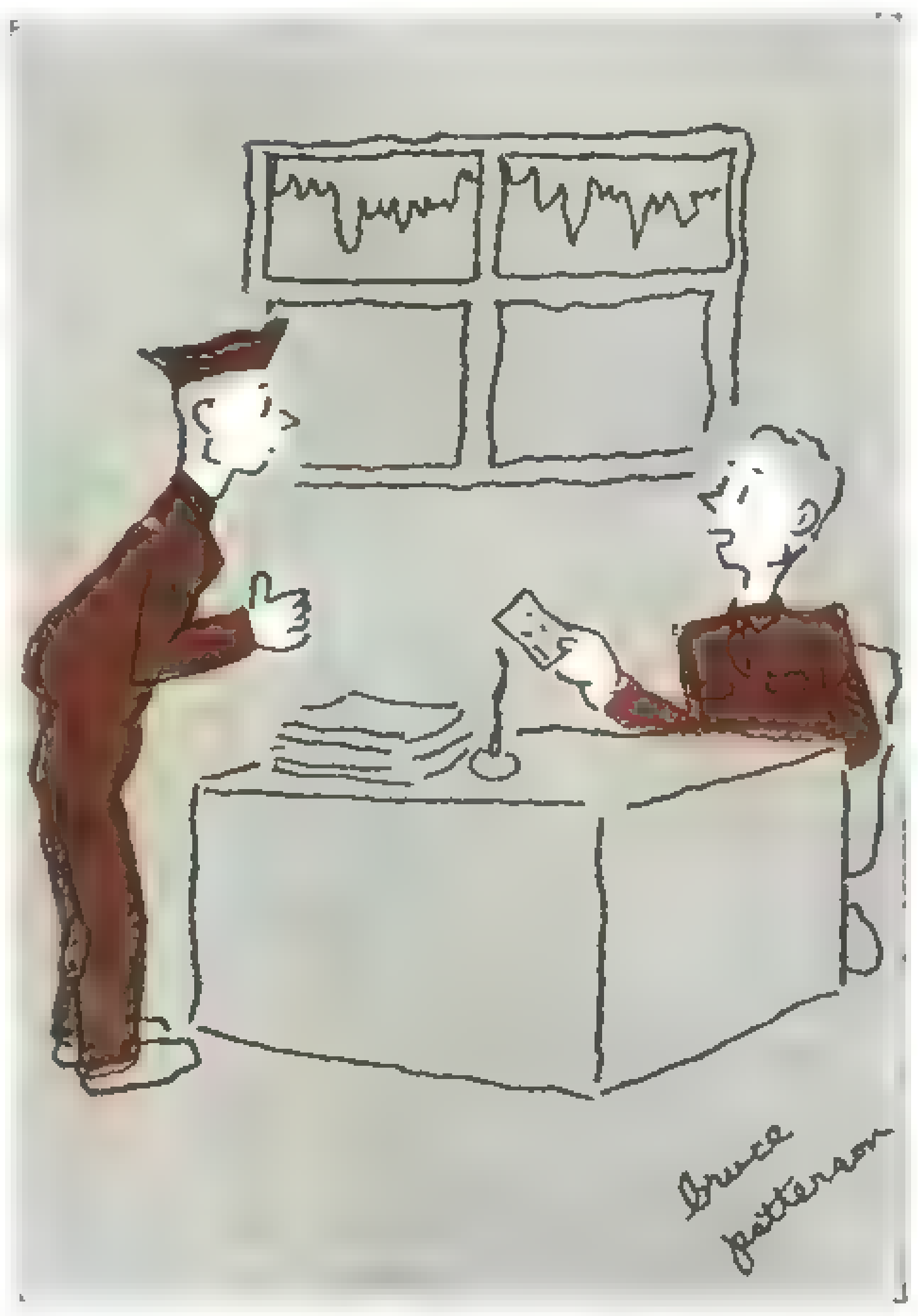
To the racegoer, there's fascination in studying the horses' past performances. There are weights, distances and speed to be pondered. There is breeding and the recollection of yesteryear's victories by the sires and grandsires of today's fleet runners.

There are favorite colors and attractive names of horses which capture the fancy of the ladies. There's a bustling glamor to the entire scene. And there's no greater combination of pride, pleasure and thrill in all sportdom than that which entrances the racing fan when his judgment is vindicated and the horse of his selection thunders triumphantly across the finish line amid the roar of the crowd.

The race horse of today is the epitome of perfection in selective breeding. Behind him stands a breeding industry to which millions of dollars and acres are devoted in Kentucky, California, Texas, Maryland, Virginia, Ohio, New Jersey, New York, Illinois, Oregon and elsewhere. People attend the races by exercise of their freedom to enjoy what they want. No one is dragged onto a race course and forced to bet.

The race horse, the breeder, the fan—in short, the American turf—ask no special favors. They ask only fairness, tolerance, a live-and-let-live attitude. They ask for the same treatment that is accorded any other sport in a democracy.

Is this asking too much? ###



"Understand, Jones, this over-night pass is for the regulation twelve hours—not the Alaskan six months' night"

SERVING

the home front and the armed forces

National Tailoring Co.
[illegible] W. JACKSON BLVD.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Good appearance radiates confidence, success, victory. Smart, quality clothes are a great builder of morale on the war front, and the home front as well. That's why the Army and Navy specify only the finest grade materials for American officers and enlisted men's uniforms. Civilian buyers are following this lead, and demanding smart style, perfect fit and first line quality in their clothes.

Your National dealer features a complete line of men's and women's quality woolens. Select your favorite color and pattern, and have your new suit cut by hand and tailored to your individual order.

Insignia of Merit

IN SHAVING REQUISITES

EARLY AMERICAN
Old Spice
Early American Old Spice
Lather Shaving Cream
Old Spice
Lather Shaving Cream
SHULTON

A distinguished name in shaving essentials. Tried once, preferred always—for their clean-cut Old Spice scent, superlative quality, day-after-day efficiency. Old Spice Lather or Brushless Shaving Cream 50¢ the tube. Talcum 75¢. After-Shaving Lotion $1.00. Not illustrated: Old Spice Shaving Soap in pottery mug $1.00. Bath Soap, 2 cakes $1.00. Also in sets, $1.00 to $5.00.

EACH A SHULTON ORIGINAL

Let's All Back the Attack
★ Buy War Bonds ★

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. • SHULTON, INC. • ROCKEFELLER CENTER • NEW YORK 20, N. Y.

Plymouth
OF BOSTON
WEATHERPROOFS
DRY
VERY DRY
WET
STORMY

Right-at all Times!

Get together with the weather — any weather — in a PLYMOUTH WEATHERPROOF . . . You will get

1. Perfect Fit . . . .
2. Highest Quality Fabric . . . .
3. Expert Tailoring . . . .
4. Correct Styling . . . .
5. All-weather Protection . . . . . .
6. Top Value . . . .

They're sold at better stores throughout the country.
Insist on a
WEATHERPROOF BY PLYMOUTH OF BOSTON!

Tailored by Tailors

PLYMOUTH
MANUFACTURING
COMPANY
BOSTON 20, MASS.

Money Don't Spend in the Stir

Continued from page 75

I was talking about is wearing what they call G.I. and working strictly for Uncle Sam. The Army, son."

"Here I am with five G's and as bad off as Mussolini," I wailed. "There ain't no justice."

"That ain't the way to look at it, son," Captain Williams said. "We're in a war. If your heart was big as a mustard seed, you'd put your dough in War Bonds."

I gave that a good long thought. Since my dough was counterfeit everywhere else, I said, "Okay, Cap, put me down for five G's of those War Bonds."

The next day when he brought them around for me to sign, I asked, "Now what do I do?"

"Well, now you just wait for them to mature and then you'll be setting pretty," he told me.

I waited another six months and nothing happened. So one shave-day I got in No. 1 chair so I could ask Brainy, the barber, how to tell when bonds matured.

"You don't have to worry none," Brainy replied. "When your bond matures the sheriff'll come and get you. But what you wanna know for, you ain't got no bond?"

"I am not speaking of those kinds of bonds," I corrected him. "I am speaking of War Bonds. I have purchased a few, and when they mature I am long gone from this place—a free bird."

"You don't mean to tell me!" Brainy exclaimed. "Well, now, I'll tell you. Mister Big, the man in the White House, is the only guy what knows anything about those kinds of bonds. Why don't you drop him a note?"

I feel like kicking myself for not thinking of that before. As soon as I get out of the barbershop I beat it for my cell and write Mr. Big down in Washington a letter.

"Dear Mr. President," I write. "Brainy Mulligan (although he is a convict he is pretty wise about some things) told me that you would know about when my War Bonds which I have bought will mature and I will get out of this place. Two years ago my uncle died and left me five G's, and when Captain Williams told me you were fighting a war I thought I would chip in and buy me some time on the outside. I have been wondering lately if my bonds have matured so I can leave, and although I do not like to press you for the dough, I have a proposition that may interest you. The fact is, I will turn half of my War Bonds over to you if you can do me any good along this line which I have mentioned, and then you can keep your share working and just send me mine in cash and nobody need know a thing. If you do not have the currency on hand, I will accept your check. I made the same proposition to the warden a couple years ago, but he was too big a dope to know a good thing

One man tells Another

"Personna is the Blade to Buy"

"If Personnas cost a buck apiece I'd buy 'em. They give a different kind o' feeling than shaving with an ordinary blade. Smooth? You don't have to bear down a bit. You can hardly feel it mow 'em down but the whiskers are all gone—clean and close." (P.S. to families. Personna is a grand gift to send a Serviceman).

10 FOR $1.00 *and worth it!*
GIFT BOX OF 50, $5.00

PERSONNA Blade Mail: *10 blades on folder with space for your letter . . . $1*

PERSONNA
Precision Double Edge Blades
SWEDISH STEEL • HOLLOW GROUND

PERSONNA
Precision

If your dealer can't supply you send check direct to.
PERSONNA BLADE CO., Inc., 599 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, 22

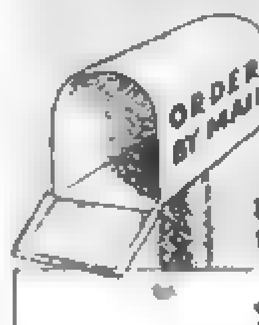
Flagg Bros GENUINE "Longhorn Leather"
MOCCASIN Styles
Hand-finished with our famous waxes and oils!

$4.45

EXCHANGES GLADLY MADE. YOUR MONEY WILL BE CHEERFULLY REFUNDED IF YOU ARE NOT ENTIRELY SATISFIED.

- SIZES 6 TO 12 ··· D WIDTHS
- LONG WEARING FLEXIBLE RUBBER SOLES!
- SLIPPERS INDOORS . . . SHOES OUTDOORS!
- HAND-FINISHED, RICH MAHOGANY SHADE!

Flagg's "Longhorn Leather," is your assurance of endurance!



FLAGG BROS.
120 EWING AVE., NASHVILLE, TENN.

SHOE SIZE ☐ WIDTH ☐
CHECK ☐ CASH ☐ C.O.D. ☐

Current RATION STAMP Must Accompany Every Mail Order . . . Include 25¢ Extra for Postage.

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY ....STATE

when he sees it. I remain respectfully yours,

Harvey Johnson No. 88278
Cactus Penitentiary"

An hour after I tell Homer the Trusty to mail my letter, Captain Williams shows up.

"Johnson," he says, fixing me with a glittering eye, "the warden would have a word with you. Is it convenient?"

"You're damn tootin' it's convenient," I say. "I reckon that old goat has got the wind up because I am in correspondence with the President of the U.S."

Captain Williams looks at me very strangely. Finally he heaves a sigh and shakes his head.

"Well," he says, "it takes all kinds. Come along with me, son."

The warden is waiting for us behind that big desk of his, and I am not prepared for the look on his face.

"Johnson," he chokes, "did you write this?" He holds up a letter, the one I have just written Mr. Big.

"You durn right it's mine," I yells. "And what I'd like to know is what you're doing with it. That letter is addressed to Mr. Big, down in Washington."

The air goes out of the warden in a long hiss, like a stuck balloon.

"Johnson," he says, "you've asked for it, and you'll get it."

"Why, that's fine, Mr. Warden," I beam. "I thought you'd come to your senses. When do I leave?"

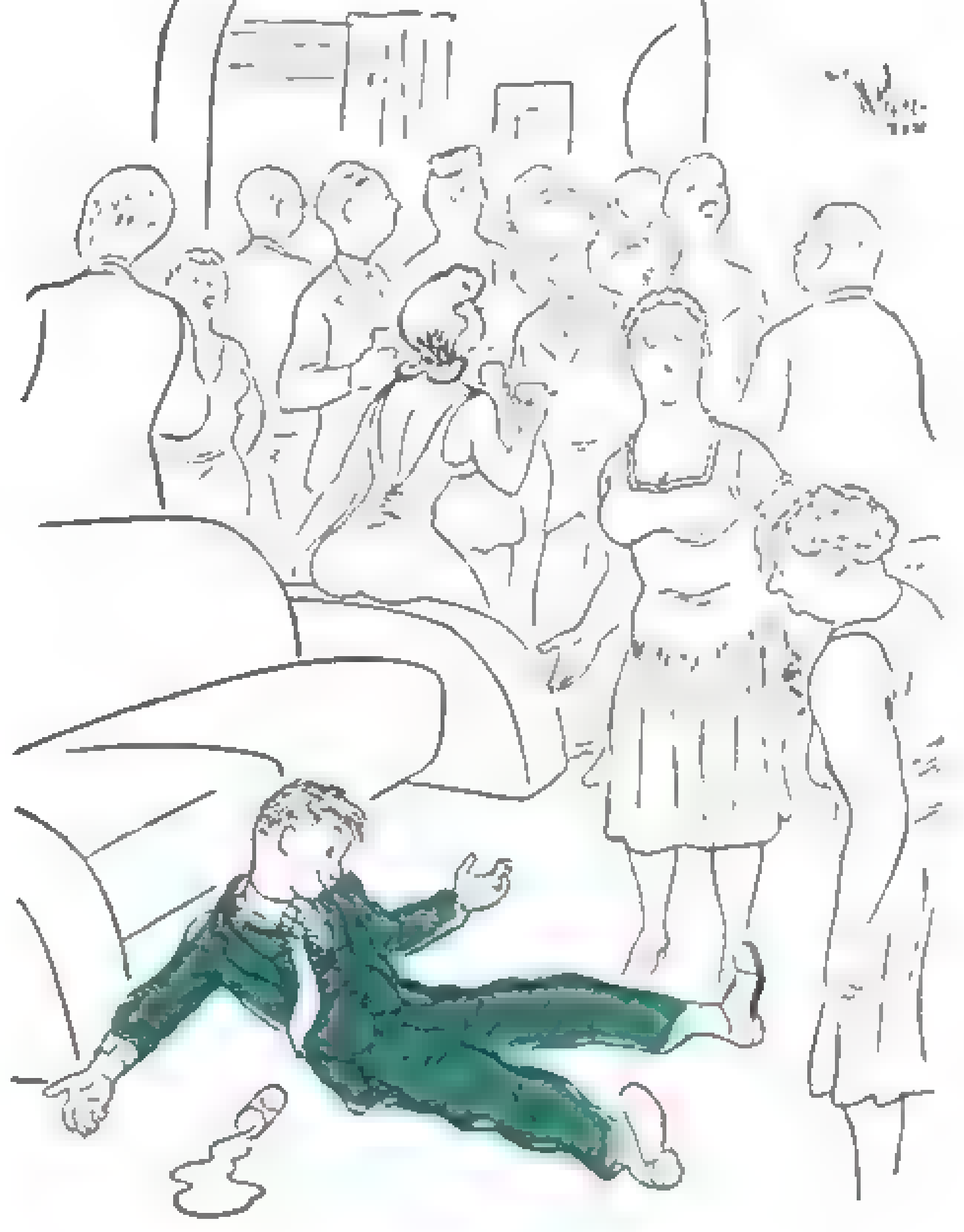
At that the warden jumps up with a wild yell and nearly busts his desk open with his fist.

"Right now, you louse!" he screams. "Take him away, Williams. Six months in solitary—no, a year!" he howls. "I'll teach you to try to bribe the President!"

I can't believe my ears, but I understand Captain Williams' grip on my arm. As he starts to drag me away I twist around so I can get another look at the warden.

"About them bonds," I yell.

"Bonds!" he screams. "Just ask me that question in twenty years, Johnson, and I'll tell you. Take him away, Williams!" ⧺



"Poor Homer! He plays hard"

STYLED BY Berkray

All-purpose casual jacket for sportsman or spectator. Of 100% worsted gabardine, full rayon lined. Dark brown, tan or rustic green. Men's sizes 36 to 46, about $16.50. Boys' sizes 8 to 20, about $14.50 *At leading stores*

BERK-RAY CORPORATION GENERAL OFFICES • 230 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 1, N.Y. TROY, N.Y. • CHICAGO, ILL. • MECHANICVILLE, N.Y.

Stetson's men's shoes, $10.95 and up The OLD MASTER (shown) is priced at $13.95.

THE STETSON SHOE

You can set this down for a fact

There are no short cuts to quality at Stetson. We have always made fine shoes carefully, painstakingly—the craftsman's way. We still do.

Increased orders for officers' Stetsons since Pearl Harbor have made us even more particular to maintain the distinguished styling and dependable wearing qualities of Stetson shoes.

Although civilian stocks are low, we hope that Stetson customers will find their sizes — as well as styles and leathers to their liking — at their usual stores. THE STETSON SHOE COMPANY, INC. South Weymouth 90, Massachusetts.

STETSON SHOES

"More by the Pair, Less by the Year"

APRIL SHOWERS BRING MANY HOURS –

OF DISCOMFORT TO BUGBEE !

Sticky-hot, third-degree torture . . . that's what April showers mean to Bugbee. Yet he could be comfortable AND dry if he knew how a Wat-a-tite garment lets refreshing air in and out. (That's because Wat-a-tite leaves fabrics porous.)

Make your good deed for to-day a tip to the Bugbees you know. Let them in on these additional Wat-a-tite facts . . . Wat-a-tite repels rain, wind and snow . . . Wat-a-tite doesn't weaken fabrics . . . Wat-a-tite DOES stay on, even after several PROPER* dry cleanings . . . and Wat-a-tite treated garments won't crack or crackle in cold weather.

Add that Wallachs' stores in metropolitan New York and Lord & Taylor's have Wat-a-tite raincoats and that many other leading clothiers throughout the country carry Wat-a-tite raincoats and many other Wat-a-tite garments.

WATER REPELLENT
WIND RESISTANT
Wat-a-tite
CLEANABLE
Wat-a-tite fabrics retain their strength, retard mildew, resist spots and stains.
LABORATORY TESTED

* No soap in cleansing solution.

MOUNT HOPE FINISHING CO.
NORTH DIGHTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Wat-a-tite
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
A LASTING WATER REPELLENT FINISH
FOR COTTONS AND RAYONS

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

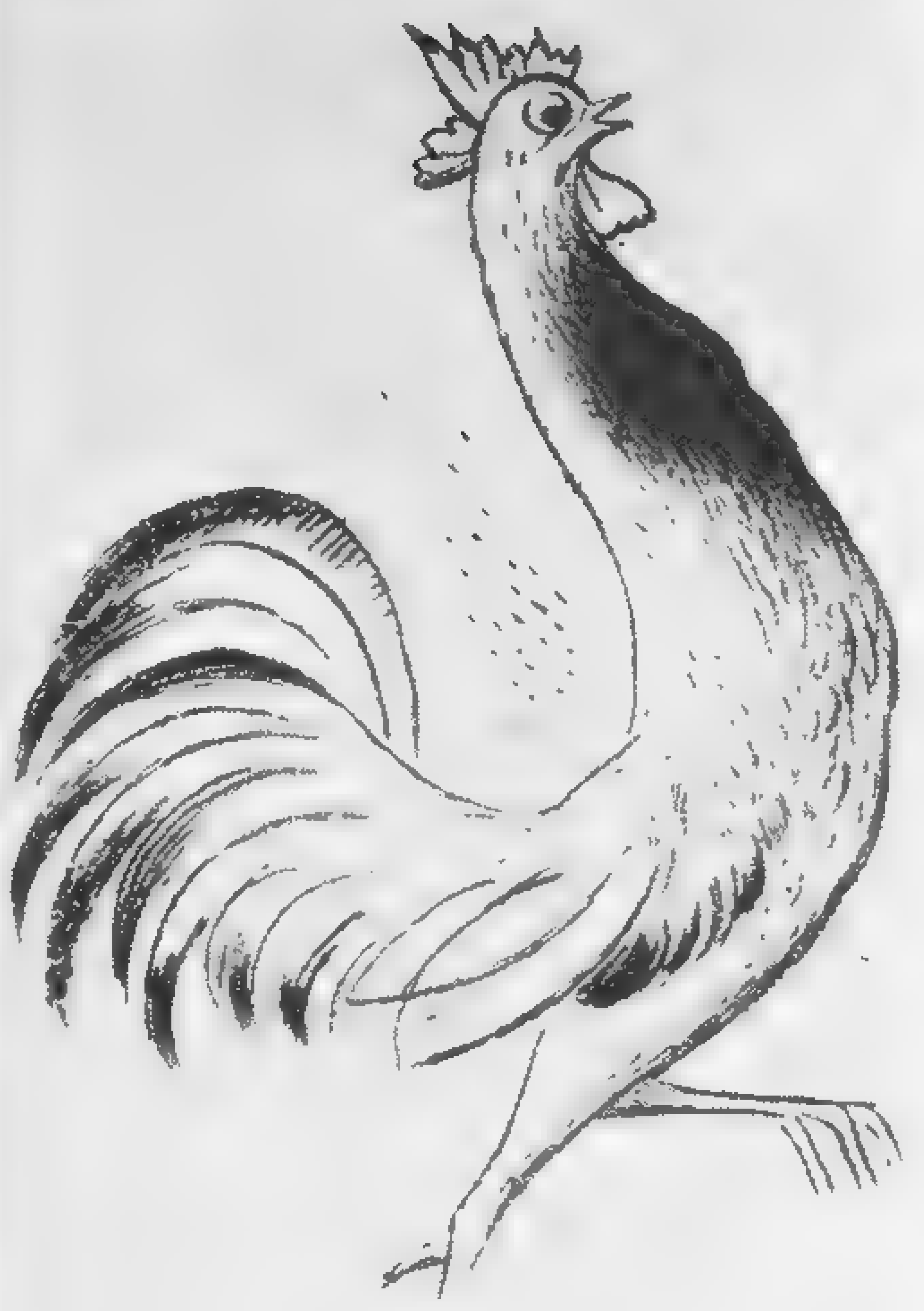
Continued from page 97

a 1944 income tax guide (and boy, do you need one this year!), is *Avalanche*, by that amazing Kay Boyle who seems to be having either a new book or a new baby every time I draw a deep breath. *Avalanche* is proof that a tale of espionage does not suffer or lose any of its suspense by virtue of the fact that its author knows how to write good English. "He watched the saccharine pill drop like a parachutist into his cup of *café national* and, spinning, open its floating, white umbrella of infinitesimal foam . . ." "'Knitting makes the time pass!' echoed La Cousine bitterly. 'Every stitch I make is a tear that doesn't run down my face!'" (La Cousine is a mother in France whose sons are prisoners in Germany and whose husband, with her connivance, is engaged in desperate underground activity.) . . . "'You'll have to do what the other women in the world are doing,' said the darkness and loneliness of the refuge to her. 'You'll have to put love aside this year.'" . . . Sentences like that, I maintain, are most unusual in spy stories. In addition, *Avalanche* has a full cast of typical heroes and villains and a fine setting in the mountains that divide France from Italy. Hollywood won't have to change a single detail.

* * *

Three books that have sold extremely well throughout the country, but that do little to strengthen the publishers' plaints that they haven't enough paper to produce essential literature, are Albert Wier's *Thesaurus of the Arts*, Henry Bellamann's *Victoria Grandolet* and Lucius Beebe's *Snoot If You Must*. The last two are merely inconsequential, the first a thoroughly bad piece of publishing from any point of view.

The publisher of the *Thesaurus of the Arts* describes it as "the first and only complete reference work ever published on all the great fields of the arts," and adds that "every article has been checked and rechecked for accuracy." Investigation leads to a belief, however, that the editor has leaned heavily on a previously compiled compendium of musical greats, near-greats, and nonentities and a directory of motion-picture personalities, and filled in such insignificant categories as art, literature, sculpture, and philosophy by some unfathomable system of hit or miss. The editor of *The Saturday Review of Literature* compiled some fascinating statistics on this peculiar melange: the author, Mr. Wier, gives himself as much space as Whitman and Whittier combined, Tolstoy and Hemingway combined, and twice as much as the Seven Wonders of the World. Clara Bow gets more space than Thomas Jefferson, Mickey Rooney more than Dostoievsky, Zasu Pitts more than Plato. Aristotle and Spinoza are left out en-



you'll find me only on fine
Handkerchiefs

BLOCH FRÈRES

Look For The Red, White And Blue Designer Label
AT FINE STORES
11 East 38th Street, New York City

Andover CLOTHES
Always a step ahead in the style parade
Andover Clothes, Inc
841 W. JACKSON BLVD. • CHICAGO 7, ILL.

tirely. *Thesaurus of the Arts* bears the imprint of a respected and honorable house; by the time these words appear in print it may have been withdrawn for radical revision or junked altogether. (Two really fine reference books, by the way, that belong in every home, are the Columbia Encyclopedia and the new Webster's Biographical Dictionary—1,697 pages of facts that really *have* been "checked and rechecked.")

Victoria Grandolet is another novel, long on pretension, short on performance, by the author of the fabulously popular *King's Row.* The heroine is an unsure New England girl who tries to crash the Grandolet circle (first family of Louisiana) but cannot make the grade. The author has drenched his tale with the scent of magnolia. Keen-nosed critics will detect another aroma. Bellamann has a motion-picture camera where his heart ought to be.

Snoot If You Must is a collection of Lucius Beebe's unique columns in the New York *Herald-Tribune*, detailing at some length the tribulations of a fabulous collection of goops when cruel war deprived them of the special brands of wine, paté, caviar and fancy cuff links to which they were addicted. One critic called this "the twelve worst books of 1943." The kindhearted Dorothy Parker commented, "I cannot understand what in God's name I am doing, at my time of life, sitting alone in a room with a book called *Snoot If You Must.* . . . It must be a gift book. That is to say, a book which you wouldn't take on any other terms." "It's time Lucius learned," said another, "that George III is dead." Mr. Beebe takes these jibes with equanimity, avers that bad publicity is better than none. Beebe is nobody's fool. He often writes, I suspect, with his tongue in his cheek. Until something better comes along, *Snoot If You Must* will do as a catalogue of things and people the United Nations can spare most easily. ⧺

Books Mentioned in This Article

George M. Cohan, Prince of the American Theatre, by Ward Morehouse (Lippincott)
The Signpost, by E. Arnot Robertson (Macmillan)
A Bell for Adano, by John Hersey (Knopf)
Limit of Darkness, by Howard Hunt (Random House)
Avalanche, by Kay Boyle (Simon & Schuster)
Thesaurus of the Arts, by Albert Wier (Putnam's)
The Columbia Encyclopedia (Columbia University Press)
Webster's Biographical Dictionary (G. & C. Merriam Co.)
Victoria Grandolet, by Henry Bellamann (Simon & Schuster)
Snoot If You Must, by Lucius Beebe (Appleton-Century)

Beauty at its Best
LINDA DARNELL
20th CENTURY-FOX STAR
Appearing in
"BUFFALO BILL"
WELSBRO WATCHES
In women, beauty is at its best, when it goes hand in hand with charm and sparkling personality.

In a watch, beauty is at its best when it goes hand in hand with dependable accuracy. Welsbro Watches give you the utmost in both.

At better jewelers everywhere.

WEISSMAN WATCH CO., 20 WEST 47th ST., N. Y. C.

To Keep Distant Hearts Together
a GENUINE-REGISTERED Keepsake
DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT RING
Keepsake 14K
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN
WESTBROOK Set 525.00
Engagement Ring 450.00

PLYMOUTH Set 135.00
Engagement Ring 125.00

WAVERLY Set 400.00
Engagement Ring 300.00

BEVERLY Set 207.50
Engagement Ring 200.00

If it is a "Keepsake" the name is in the ring.

Rings enlarged to show details

To tell—and keep telling of the love in your heart—to be forever in her thoughts—give her the traditional symbol of the engagement . . . a genuine registered Keepsake Diamond Ring. The Keepsake Certificate of Registration and Guarantee is your assurance of color, cut and clarity. See the new matched sets at your Keepsake Jeweler to $2500.

IF YOU ARE OVERSEAS and want to send your fiancee a Keepsake, send her a money order and have her write to us for the name of the nearest Keepsake Jeweler.

Keepsake Diamond Rings, A. H. Pond Co., Inc.
214 S. Warren St., Syracuse 2, N. Y.
Please send the book, "The Etiquette of the Engagement and Wedding," with supplement on "Wartime Engagements and Weddings," illustrations of "Keepsake" Rings and the name of the nearest Keepsake Jeweler. I enclose 10c to cover mailing.
Name..........
Street and No..........
City..........E 4-44

Blatz Beer

Fast Becoming!
AMERICA'S NEW
FAVORITE

Never sharp...Never bitter...
Always mellow...Good Taste

Blatz
PILSENER BEER

MILWAUKEE'S MOST
EXQUISITE BEER

Blatz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.
In our 93rd year

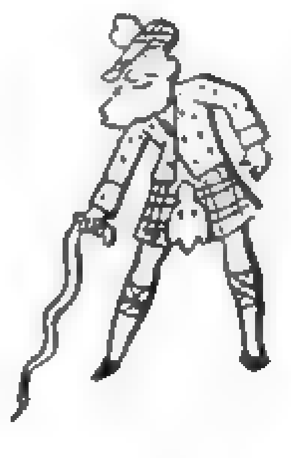
BUY WAR BONDS

LEWIS
HARRIS
UIST
BARRA

EVERY YARD
OF GENUINE
HARRIS
TWEED
IS HAND-WOVEN IN THE
OUTER HEBRIDES

• Far across the Atlantic, in the wind-swept isles of the Outer Hebrides of Scotland, Harris Tweed is woven by the crofters in their own cottages today as it has been for generations.

Harris Tweed is a registered trade mark which, under rulings of the British Board of Trade and the Federal Trade Commission, refers only to virgin Scottish wool tweed, hand woven in the Outer Hebrides of Scotland.



Look for the Trade Mark on the Cloth
Look for the Label on the Garment

HAND WOVEN
Harris Tweed
REG.U.S.PAT.OFF.
Nº 353757
COPYRIGHT 1937
GRANTED BY THE
BRITISH GOVERNMENT
BOARD OF TRADE TO
THE HARRIS TWEED
ASSOCIATION LTD.
HARRIS TWEED
FACSIMILE OF THE TRADE MARK APPEARS
ON THE CLOTH

Issued by The
HARRIS TWEED ASSOCIATION, Ltd.
10 Old Jewry, London, E. C. 2, England

Harris Tweed assures wear, distinction and style.

Our Vines Have Sun-Kissed Grapes

Continued from page 95

to vinegar? The California Board of Health, limiting permissive acidity, requires that all wines sold be sound and wholesome. For California happens to be the human stomach's best friend on earth. She's in the bounty business, with flavor her specialty.

How much of this abundance is consumed within her own borders I don't know, but I can testify that the old girl sets a good table. In wine-bustling Fresno, head town of largest and hottest-sunned production district, the tired business tripper is in especial cuisine clover. At the comfortable Hotel Californian's Bamboo Room he encounters fare and cheer that would rate well anywhere. Swimming-pooled Hotel El Rancho feasts him *al fresco*. And Omar Khayyam's beguiles them with Royal Armenian Soup, Roast Turkey on Pilaff, Shish Kebab and other tasty mysteries. California shore dining on a just-off-the-boat basis is to be had all along the coast, notably at the Fishermen's Wharf grottos in historic Monterey, colorful-cliffed Santa Cruz and San Francisco. Monterey salmon is superb, and if you've never been alone with abalone, here is your chance.

Lush Los Angeles has so many refection and diversion spots, geared for so many moods, a relaxer runs himself ragged. Night clubbing at the Biltmore begins at noon in that hotel's Rendezvous, with the still more famous Bowl taking over at eventide in its grandelegant style. Brown Derbies, which once were one, now are four, with estimable host Robert Cobb merry-go-rounding to greet friends. Exclusive in its private Eden, the Hotel Ambassador needed a big inducement to coax folks indoors and dreamed up Cocoanut Grove. That does it. Cape Cod Room rites at the Town House take the form of steaks, chops, and fish, charcoal-broiled in the old-fashioned way; in the Zebra Room it's cocktails, gabbing and dancing. The Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel abets the bending of polite elbows with its Cinégrill and Pink Elephant Room, its Studio Lounge being reserved as Los Angeles Hangar of the Quiet Birdmen. Mighty select little hideaway with simple food but wonderful: Barclay Kitchen. The "21" of the Western World—Chasen's. Last word in drive-ins, Melody Lane (Wilshire Boulevard at Western Avenue), with neat-schemed Starlite Room for the thirsty. Sensational splurge revue: Earl Carroll's Theatre Restaurant. Hearty, reliable fare in he-guy atmosphere—Mike Lyman's, Eighth and Hill, with likable Joe Mann in charge; and Mike Lyman's in Hollywood, where Mike himself is. Palms, rums and grass skirts asway: The Tropics. Most beautiful cigarette girls and hat chicks at Lamaze's

WHEN WE PUT ON OUR "Civies" AGAIN

WE like to get letters from men in the service. So many of them are like this one from Sgt. R. C. M.

"When this war is over and we put on our civies again, I'm going to make an investment in the greatest sport in the world—motorcycling—on a Harley-Davidson."

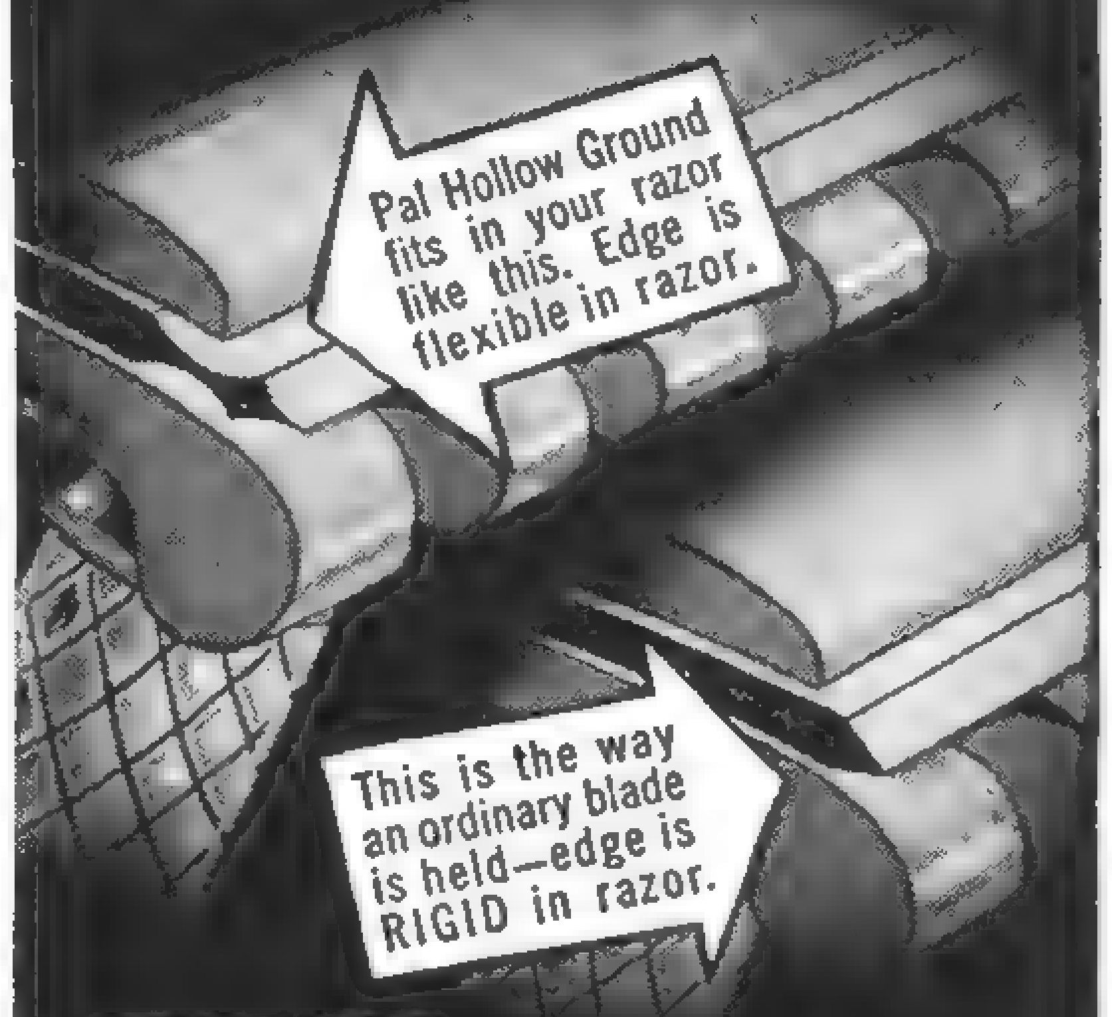
Okay, Sarge — many a fellow longs for endurance runs, hillclimbs, race meets, tours and other fun-packed motorcycle events. And a dependable, powerful Harley-Davidson is always part of his daydreams. But don't put off that "investment"— BUY WAR BONDS NOW — and ride *your own* Harley-Davidson soon after Victory!

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO.
Dept. E, Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin

Write for free copy of ENTHUSIAST MAGAZINE filled with motorcycle pictures and stories

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTORCYCLES

THE "BECAUSE" OF HOLLOW GRINDING


Pal Hollow Ground fits in your razor like this. Edge is flexible in razor.
This is the way an ordinary blade is held—edge is RIGID in razor.

BECAUSE Pals are hollow-ground, they're FLEXIBLE in the razor . . .

BECAUSE they're FLEXIBLE, in the razor, they shave with a "FEATHER TOUCH".

BECAUSE they shave with a "FEATHER TOUCH" they shave cooler and last longer.

PAL hollow-ground RAZOR BLADES
4 for 10¢
10 for 25¢

PAL
HOLLOW GROUND
PAL
DOUBLE EDGE
SINGLE EDGE
alko

Fit all regular razors perfectly

Clover Club. Grandiose steak & kidney pudding, curries, lamb rack, roast beef with Yorkshire pudding at the Cock 'n' Bull. Smartest décored and, we're tempted to say, most delightful night club in the universe: Charles E. Morrison's Mocambo. Wackiest restaurateur that ever split our sides and burst our belt at one and the same time: Bob Murphy.

Social chowing and here's howing in San Francisco revolve around three hotels—the perennial Palace, the St. Francis, and the hill-haughty Mark Hopkins (the Top of the Mark its panoramic attic)—with the Clift's Redwood Room and the Plaza's El Prado struggling with the overflow. All five have cookery fame. Independent restaurants are, generally speaking, smaller than those in Los Angeles, but plates come big. At Amelio's, for instance, your chicken or cutlet arrives upon an eighteen-inch oval which you eat out of; only sissies transfer. The St. Julien (California clarets now preferred) also gives a thought to vim in its vittling. Nor does the human rib come away lorn from John's Rendezvous. And only an arrant neglector would miss the Chicken Potpie vouchsafed in the upstairs snuggery of Hellwig's. Or the Rex Sole at Gus's. Tired of hearing raves about the food and show at the Bal Tabarin, I hied to that attractive night club and emerged raving louder. It's cheerific!(And don't pass the Lido idly by, either.) Outfringe adventures: Luncheon at Cliff House overlooking the Rocks jammed with flippered fidgeters; tropical Trader Vic's in Oakland across the Bay Bridge, where your viands are broiled in jungle primitiveness.

"Easy come, easy go"

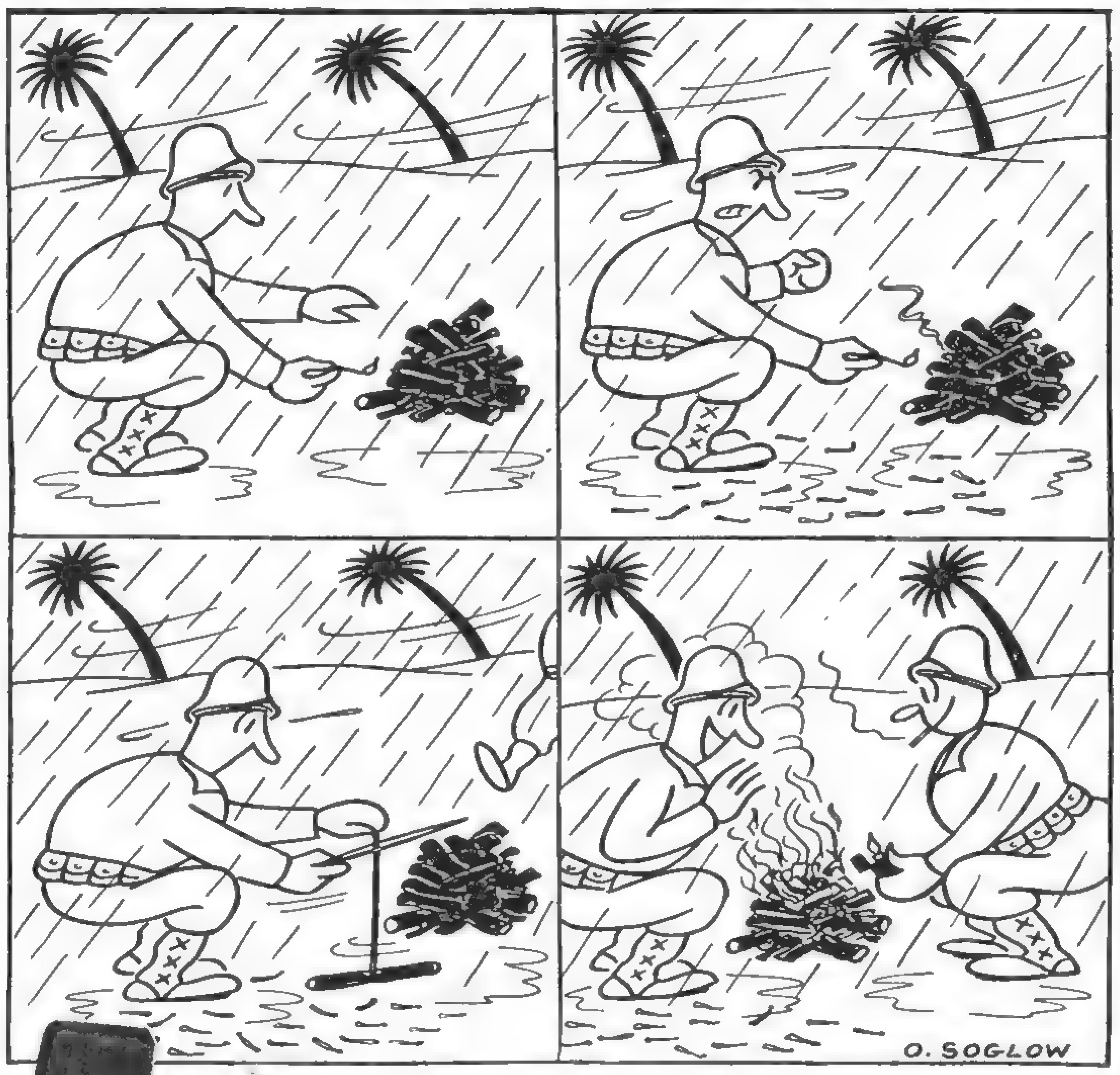
Naturally, I realize that these are strained times and that a visitor is expected to make his choice—San Francisco *or* Los Angeles—on the same principle as the "appetizer *or* soup" ordeal in meal ordering. But I'm a pig—I'll take *both*. And you can bring me a glass of wine instead of dessert. And a brandy with my coffee. ⧺

A PLEASURE
RESERVED
FOR MEN
DUTCH MASTERS
THE MASTER CIGAR

The cigar is one of the few good things of life that is reserved exclusively for men. It glows brightly with his triumphs and many of his worries vanish in its curling smoke. For men who thrill to fine tobacco we produce the Dutch Masters, one of the world's truly great cigars.

DUTCH MASTERS

IF IT'S A ZIPPO IT'S WINDPROOF



Sorry, no individual orders—entire output drafted by the government for the use of our boys on the fighting fronts and on the seven seas. So take good care of *your* ZIPPO.

Your Dealer has ZIPPO Flints and Fluid

ZIPPO MFG. CO., 7 Barbour Street, Bradford, Pa.

FOR YOUR PROTECTION This engraving [illegible] is stamped on every genuine ZIPPO

ZIPPO Windproof LIGHTER

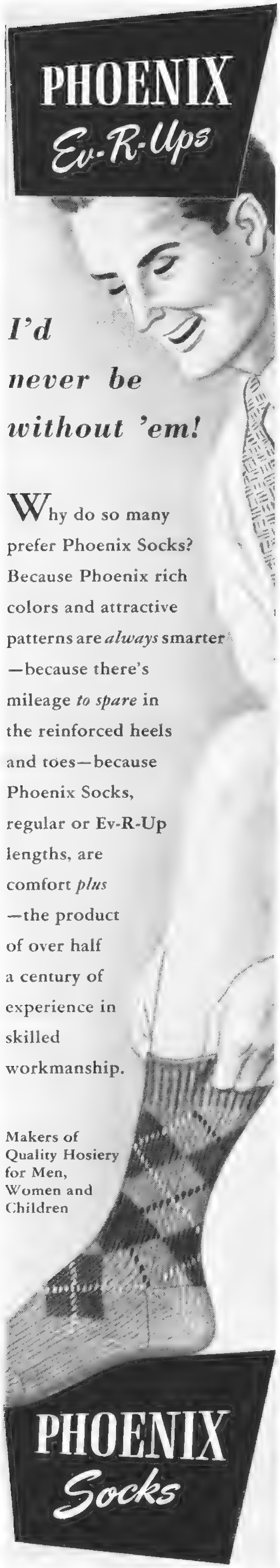
ACTIVE MEN
NEED *Style* THAT
Stands Up

The difference between clothes good and clothes so-so . . . is sew-sew. Behind the seams, every Eagle suit revels in the birthright of finer tailoring. Eagle's keener styling stays put. The flavor lasts. Write for style folder and list of dealers who are featuring Eagle Clothes.

EAGLE
Clothes
79 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 3, N. Y.

WAR BONDS are still the SMARTEST investment!

FREE—Print your name and address on the margin of this ad, mail to Eagle Clothes, and receive a genuine leather Pocket Case to hold ration books, war stamps and other papers.


PHOENIX
Ev-R-Ups

I'd never be without 'em!

Why do so many prefer Phoenix Socks? Because Phoenix rich colors and attractive patterns are *always* smarter—because there's mileage *to spare* in the reinforced heels and toes—because Phoenix Socks, regular or Ev-R-Up lengths, are comfort *plus*—the product of over half a century of experience in skilled workmanship.

Makers of
Quality Hosiery
for Men,
Women and
Children

PHOENIX
Socks

INDEX OF ADVERTISERS
APRIL 1944

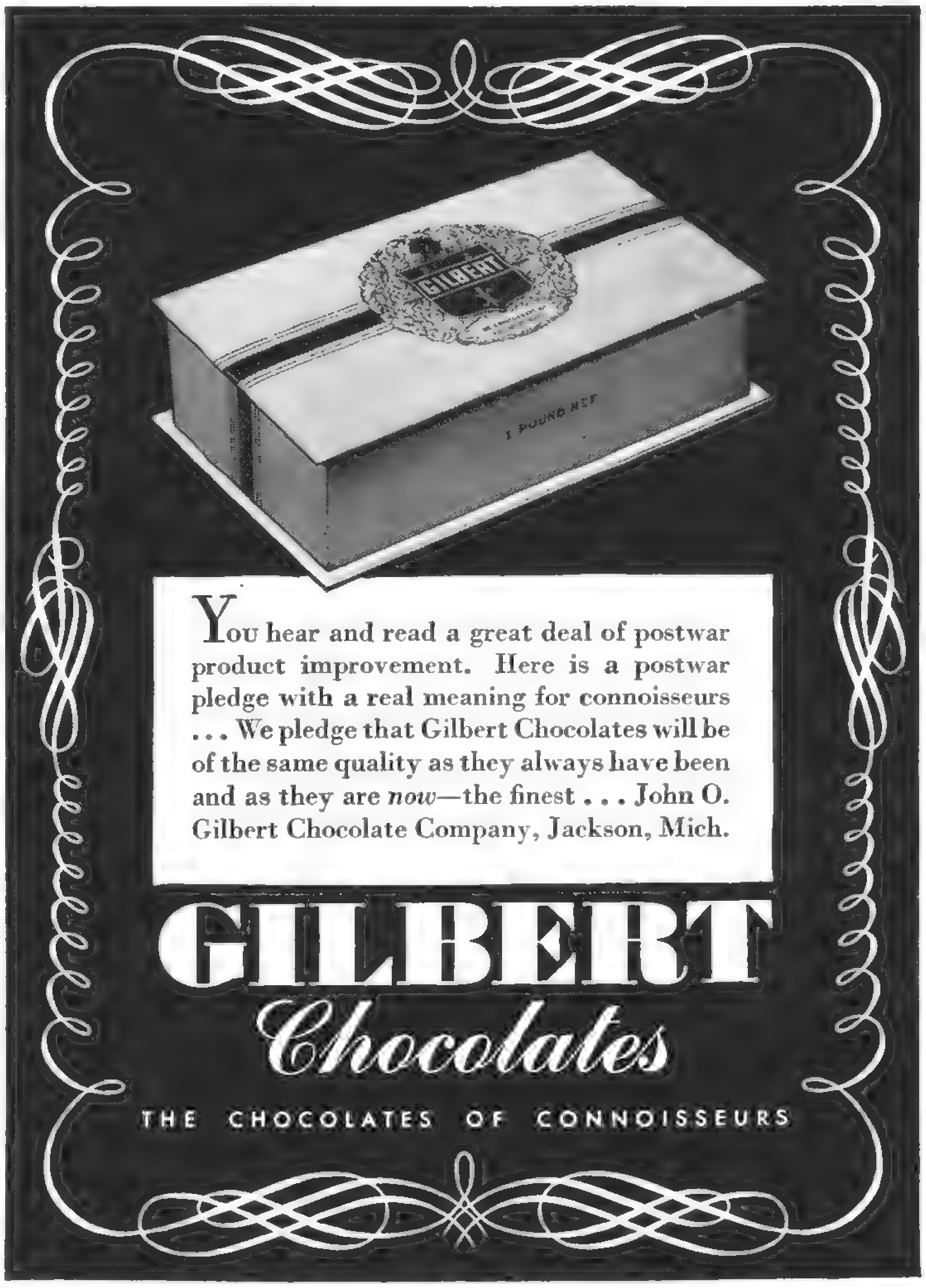
Abbott's Bitters . . . 30
Abels, Robert . . . 16
Adler Shoes for Men . . . 8
Allen Edmonds . . . 181
Alligator Co., The . . . 121
American Optical Co. (Cool-Ray) 150
Andover Clothes, Inc . . . 176
Angostura-Wuppermann Corp . . . 147
Arch Preserver Shoes (E. T. Wright & Co., Inc.) . . . 31
Arlington Mills . . . 126
Arrid . . . 110
Arrow Importing Co., Inc. (Corduroyal) . . . 153
Arrow Ties (Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.) . . . 103
Axel, Ltd., Leon A. . . . 158

Bantamac (Briar Club) . . . 138
Bean, Inc., L. L. . . . 18
Bell Watch Co . . . 8
Berk-Ray Corp . . . 175
Blatz Brewing Co . . . 178
Bloch Freres, Inc . . . 176
Block Sportswear, H. & L. . . . 125
Bostonians (Footsaver Shoes) . . . 157
Botany Worsted Mills:
  "500" Fabric . . . 105
  Wrinkle-Proof Ties . . . 34
Briar Club (Bantamac) . . . 138
Brown-Forman Distillers Corp. (King) . . . 20
Buchsbaum & Co., S. (Elasti-Glass) . . . 156
B. V. D. . . . 153

Calvert Distillers Corp . . . 127
Camel (R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.) . . . IV Cover
Cameo Vineyards Co. (Croix Royale) . . . 24
Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc. (Water, Ginger Ale) . . . 131
Castle Films, Inc . . . 152
Castle King (O'Rourke of Calif.) 169
Champ (LaSalle Hat Co.) . . . 135
Cheney Bros . . . 14
Chicago Daily News, The . . . 29
Claristine (Leroux & Co., Inc.) . . 182
Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc. (Arrow Ties) . . . 103
Cody School of English, Sherwin 18
Cohama:
  Men's Wear Fabrics . . . 15
  Tie Fabrics . . . 26
Columbia Wales Craft Co . . . 16
Conformers (Harwood Mfg. Corp.) . . . 134
Consolidated Lobster Co., Inc . . . 24
Cool-Ray (American Optical Co.) 150
Coopers, Inc. (Jockey) . . . 113
Corduroyal (Arrow Importing Co., Inc.) . . . 153
Coronet Brandy (Schenley Distillers Corp.) . . . 137
Cortina Academy . . . 16, 18
Cosmopolitan Mfg. Co . . . 180
Curtis Shoe Co., Inc . . . 124

Delapenha & Co., Inc., R. U. (Myers's Rum) . . . 24
Disney Hats . . . 113
Distinctive Creations, Inc . . . 8
Dobbs Hats . . . III Cover
Don Q Rum (Schieffelin & Co.) . . 151
Dunhill, Mary (Escape) . . . 27
Dunlap Hats . . . 21
Dutch Masters . . . 179

Eagle Clothes . . . 179
Elasti-Glass (S. Buchsbaum & Co.) . . . 156


YOU hear and read a great deal of postwar product improvement. Here is a postwar pledge with a real meaning for connoisseurs . . . We pledge that Gilbert Chocolates will be of the same quality as they always have been and as they are *now*—the finest . . . John O. Gilbert Chocolate Company, Jackson, Mich.

GILBERT
Chocolates
THE CHOCOLATES OF CONNOISSEURS

Styled by
Cosmo

THE
Cosmopolitan
Weatherproof
YEAR-ROUND COAT

of durable, luxurious Gabardine — Specially Loomed for the "Cosmopolitan Coat by Airedale. Smartly styled, raglan model.

Look for this famous "Cosmopolitan" tag at your favorite store.

THE
"*Cosmopolitan*"
WEATHERPROOFED
Year-Round
COAT

COSMOPOLITAN
Manufacturing Company
Cambridge, Mass.
FRED MONOSSON, President
New York Office - 200 Fifth Avenue
Chicago Office - Merchandise Mart

INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

(Continued)

Electric Auto-Lite Co., The 9
Enger-Kress Co 166
Escape (Mary Dunhill) 27
Expanso (Knothe Bros. Co., Inc.) 144

Fat Men's Shop, Inc 22
Fieldclub (Galey & Lord, Inc.) 146
"51" (The Parker Pen Co.) II Cover
Flagg Bros:
  Flight Boots 172
  Moccasins 174
Florsheim Shoe Co., The 4
Footsaver Shoes (Bostonians) 157
Frankfort Distillers Corp. (Four Roses) 11
French, Shriner & Urner Mfg. Co 164

Galey & Lord, Inc. (Fieldclub) 146
Galvin Mfg. Co. (Motorola) 123
General Distilleries Corp. (Old St. Croix) 106
Gilbert Chocolate Co., John O. 180
Gilbey's Gin (National Distillers Products Corp.) 36
Glenmore Distilleries Co., Inc. (Kentucky Tavern) 115
Globe Novelty House (Royal London) 18
Grelva, Inc. (Krashe) 18

Haig & Haig (Somerset Imp., Ltd.) 143
Hammond & Co., C. S 16, 18
Hanan & Son, Inc 168
Harley-Davidson Motor Co 178
Harper, I. W. (Stagg-Finch Dist.) 130
Harris Tweed Assn., Ltd 178
Hart Schaffner & Marx 19
Hartmann Trunk Co 146
Harvey's (Park & Tilford Import Corp.) 171
Harwood Mfg. Corp. (Conformers) 134
Havana Club Rum (R. C. Williams & Co., Inc.) 163
Helbros Watch Co 3
Hennessy (Schieffelin & Co.) 149
Henry, Leonard & Thomas (Royalton) 16
Heublein & Bro., G. F. (A-1 Sauce) 30
Highlanders (Geo. E. Keith Co.) 154
High Life (Miller Brewing Co.) 167
Hodgman Rubber Co 18
Holeproof Hosiery Co 148
Hollis Co. (Klipette) 16
Hollywood Polish Co 8
Home Equipment Co. (Thermo-Crock) 22
Homeland Tailors, Inc 22
House of Heywood, The (Matrix Shoes) 114
Hull Mfg. Co 18

Inkograph Co., Inc 170
International Shoe Co. (Winthrop) 149
Iodent 18

Je Reviens (Worth) 166
Jockey (Coopers, Inc.) 113
Johnston & Murphy 119

Kahn, Inc., David (Wearever Zenith Pen) 168
Keepsake Diamonds (A. H. Pond Co., Inc.) 177
Keith Co., Geo. E. (Highlanders) 154
Kelly's, Jimmy 30
Kentucky Tavern (Glenmore Distilleries Co., Inc.) 115

Continued on page 182

The Shoe of Tomorrow
HERE TODAY...
With Famous "U-TURN" Flexibility

Glove-soft comfort without painful "breakin"—styling that reflects perfect taste—quality that guarantees years of wear . . . they're all yours in Allen Edmonds shoes! Constructed the patented Osteo-path-ik way—without nails or stiff steel shanks—Allen Edmonds are so soft, so flexible you can twist them, turn them or bend them heel over toe! Which makes them ideal for today's extra-mileage walking. The "Flying Boot," illustrated is typical of Allen Edmonds' styling. In Military tan calf.

$\$11^{00}$
West of Rockies
$\$11^{50}$

See classified phone directory "Osteo-path-ik" for dealer; or order direct including ration coupon. Write for free booklet. "The Shoe of Tomorrow" Allen Edmonds, Belgium, Wisconsin.

STYLED BY *Allen Edmonds*

MICRO-TESTING
"beats the promise"
FOR
CLEANER SHAVES!

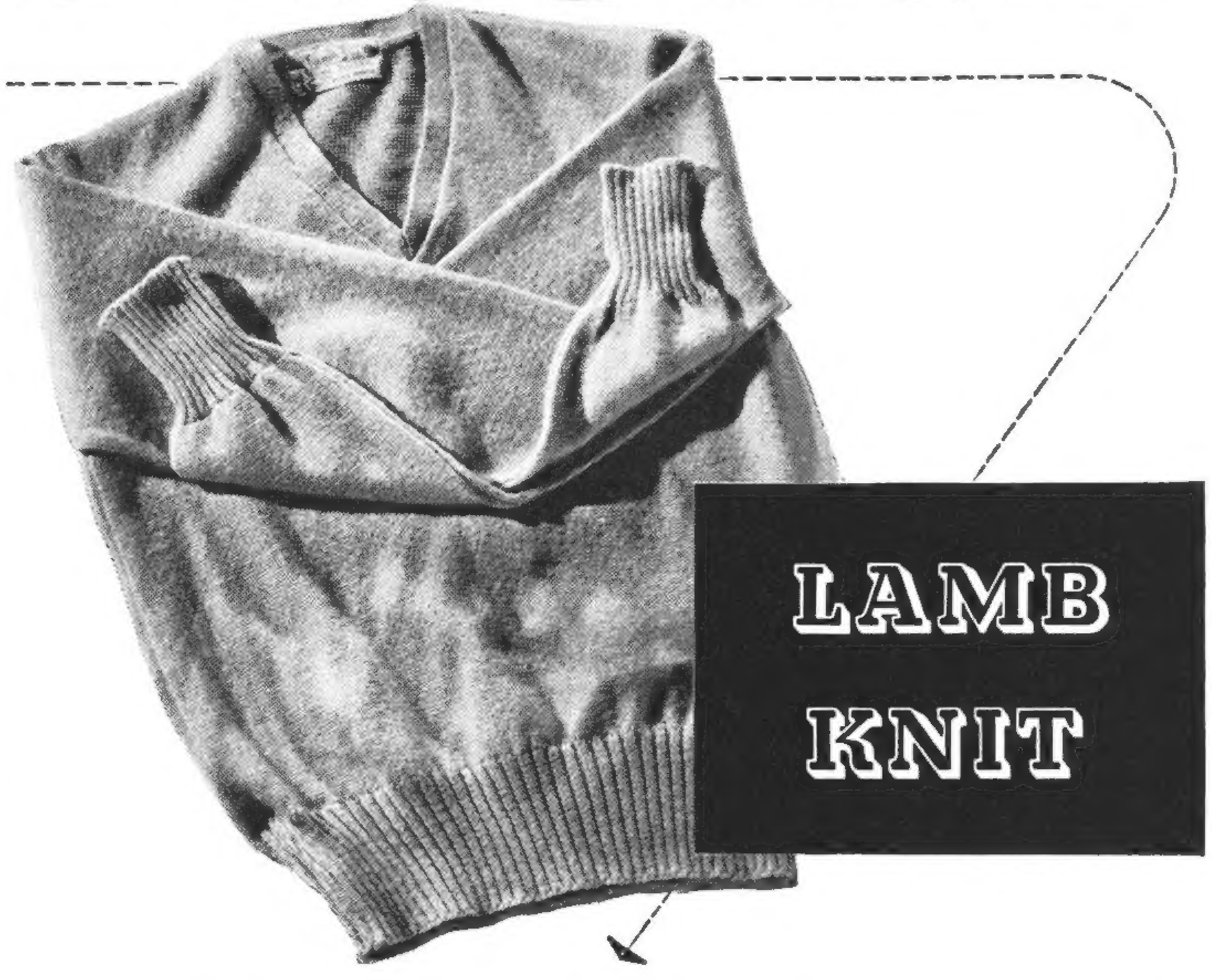
PROFESSIONAL
MADE IN U.S.A.
SURGICAL STEEL

FIVE BLADES for 25c

PROFESSIONAL Blades embody a degree of precision superior to usual high standards. Tolerances—so close to perfection—attained by PROFESSIONAL craftsmen are your guarantee of cleaner, smoother, more satisfying shaves. Try PROFESSIONAL Blades today—they're a new shave sensation. More shaves per blade assure savings for you . . . and reserve more steel for the war effort.
*At your local dealer.

Professional
PRECISION-MADE ★ RUST-RESISTANT
BLADES

PROFESSIONAL BLADE CO.,
NEWARK, 2, NEW JERSEY



Better Sweaters

LAMB KNIT

LAMB'S DOWN fine, soft, brushed wool

Everything in this sweater speaks of *quality.* It has that "good-to-the-touch" feeling, to handle and to wear. Good men's stores in most cities are proud to show you "Lamb's Down" sweaters. *You* will be happy you bought one. Look for the famous old Lamb Label . . . the mark of a better sweater for more than half a century

THE Lamb KNIT GOODS CO.
COLON, MICHIGAN

He's Certainly Nuts About His Shoes

And small wonder — he's one of the millions of up and coming men who know that Weyenberg builds style and lasting comfort into shoes. Remember — fine workmanship and good leathers add up to full value and more "mileage." See your Weyenberg dealer, or write us for his name.

WEYENBERG SHOE MFG. CO.
Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin

THE ZEPHYR
Model 6867-1
Triple Deck Sole

THE ZEPHYR
Model 6843-2
Antique Russet

Weyenberg
SHOES FOR MEN
$5.50 TO $8.25

INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

(Continued)

King (Brown-Forman Distillers Corp.) 20
Knothe Bros. Co., Inc. (Expanso) 144
Knox Hats 117

Lamb Knit Goods Co. 181
LaPlaya (Marlboro Shirt Co., Inc.) 150
LaSalle Hat Co. (Champ) 135
Lawrence Co., The George 18
Leon & Eddie's 24
Leroux & Co., Inc. (Claristine) .. 182
Lexol (The Martin Dennis Co.) .. 16
Lifebuoy Shaving Cream 165

Mallory Hats 122
Manhattan Ties 129
Marlboro Cigarettes (Philip Morris & Co., Ltd., Inc.) 108
Marlboro Shirt Co., Inc. (LaPlaya) 150
Marlin Firearms Co., The 16
Matrix Shoes (The House of Heywood) 114
McCurrach Ties 142
Merito Wines (National Distillers Products Corp.) 169
Middishade Co., Inc., The 145
Mido Watch Co. of America, Inc. 155
Miller Brewing Co. (High Life) .. 167
Monarch Mfg. Co., The 136
Morris & Co., Ltd., Inc., Philip:
  Country Doctor 22
  Marlboro Cigarettes 108
  Philip Morris 132
Motorola (Galvin Mfg. Co.) 123
Mount Hope Finishing Co. (Wat-a-tite) 176
Moyer Mfg. Co. (Seven Seas Slacks) 157

National Briar Pipe Co. 22
National Distillers Prods. Corp:
  Gilbey's Gin 36
  Merito Wines 169
  Old Angus 152
  Old Grand-Dad 28
  Ron Merito 120
National Magic Co. 18
National Tailoring Co. 173
Nettleton Co., A. E. 13
North American Mutual Ins. Co. 16
Nunn-Bush Shoe Co. 145

Old Angus (National Distillers Products Corp.) 152
Old Fitzgerald (Stitzel-Weller Distillery, Inc.) 172
Old Grand-Dad (National Distillers Products Corp.) 28
Old St. Croix (General Distilleries Corp.) 106
Old Spice (Shulton, Inc.) 173
Omega Watches 163
O'Rourke of Calif. (Castle King) . 169

Pal Razor Blades 178
Paragon Hats 170
Paris "Free-Swing" Suspenders .. 107
Park & Tilford Distillers, Inc:
  Booth's House of Lords 30
  Harvey's 171
  Reserve 155
  Vat 69 112
Parker Pen Co., The ("51") . II Cover
Pennstate Cigar Corp. (Wedgewood Panetelas) 16
Peper Tobacco, Christian (London Dock) 30
Pepsi-Cola Co. 17
Personna Blade Co., Inc. 174
Phillips-Jones Corp. (Van Heusen) 12
Phoenix Socks 180
Pioneer Braces 148
Plaza, The 30
Plymouth Mfg. Co. 174
Pond Co., Inc., A. H. (Keepsake Diamonds) 177
Portis Bros. Hat Co. 133
Professional Blade Co. 181

Rabsons 18
Rainfair, Inc. 23
Razoroll 22
Reis & Co., Robert (Scandals) .. 144
Renault & Sons, Inc., L. N. 156
Revere Knitting Mills, Inc. (Travelo) 167
Reynolds Tob. Co., R. J. (Camel) .... IV Cover
Rolex Watches 151
Rolls Razor, Inc. 8
Ron Merito (National Distillers Products Corp.) 120
Ronrico Corp. 30
Ronson Lighters 170

Scandals (Robert Reis & Co.) 144
Schenley Reserve (Schenley Distillers Corp.) 139
Schiaparelli (Sleeping) 118
Schieffelin & Co:
  Don Q Rum 151
  Hennessy 149
Schilling Co., J. L. 22
Schnefel Bros. Corp. (La Cross) .. 8
Seagram-Distillers Corp:
  Lord Calvert 127
  7 Crown 33
Sellers Co., Ltd. (Van Merritt Beer) 24
Seven Seas Slacks (Moyer Mfg. Co.) 157
Shulton, Inc. (Old Spice) 173
Skinner & Sons, Wm. 172
Sleeping (Schiaparelli) 118
Somerset Importers, Ltd. (Haig & Haig) 143
Stern, Inc., L. & H. (Sterncrest) . 18
Stetson Co., John B. 35
Stetson Shoe Co., Inc., The 175
Stitzel-Weller Distillery, Inc. (Old Fitzgerald) 172
Stone-Tarlow Co., Inc. 18
Sugar Mfrs'. Assn. (of Jamaica) Ltd., The 24
Swanee Pride (M. S. Walker, Inc.) 147
Swank, Inc. 111

Taylor Corp., E. E. 171
Three Feathers (Schenley Distillers) 25
Timely Clothes 141
Travelo (Revere Knitting Mills, Inc.) 167
Tripler & Co., F. R. 109

Van Heusen (Phillips-Jones Corp.) 12
Vat 69 (Park & Tilford Import Corp.) 112

Walker, Inc., M. S. (Swanee Pride) 147
Wat-a-tite (Mount Hope Finishing Co.) 176
Wearever Zenith Pen (David Kahn, Inc.) 168
Weissman Watch Co. (Welsbro) .. 177
Wembley, Inc. 165
Westminster Socks 164
Weyenberg Shoe Mfg. Co. 182
Whittemore Shoe Polish 22
Wildroot Co., Inc. 154
Williams & Co., Inc., R. C. (Havana Club Rum) 163
Winthrop (International Shoe Co.) 149
Worth (Je Reviens) 166
Wright & Co., Inc., E. T. (Arch Preserver Shoes) 31

Zenith Radio Corp. 7
Zippo Mfg. Co. 179

While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

From an Ancient treasured formula

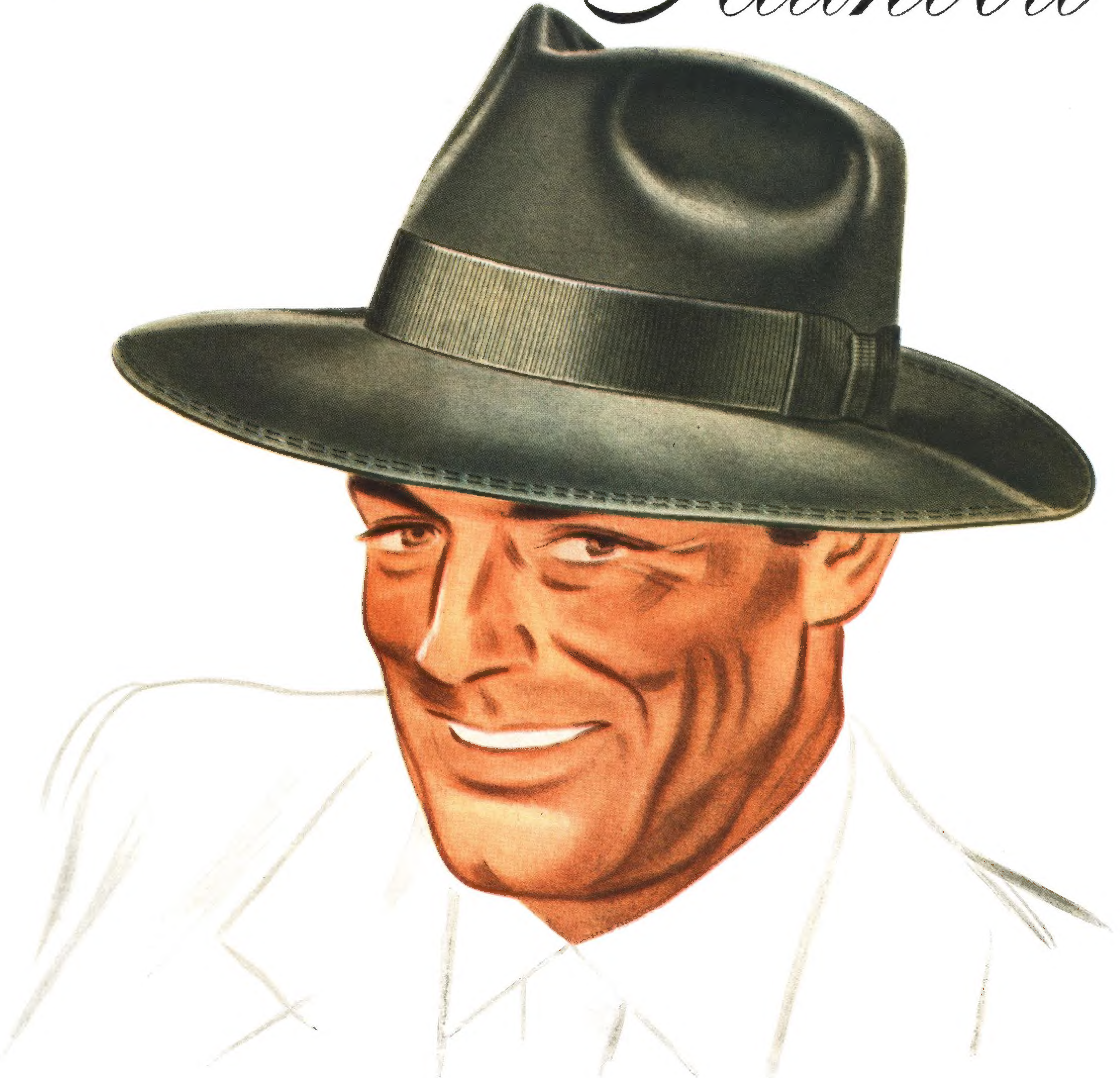
LEROUX
From an Ancient treasured formula
Claristine
LIQUEUR
LEROUX & CO.
PHILADELPHIA

Claristine

SIP WITH YOUR COFFEE
FOR THE B & C COCKTAIL

LEROUX & CO., Inc.
Philadelphia • New York City
Awarded Gold Medal, Paris International Exposition, 1937. 86 proof

DOBBS *Rainbow*



FEATURING THE NEW GLIDER EDGE . . . This wonderful free-flowing edge is another Dobbs first—another example of Dobbs ingenuity under adverse wartime conditions. Any way you look at the Dobbs Rainbow, it is apparent that today, as always, Dobbs makes hats to its high standard of peace-time quality rather than the demand for quantity. Every Dobbs hat is still *all* Dobbs . . . the same fine quality—the same exclusive styling—the same expert workmanship. *This* is our wartime credo: "Not how many, but how well." The Rainbow **$8.50 and $10.**

OTHER FINE DOBBS HATS • $6.50 TO $40 • AVAILABLE AT FINE STORES

New York's Leading Hatters **DOBBS** *Retail Store: Park Ave. at 53rd*

PRINTED BY
THE REGENSTEINER CORPORATION
AT CHICAGO, U. S. A.

THEY PACK A ONE-TWO PUNCH

THEY'VE GOT WHAT IT TAKES!

● They're the waist gunners of a Flying Fortress; and come Zeros or Messerschmitts, you'll find them at the two 50-calibre guns at the left. And after that B-17 has set her wheels down, you're apt to find them lighting up a Camel . . . for, as the gunner below at the right puts it: "Camels have a full, round flavor that says 'welcome' from the first puff. And I know from experience, they're extra mild."

INSIDE THE WAIST of this "Fort," everything is strictly business. Outside of "office hours"—that's when Camels come into the picture *(see right)*. Favorite with men in *all* the services,* you'll find Camels extra mild, full-flavored . . . *and fresh everywhere* . . . CAMELS are packed to go round the world, to stay fresh *anywhere!*

"CAMELS SURE TASTE FRESHER"
"THEY SUIT ME TO A 'T'"

First IN THE SERVICE

***The favorite cigarette with men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and the Coast Guard is Camel.**

(Based on actual sales records.)

CAMELS

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

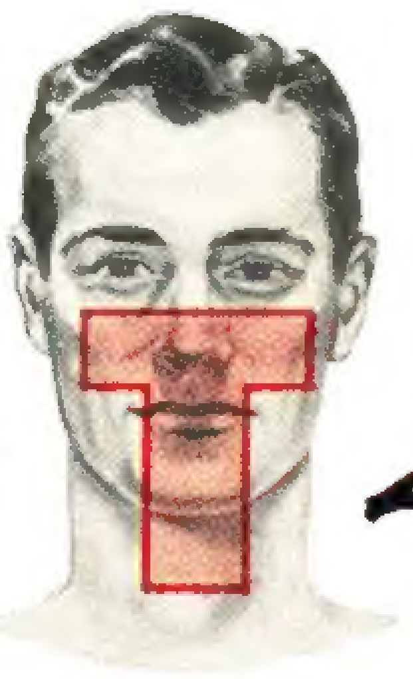
BUY
WAR BONDS
STAMPS

CAMELS ARE SO EASY ON MY THROAT —AND THEY ALWAYS TASTE SO GOOD

● See those belts of bullets feeding into the 50-calibre waist guns above? Evelyn Begy, tester at S. W. Farber, Inc., tests the links that hold those belts together. And like the men who man the guns, her cigarette is Camel.

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

Check Camels with your T Zone



If you haven't smoked a Camel recently, give them a try today. Compare them for taste . . . for your throat . . . for your "T-ZONE." On the basis of the experience of millions of smokers, we believe you will like the extra flavor that Camel's blend of costlier tobaccos gives. We believe your throat will confirm the findings of other Camel smokers. So try Camels today!